

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LVI. — DECEMBER, 1885. — No. CCCXXXVIII.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK SECOND.

XII.

HYACINTH and his companion took their seats with extreme promptitude before the curtain rose upon the Pearl of Paraguay. Thanks to Millicent's eagerness not to be late, they encountered the discomfort which had constituted her main objection to going into the pit: they waited for twenty minutes at the door of the theatre, in a tight, stolid crowd, before the official hour of opening. Millicent, bareheaded and very tightly laced, presented a most splendid appearance, and on Hyacinth's part gratified a certain youthful, ingenuous pride of possession in every respect save a tendency, while ingress was denied them, to make her neighbors feel her elbows and to comment, loudly and sarcastically, on the situation. It was more clear to him, even, than it had been before, that she was a young lady who in public places might easily need a champion as an apologist. Hyacinth knew there was only one way to apologize for a "female," when the female was attached very closely and heavily to one's arm, and was reminded afresh how little constitutional aversion Miss Henning had to a row. He had an idea she might think his own taste ran even too little in that direction, and had

visions of violent, confused scenes, in which he should in some way distinguish himself: he scarcely knew in what way, and imagined himself more easily routing some hulking adversary by an exquisite application of the retort courteous than by flying at him with a pair of very small fists.

By the time they had reached their places in the balcony Millicent was rather flushed and a good deal ruffled; but she had composed herself in season for the rising of the curtain upon the farce which preceded the melodrama, and which the pair had had no intention of losing. At this stage a more genial agitation took possession of her, and she surrendered her sympathies to the horse-play of the traditional prelude. Hyacinth found it less amusing, but the theatre, in any conditions, was full of sweet deception for him. His imagination projected itself lovingly across the footlights, gilded and colored the shabby canvas and battered accessories, and lost itself so effectually in the fiction world that the end of the play, however long, or however short, brought with it a kind of alarm, like a stoppage of his personal life. It was impossible to be more friendly to the dramatic illusion. Millicent, as the audience thickened, rejoiced more largely and loudly, held

herself as a lady, surveyed the place as if she knew all about it, leaned back and leaned forward, fanned herself with majesty, gave her opinion upon the appearance and coiffure of every woman within sight, abounded in question and conjecture, and produced, from her pocket, a little paper of peppermint-drops, of which, under cruel threats, she compelled Hyacinth to partake. She followed with attention, though not always with success, the complicated adventures of the Pearl of Paraguay, through scenes luxuriantly tropical, in which the male characters wore sombreros and stilettos, and the ladies either danced the cachucha or fled from licentious pursuit; but her eyes wandered, during considerable periods, to the occupants of the boxes and stalls, concerning several of whom she had theories which she imparted to Hyacinth while the play went on, greatly to his discomfort, he being unable to conceive of such levity. She had the pretension of knowing who every one was; not individually and by name, but as regards their exact social station, the quarter of London in which they lived, and the amount of money they were prepared to spend in the Buckingham Palace Road. She had seen the whole town pass through her establishment there, and though Hyacinth, from his infancy, had been watching it from his own point of view, his companion made him feel that he had missed a thousand characteristic points, so different were most of her interpretations from his, and so very bold and irreverent. Miss Henning's observation of human society had not been of a nature to impress her with its high moral tone, and she had a free, off-hand cynicism which imposed itself. She thought most ladies were hypocrites, and had, in all ways, a low opinion of her own sex, which, more than once, before this, she had justified to Hyacinth by narrating observations of the most surprising kind, gathered during

her career as a shop-girl. There was a pleasing inconsequence, therefore, in her being moved to tears in the third act of the play, when the Pearl of Paraguay, disheveled and distracted, dragging herself on her knees, implored the stern *hidalgo*, her father, to believe in her innocence in spite of the circumstances which seemed to condemn her—a midnight meeting with the wicked hero in the grove of cocoanuts. It was at this crisis, none the less, that she asked Hyacinth who his friends were in the principal box on the left of the stage, and let him know that a gentleman seated there had been watching him, at intervals, for the past half hour.

"Watching *me*! I like that!" said the young man. "When I want to be watched I take you with me."

"Of course he has looked at me," Millicent answered, as if she had no interest in denying that. "But you're the one he wants to get hold of."

"To get hold of!"

"Yes, you ninny: don't hang back. He may make your fortune."

"Well, if you would like him to come and sit by you, I'll go and take a walk in the Strand," said Hyacinth, entering into the humor of the occasion, but not seeing, from where he was placed, any gentleman in the box. Millicent explained that the mysterious observer had just altered his position; he had gone into the back of the box, which had considerable depth. There were other persons in it, out of sight (she and Hyacinth were too much on the same side). One of them was a lady, concealed by the curtain; her arm, bare, and covered with bracelets, was visible at moments on the cushioned ledge. Hyacinth saw it, in effect, reappear there, and even while the play went on contemplated it with a certain interest; but until the curtain fell at the end of the act there was no further symptom that a gentleman wished to get hold of him.

"Now do you say it's me he's after?" Millicent asked abruptly, making him feel her elbow, as the fiddlers in the orchestra began to scrape their instruments for the interlude.

"Of course; I am only the pretext," Hyacinth replied, after he had looked a moment, in a manner which, he flattered himself, was a proof of quick self-possession. The gentleman designated by his companion was once more at the front, leaning forward, with his arms on the edge. Hyacinth saw that he was looking straight at him, and our young man returned his gaze — an effort not rendered the more easy by the fact that, after an instant, he recognized him.

"Well, if he knows us he might give some sign, and if he does n't he might leave us alone," Millicent declared, abandoning the distinction she had made between herself and her companion. She had no sooner spoken than the gentleman complied with the first-mentioned of these conditions; he smiled at Hyacinth across the house — he nodded to him with unmistakable friendliness. Millicent, perceiving this, glanced at the young man from Lomax Place, and saw that the demonstration had brought a deep color to his cheek. He was blushing, flushing; whether with pleasure or embarrassment was not immediately apparent to her. "I say, I say — is it one of your grand relations?" she promptly exclaimed. "Well, I can stare as well as him;" and she told Hyacinth it was a "shime" to bring a young lady to the play when you had n't so much as an opera-glass for her to look at the company. "Is he one of those lords your aunt was always talking about, in the Place? Is he your uncle, or your grandfather, or your first or second cousin? No, he's too young for your grandfather. What a pity I can't see if he looks like you!"

At any other time Hyacinth would have thought these inquiries in the worst possible taste, but now he was too much

given up to other reflections. It pleased him that the gentleman in the box should recognize and notice him, because even so small a fact as this was an extension of his social existence; but it also surprised and puzzled him, and it produced, generally, in his easily excited organism, an agitation of which, in spite of his attempted self-control, the appearance he presented to Millicent was the sign. They had met three times, he and his fellow-spectator; but they had met under circumstances which, to Hyacinth's mind, would have made a furtive wink, a mere tremor of the eyelid, a more judicious reference to the fact than so public a salutation. Hyacinth would never have permitted himself to greet him first; and this was not because the gentleman in the box belonged — conspicuously as he did so — to a different walk of society. He was apparently a man of forty, tall and lean and loose-jointed; he fell into lounging, dawdling attitudes, and even at a distance he looked lazy. He had a long, smooth, amused, contented face, unadorned with mustache or whisker, and his brown hair parted itself evenly over his forehead, and came forward on either temple in a rich, well-brushed lock which gave his countenance a certain analogy to portraits of English gentlemen about the year 1820. Millicent Henning had a glance of such range and keenness that she was able to make out the details of his evening dress, of which she appreciated the "form;" to observe the character of his large hands; and to note that he appeared to be perpetually smiling, that his eyes were extraordinarily light in color, and that, in spite of the dark, well-marked brows arching over them, his fine skin never had produced, and never would produce, a beard. Our young lady pronounced him, mentally, a "swell" of the first magnitude, and wondered more than ever where he had picked up Hyacinth. Her companion seemed to echo her thought when he

exclaimed, with a little surprised sigh, almost an exhalation of awe, "Well, I had no idea he was one of that lot!"

"You might at least tell me his name, so that I shall know what to call him when he comes round to speak to us," the girl said, provoked at her companion's incommunicativeness.

"Comes round to speak to us — a chap like that!" Hyacinth exclaimed.

"Well, I'm sure if he had been your own brother he could n't have grinned at you more! He may want to make my acquaintance, after all; he won't be the first."

The gentleman had once more retreated from sight, and there was as much evidence as that of the intention Millicent attributed to him. "I don't think I'm at all clear that I've a right to tell his name," he remarked, with sincerity, but with considerable disposition at the same time to magnify an incident which deepened the brilliancy of the entertainment he had been able to offer Miss Henning. "I met him in a place where he may not like to have it known that he goes."

"Do you go to places that people are ashamed of? Is it one of your political clubs, as you call them, where that dirty young man from Lambeth, Mr. Monument (what do you call him?), fills your head with ideas that'll bring you to no good? I'm sure your friend over there does n't look as if he'd be on *your* side."

Hyacinth had indulged in this reflection himself; but the only answer he made to Millicent was, "Well, then, perhaps he'll be on *yours*!"

"Laws, I hope *she* ain't one of the aristocracy!" Millicent exclaimed, with apparent irrelevance; and, following the direction of her eyes, Hyacinth saw that the chair his mysterious acquaintance had quitted in the stage-box was now occupied by a lady hitherto invisible — not the one who had given them a glimpse of her shoulder and bare arm.

This was an ancient personage, muffled in a voluminous, crumpled white shawl — a stout, odd, foreign-looking woman, whose head was apparently surmounted with a light-colored wig. She had a placid, patient air and a round, wrinkled face, in which, however, a small, bright eye moved quickly enough. Her rather soiled white gloves were too large for her, and round her head, horizontally, arranged as if to keep her wig in its place, she wore a narrow band of tinsel, decorated, in the middle of the forehead, by a jewel which the rest of her appearance would lead the spectator to suppose false. "Is the old woman his mother? Where did she dig up her clothes? They look as if she had hired them for the evening. Does *she* come to your wonderful club, too? She must throw a great deal of light!" Millicent went on; and when Hyacinth suggested, sportively, that the old lady might be, not the gentleman's mother, but his wife or his "fancy," she declared that in that case, if he should come to see them, she was n't afraid. No wonder he wanted to get out of *that* box! The woman in the wig was sitting there on purpose to look at them, but she could n't say she was particularly honored by the notice of such an old guy. Hyacinth pretended that he liked her appearance and thought her very handsome; he offered to bet another paper of peppermints that, if they could find out, she would be some tremendous old dowager, some one with a handle to her name. To this Millicent replied, with an air of experience, that she had never thought the greatest beauty was in the upper class; and her companion could see that she was covertly looking over her shoulder, to watch for his political friend, and that she would be disappointed if he did not come. This idea did not make Hyacinth jealous, for his mind was occupied with another side of the business; and if he offered sportive suggestions, it was because he was really excited, dazzled, by an incident

of which the reader will have failed as yet to perceive the larger relation. What moved him was not the pleasure of being patronized by a rich man; it was simply the prospect of new experience—a sensation for which he was always ready to exchange any present boon; and he was convinced that if the gentleman with whom he had conversed in a small, occult back-room in Bloomsbury as Captain Godfrey Sholto—the captain had given him his card—had more positively than in Millicent's imagination come out of the stage-box to see him, he would bring with him rare influences. This nervous presentiment, lighting on our young man, was so keen that it constituted almost a preparation; therefore, when at the end of a few minutes he became aware that Millicent, with her head turned (her face was in his direction), was taking the measure of some one who had come in behind them, he felt that fate was doing for him, by way of a change, as much as could be expected. He got up in his place, but not too soon to see that Captain Sholto had been standing there a moment in contemplation of Millicent, and that this young lady had performed with deliberation the ceremony of taking his measure. The captain had his hands in his pockets, and wore a crush hat, pushed a good deal backward. He laughed at the young couple in the balcony in the friendliest way, as if he had known them both for years, and Millicent could see, on a nearer view, that he was a fine, distinguished, easy, genial gentleman, at least six feet high, in spite of a habit, or an affectation, of carrying himself in a casual, relaxed, familiar manner. Hyacinth felt a little, after the first moment, as if he were treating them rather too much as a pair of children whom he had stolen upon, to startle; but this impression was speedily removed by the air with which he said, laying his hand on our hero's shoulder as he stood in the little passage at the end of the

bench, where the holders of Mr. Vetch's order occupied the first seats, "My dear fellow, I really thought I must come round and speak to you. My spirits are all gone with this doleful drama. And those boxes are fearfully stuffy, you know," he added, as if Hyacinth had had at least an equal experience of that part of the theatre.

"It's hot here, too," Millicent's companion murmured. He had suddenly become much more conscious of the high temperature, of his proximity to the fierce chandelier, and he added that the plot of the play certainly was unnatural, though he thought the piece rather well acted.

"Oh, it's the good old stodgy British tradition. This is the only place where you find it still, and even here it can't last much longer; it can't survive old Baskerville and Mrs. Ruffer. 'Gad, how old they are! I remember her, long past her prime, when I used to be taken to the play, as a boy, in the Christmas holidays. Between them, they must be something like a hundred and eighty, eh? I believe one is supposed to cry a good deal, about the middle," Captain Sholto continued, in the same friendly, familiar, encouraging way, addressing himself to Millicent, upon whom, indeed, his eyes had rested almost uninterruptedly from the first. She sustained his glance with composure, but with just enough of an expression of reserve to intimate (what was perfectly true) that she was not in the habit of conversing with gentlemen with whom she was not acquainted. She turned away her face at this (she had already given the visitor the benefit of a good deal of it), and left him, as in the little passage he leaned against the parapet of the balcony with his back to the stage, confronted with Hyacinth, who was now wondering, with rather more vivid a sense of the relation of things, what he had come for. He wanted to do him honor, in return for

his civility, but he did not know what one could talk about, at such short notice, to a person whom he immediately perceived to be, in a most extensive, a really transcendent sense of the term, a man of the world. He instantly saw Captain Sholto did not take the play seriously, so that he felt himself warned off that topic, on which, otherwise, he might have had much to say. On the other hand, he could not, in the presence of a third person, allude to the matters they had discussed in that little back room; nor could he suppose his visitor would expect this, though indeed he impressed him as a man of humors and whims, who was amusing himself with everything, including esoteric socialism and a little bookbinder who had so much more of the gentleman about him than one would expect. Captain Sholto may have been a little embarrassed, now that he was completely launched in his attempt at fraternization, especially after failing to elicit a smile from Millicent's respectability; but he left to Hyacinth the burden of no initiative, and went on to say that it was just this prospect of the dying-out of the old British tradition that had brought him to-night. He was with a friend, a lady who had lived much abroad, who had never seen anything of the kind, and who liked everything that was characteristic. "You know the foreign school of acting is a very different affair," he said, again to Millicent, who this time replied, "Oh, yes, of course," and, considering afresh the old lady in the box, reflected that she looked as if there were nothing in the world that she, at least, had n't seen.

"We have never been abroad," said Hyacinth, candidly, looking into his friend's curious light-colored eyes, the palest in tint he had ever seen.

"Oh, well, there's a lot of nonsense talked about that!" Captain Sholto replied; while Hyacinth remained uncertain as to exactly what he referred

to, and Millicent decided to volunteer a remark:—

"They are making a tremendous row on the stage. I should think it would be very bad in those boxes." There was a banging and thumping behind the curtain, the sound of heavy scenery pushed about.

"Oh, yes; it's much better here, every way. I think you have the best seats in the house," said Captain Sholto. "I should like very much to finish my evening beside you. The trouble is I have ladies—a pair of them," he went on, as if he were seriously considering this possibility. Then, laying his hand again on Hyacinth's shoulder, he smiled at him a moment and indulged in a still greater burst of frankness: "My dear fellow, that is just what, as a partial reason, has brought me up here to see you. One of my ladies has a great desire to make your acquaintance!"

"To make my acquaintance?" Hyacinth felt himself turning pale; the first impulse he could have, in connection with such an announcement as that—and it lay far down, in the depths of the unspeakable—was a conjecture that it had something to do with his parentage on his father's side. Captain Sholto's smooth, bright face, irradiating such unexpected advances, seemed for an instant to swim before him. The captain went on to say that he had told the lady of the talks they had had, that she was immensely interested in such matters—"You know what I mean, she really is"—and that, as a consequence of what he had said, she had begged him to come and ask his—a—his young friend (Hyacinth saw in a moment that the captain had forgotten his name) to descend into her box for a little while.

"She has a tremendous desire to talk with some one who looks at the whole business from your standpoint, don't you see? And in her position she scarcely ever has a chance, she does n't come across them—to her great annoyance.

So when I spotted you to-night, she immediately said that I must introduce you at any cost. I hope you don't mind, for a quarter of an hour. I ought perhaps to tell you that she is a person who is used to having nothing refused her. 'Go up and bring him down,' you know, as if it were the simplest thing in the world. She is really very much in earnest: I don't mean about wishing to see you—that goes without saying—but about the whole matter that you and I care for. Then I should add—it does n't spoil anything—that she is the most charming woman in the world, simply! Honestly, my dear boy, she is one of the most remarkable women in Europe."

So Captain Sholto delivered himself, with the highest naturalness and plausibility, and Hyacinth, listening, felt that he himself ought perhaps to resent the idea of being served up for the entertainment of imperious triflers, but that somehow he didn't, and that it was more worthy of the part he aspired to play in life to meet such occasions calmly and urbanely, than to take the trouble of dodging and going roundabout. Of course the lady in the box couldn't be sincere; she might think she was, though even that was questionable; but you couldn't really care for the cause that was exemplified in the little back room in Bloomsbury if you came to the theatre in that style. It was Captain Sholto's style as well, but it had been by no means clear to Hyacinth hitherto that *he* really cared. All the same, this was no time for going into the question of the lady's sincerity, and at the end of sixty seconds our young man had made up his mind that he could afford to humor her. None the less, I must add, the whole proposal continued to make things dance, to appear fictive, delusive; so that it sounded, in comparison, like a note of reality when Millicent, who had been looking from one of the men to the other, exclaimed—

"That's all very well, but who is to look after me?" Her assumption of the majestic had broken down, and this was the cry of nature.

Nothing could have been pleasanter and more indulgent of her alarm than the manner in which Captain Sholto reassured her: "My dear young lady, can you suppose I have been unmindful of that? I have been hoping that after I have taken down our friend and introduced him you would allow me to come back and, in his absence, occupy his seat."

Hyacinth was preoccupied with the idea of meeting the most remarkable woman in Europe; but at this juncture he looked at Millicent Henning with some curiosity. She rose to the situation, and replied, "I am much obliged to you, but I don't know who you are."

"Oh, I'll tell you all about that!" the captain exclaimed benevolently.

"Of course I should introduce you," said Hyacinth, and he mentioned to Miss Henning the name of his distinguished acquaintance.

"In the army?" the young lady inquired, as if she must have every guarantee of social position.

"Yes—not in the navy! I have left the army, but it always sticks to one."

"Mr. Robinson, is it your intention to leave me?" Millicent asked in a tone of the highest propriety.

Hyacinth's imagination had taken such a flight that the idea of what he owed to the beautiful girl who had placed herself under his care for the evening had somehow effaced itself. Her words put it before him in a manner that threw him quickly and consciously back upon his honor; yet there was something in the way she uttered them that made him look at her harder still before he replied, "Oh dear, no, of course it would never do. I must defer to some other occasion the honor of making the acquaintance

of your friend," he added, to Captain Sholto.

"Ah, my dear fellow, we might manage it so easily now," this gentleman murmured, with evident disappointment. "It is not as if Miss — a — Miss — a — were to be alone."

It flashed upon Hyacinth that the root of the project might be a desire of Captain Sholto to insinuate himself into Millicent's graces; then he asked himself why the most remarkable woman in Europe should lend herself to that design, consenting even to receive a visit from a little bookbinder for the sake of furthering it. Perhaps, after all, she was not the most remarkable; still, even at a lower estimate, of what advantage could such a complication be to her? To Hyacinth's surprise, Millicent's eye made acknowledgment of his implied renunciation; and she said to Captain Sholto, as if she were considering the matter very impartially, "Might one know the name of the lady that sent you?"

"The Princess Casamassima."

"Laws!" cried Millicent Henning. And then, quickly, as if to cover up the crudity of this ejaculation, "And might one also know what it is, as you say, that she wants to talk to him about?"

"About the lower order, the rising democracy, the spread of nihilism, and all that."

"The lower order? Does she think we belong to them?" the girl demanded, with a strange, provoking laugh.

Captain Sholto was certainly the readiest of men. "If she could see you, she would think you one of the first ladies in the land."

"She'll never see me!" Millicent replied, in a manner which made it plain that she, at least, was not to be whistled for.

Being whistled for by a princess presented itself to Hyacinth as an indignity endured gracefully enough by the heroes of several French novels in which

he had found a thrilling interest; nevertheless, he said, incorruptibly, to the captain, who hovered there like a Mephistopheles converted to disinterested charity, "Having been in the army, you will know that one can't desert one's post."

The captain, for the third time, laid his hand on his young friend's shoulder, and for a minute his smile rested, in silence, on Millicent Henning. "If I tell you simply I want to talk with this young lady, that certainly won't help me, particularly, and there is no reason why it should. Therefore I'll tell you the whole truth: I want to talk with her about *you*!" and he patted Hyacinth in a way which conveyed at once that this idea must surely commend him to the young man's companion, and that he himself liked him infinitely.

Hyacinth was conscious of the endearment, but he remarked to Millicent that he would do just as she liked; he was determined not to let a member of the bloated upper class suppose that he held any daughter of the people cheap.

"Oh, I don't care if you go," said Miss Henning. "You had better hurry — the curtain's going to rise."

"That's charming of you! I'll rejoin you in three minutes!" Captain Sholto exclaimed.

He passed his hand into Hyacinth's arm, and as our hero lingered still, a little uneasy and questioning Millicent always with his eyes, the girl went on, with her bright boldness, "That kind of princess — I should like to hear all about her."

"Oh, I'll tell you that, too," the captain rejoined, with his imperturbable pleasantness, as he led his young friend away. It must be confessed that Hyacinth also rather wondered what kind of princess she was, and his suspense on this point made his heart beat fast when, after traversing steep staircases and winding corridors, they reached the small door of the stage-box.

XIII.

Hyacinth's first consciousness, after his companion had opened it, was of his nearness to the stage, on which the curtain had now risen again. The play was in progress, the actors' voices came straight into the box, and it was impossible to speak without disturbing them. This, at least, was his inference from the noiseless way his conductor drew him in, and, without announcing or introducing him, simply pointed to a chair and whispered, "Just drop into that; you'll see and hear beautifully." He heard the door close behind him, and became aware that Captain Sholto had already retreated. Millicent, at any rate, would not be left to languish in solitude very long. Two ladies were seated in the front of the box, which was so large that there was a considerable space between them; and as he stood there, where Captain Sholto had planted him — they appeared not to have noticed the opening of the door — they turned their heads and looked at him. The one on whom his eyes first rested was the old lady whom he had already contemplated at a distance; she looked queerer still on a closer view, and gave him a little friendly, jolly nod. The other one was partly overshadowed by the curtain of the box, which she had drawn forward with the intention of shielding herself from the observation of the house; she was young, and the simplest way to express the instant effect upon Hyacinth of her fair face of welcome is to say that she was dazzling. He remained as Sholto had left him, staring rather confusedly and not moving an inch; whereupon the younger lady put out her hand, — it was her left, the other rested on the ledge of the box — with the expectation, as he perceived, to his extreme mortification, too late, that he would give her his own. She converted the gesture into a sign of

invitation, and beckoned him, silently but graciously, to move his chair forward. He did so, and seated himself between the two ladies; then, for ten minutes, stared straight before him, at the stage, not turning his eyes sufficiently even to glance up at Millicent in the balcony. He looked at the play, but he was far from seeing it; he had no sense of anything but the woman who sat there, close to him, on his right, with a fragrance in her garments and a light about her which he seemed to see even while his head was averted. The vision had been only of a moment, but it hung before him, threw a vague white mist over the proceedings on the stage. He was embarrassed, overturned, bewildered, and he knew it; he made a great effort to collect himself, to consider the situation lucidly. He wondered whether he ought to speak, to look at her again, to behave differently, in some way; whether she would take him for a clown, for an idiot; whether she were really as beautiful as she had seemed, or if it were only an accidental glamour, which would vanish. While he asked himself these questions the minutes went on, and neither of his companions spoke; they watched the play in perfect stillness, so that Hyacinth divined that this was the proper thing, and that he himself must remain dumb until a word should be bestowed upon him. Little by little he recovered himself, took possession of his predicament, and at last transferred his eyes to the Princess. She immediately perceived this, and returned his glance, with a quick smile. She might well be a princess — it was impossible to conform more to the finest evocations of that romantic word. She was fair, brilliant, slender, with a kind of languor. Her beauty had a character of perfection; it astonished and lifted one up, and the sight of it seemed a reward. If the first impression it had given Hyacinth was to make him feel strangely privileged, he need not have been too

much agitated, for this was the effect the Princess Casamassima produced upon persons of a wider experience and greater pretensions. Her dark eyes, blue or gray, something that was not brown, were as sweet as they were splendid, and there was an extraordinary light nobleness in the way she held her head. That head, where two or three diamond stars glittered in the thick, delicate hair which defined its shape, suggested to Hyacinth something antique and celebrated, which he had admired of old—the memory was vague—in a statue, in a picture, in a museum. Purity of line and form, of cheek and chin and lip and brow, a color that seemed to live and glow, a radiance of youth and eminence and success—these things were seated in triumph in the face of the Princess, and Hyacinth, as he held himself in his chair, trembling with the revelation, wondered whether he were not in the company of a goddess. A goddess she might be, but he could see that she was human and friendly—that she wished him to be at his ease and happy; there was something familiar in her smile, as if she had seen him many times before. Her dress was dark and rich; she had pearls round her neck, and an old rococo fan in her hand. Hyacinth took in all these things, and finally said to himself that if she wanted nothing more of him than that, he was content, he would like it to go on; so pleasant was it to sit with fine ladies, in a dusky, spacious receptacle which framed the bright picture of the stage, and made one's own situation seem a play within the play. The act was a long one, and the repose in which his companions left him might have been a calculated indulgence, to enable him to get used to them, to see how harmless they were. He looked at Millicent, in the course of time, and saw that Captain Sholto, seated beside her, had not the same standard of propriety, inasmuch as he made a remark to her

every few minutes. Like himself, the young lady in the balcony was losing the play, thanks to her eyes being fixed on her friend from Lomax Place, whose position she thus endeavored to gauge. Hyacinth had quite given up the Paraguayan complications; by the end of the half hour his attention might have come back to them, had he not then been engaged in wondering what the Princess would say to him after the descent of the curtain—or whether she would say anything. The consideration of this problem, as the moment of the solution drew nearer, made his heart again beat faster. He watched the old lady on his left, and supposed it was natural that a princess should have an attendant—he took for granted she was an attendant—as different as possible from herself. This ancient dame was without majesty or grace; huddled together, with her hands folded on her stomach and her lips protruding, she solemnly followed the performance. Several times, however, she turned her head to Hyacinth, and then her expression changed; she repeated the jovial, encouraging, almost motherly nod with which she had greeted him when he made his bow, and by which she appeared to wish to intimate that, better than the serene beauty on the other side, she could enter into the oddity, the discomfort, of his situation. She seemed to say to him that he must keep his head, and that if the worst should come to the worst, she was there to look after him. Even when, at last, the curtain descended, it was some moments before the Princess spoke, though she rested her smile upon Hyacinth as if she were considering what he would best like her to say. He might at that instant have guessed what he discovered later—that among this lady's faults (he was destined to learn that they were numerous) not the least eminent was an exaggerated fear of the commonplace. He expected she would make some re-

mark about the play, but what she said was, very gently and kindly, "I like to know all sorts of people."

"I should n't think you would find the least difficulty in that," Hyacinth replied.

"Oh, if one wants anything very much, it's sure to be difficult. Every one is n't as obliging as you."

Hyacinth could think, immediately, of no proper rejoinder to this; but the old lady saved him the trouble by declaring, with a foreign accent, "I think you were most extraordinarily good-natured. I had no idea you would come — to two strange women."

"Yes, we are strange women," said the Princess, musingly.

"It's not true that she finds things difficult; she makes every one do everything," her companion went on.

The Princess glanced at her; then remarked to Hyacinth, "Her name is Madame Grandoni." Her tone was not familiar, but there was a friendly softness in it, as if he had really taken so much trouble for them that it was only just he should be entertained a little at their expense. It seemed to imply, also, that Madame Grandoni's fitness for supplying such entertainment was obvious.

"But I am not Italian — ah, no!" the old lady cried. "In spite of my name, I am an honest, ugly, unfortunate German. But it does n't matter. She also, with such a name, is n't Italian, either. It's an accident; the world is full of accidents. But she is n't German, poor lady, any more." Madame Grandoni appeared to have entered into the Princess's view, and Hyacinth thought her exceedingly amusing. In a moment she added, "That was a very charming person you were with."

"Yes, she is very charming," Hyacinth replied, not sorry to have a chance to say it.

The Princess made no remark on this subject, and Hyacinth perceived not only that from her position in the box

she could have had no glimpse of Millicent, but that she would never take up such an allusion as that. It was as if she had not heard it that she asked, "Do you consider the play very interesting?"

Hyacinth hesitated a moment, and then told the simple truth. "I must confess that I have lost the whole of this last act."

"Ah, poor, bothered young man!" cried Madame Grandoni. "You see — you see!"

"What do I see?" the Princess inquired. "If you are annoyed at being here now, you will like us later; probably, at least. We take a great interest in the things you care for. We take a great interest in the people," the Princess went on.

"Oh, allow me, allow me, and speak only for yourself!" the elder lady interposed. "I take no interest in the people; I don't understand them, and I know nothing about them. An honorable nature, of any class, I always respect it; but I will not pretend to a passion for the ignorant masses, because I have it not. Moreover, that does n't touch the gentleman."

The Princess Casamassima had, evidently, a faculty of completely ignoring things of which she wished to take no account; it was not in the least the air of contempt, but a kind of thoughtful, tranquil absence, after which she came back to the point where she wished to be. She made no protest against her companion's speech, but said to Hyacinth as if she were only vaguely conscious that the old lady had been committing herself in some absurd way, "She lives with me; she is everything to me; she is the best woman in the world."

"Yes, fortunately, with very superficial defects, I am very good," Madame Grandoni remarked.

Hyacinth, by this time, was less flattered than when he presented himself

to the Princess Casamassima, but he was not less mystified; he wondered afresh whether he were not being practiced upon for some inconceivable end; so strange did it seem to him that two such fine ladies should, of their own movement, take the trouble to explain each other to a miserable little book-binder. This idea made him flush; it was as if it had come over him that he had fallen into a trap. He was conscious that he looked frightened, and he was conscious the moment afterwards that the Princess noticed it. This was, apparently, what made her say, "If you have lost so much of the play I ought to tell you what has happened."

"Do you think he would follow that any more?" Madame Grandoni exclaimed.

"If you would tell me — if you would tell me" — And then Hyacinth stopped. He had been going to say, "If you would tell me what all this means and what you want of me, it would be more to the point!" but the words died on his lips, and he sat staring, for the woman at his right was simply too beautiful. She was too beautiful to question, to judge by common logic; and how could he know, moreover, what was natural to a person in that exaltation of grace and splendor? Perhaps it was her habit to send out every evening for some *naïf* stranger, to amuse her; perhaps that was the way the foreign aristocracy lived. There was no sharpness in her face, at the present moment at least; there was nothing but luminous sweetness, yet she looked as if she knew what was going on in his mind. She made no eager attempt to reassure him, but there was a world of delicate consideration in the tone in which she said, "Do you know, I am afraid I have already forgotten what they have been doing in the play? It's terribly complicated; some one or other was hurled over a precipice."

"Ah, you're a brilliant pair," Ma-

dame Grandoni remarked, with a laugh of long experience. "I could describe everything. The person who was hurled over the precipice was the virtuous hero, and you will see, in the next act, that he was only slightly bruised."

"Don't describe anything; I have so much to ask." Hyacinth had looked away, with embarrassment, at hearing himself "paired" with the Princess, and he felt that she was watching him. "What do you think of Captain Sholto?" she went on, suddenly, to his surprise, if anything, in his position, could excite that sentiment more than anything else; and as he hesitated, not knowing what to say, she added, "Isn't he a very curious type?"

"I know him very little," Hyacinth replied; and he had no sooner uttered the words than it struck him they were far from brilliant — they were poor and flat, and very little calculated to satisfy the Princess. Indeed, he reflected that he had said nothing at all that could place him in a favorable light; so he continued, at a venture: "I mean, I have never seen him at home." That sounded still more silly.

"At home? Oh, he is never at home; he is all over the world. To-night he was as likely to have been in Paraguay, for instance, as here. He is what they call a cosmopolite. I don't know whether you know that species; very modern, more and more frequent, and exceedingly tiresome. I prefer the Chinese! He told me he had had a great deal of interesting talk with you. That was what made me say to him, 'Oh, do ask him to come in and see me. A little interesting talk, that would be a change!'"

"She is very complimentary to me!" said Madame Grandoni.

"Ah, my dear, you and I, you know, we never talk: we understand each other without that!" Then the Princess pursued, addressing herself to Hyacinth, "Do you never admit women?"

"Admit women?"

"Into those *séances* — what do you call them? — those little meetings that Captain Sholto described to me. I should like so much to be present. Why not?"

"I haven't seen any ladies," Hyacinth said. "I don't know whether it's a rule, but I have seen nothing but men;" and he added, smiling, though he thought the dereliction rather serious, and couldn't understand the part Captain Sholto was playing, nor, considering the grand company he kept, how he had originally secured admittance into the subversive little circle in Bloomsbury, "You know I'm not sure Captain Sholto ought to go about reporting our proceedings."

"I see. Perhaps you think he's a spy, or something of that sort."

"No," said Hyacinth, after a moment. "I think a spy would be more careful — would disguise himself more. Besides, after all, he has heard very little." And Hyacinth smiled again.

"You mean he has n't really been behind the scenes?" the Princess asked, bending forward a little, and now covering the young man steadily with her deep, soft eyes, as if by this time he must have got used to her and would n't flinch from such attention. "Of course he has n't, and he never will be; he knows that, and that it's quite out of his power to tell any real secrets. What he repeated to me was interesting, but of course I could see that there was nothing any government could put its hand on. It was mainly the talk he had had with you which struck him so very much, and which struck me, as you see. Perhaps you did n't know how he was drawing you out."

"I am afraid that's rather easy," said Hyacinth, with perfect candor, as it came over him that he *had* chattered, with a vengeance, in Bloomsbury, and had thought it natural enough then that his sociable fellow-visitor should offer him cigars and attach importance to the

views of a clever and original young artisan.

"I am not sure that I find it so! However, I ought to tell you that you need n't have the least fear of Captain Sholto. He's a perfectly honest man, so far as he goes; and even if you had trusted him much more than you appear to have done, he would be incapable of betraying you. However, don't trust him: not because he's not safe, but because — No matter, you will see for yourself. He has gone into that sort of thing simply to please me. I should tell you, merely to make you understand, that he would do anything for that. That's his own affair. I wanted to know something, to learn something, to ascertain what really is going on; and for a woman everything of that sort is so difficult, especially for a woman in my position, who is known, and to whom every sort of bad faith is sure to be imputed. So Sholto said he would look into the subject for me; poor man, he has had to look into so many subjects! What I particularly wanted was that he should make friends with some of the leading spirits, really characteristic types." The Princess's voice was low and rather deep, and her tone very quick; her manner of speaking was altogether new to her listener, for whom the pronunciation of her words and the very punctuation of her sentences were a kind of revelation of "society."

"Surely, Captain Sholto does n't suppose that *I* am a leading spirit!" Hyacinth exclaimed, with the determination not to be laughed at any more than he could help.

The Princess hesitated a moment; then she said, "He told me you were very original."

"He does n't know, and — if you will allow me to say so — I don't think you know. How should you? I am one of many thousands of young men of my class — you know, I suppose, what that is — in whose brains certain ideas are

fermenting. 'There is nothing original about me at all. I am very young and very ignorant; it's only a few months since I began to talk of the possibility of a social revolution with men who have considered the whole ground much more than I have done. I'm a mere particle in the immensity of the people. All I pretend to is my good faith, and a great desire that justice shall be done.'

The Princess listened to him intently, and her attitude made him feel how little *he*, in comparison, expressed himself like a person who had the habit of conversation; he seemed to himself to stammer and emit common sounds. For a moment she said nothing, only looking at him with her pure smile. "I do draw you out!" she exclaimed, at last. "You are much more interesting to me than if you were an exception." At these last words Hyacinth flinched a hair's breadth; the movement was shown by his dropping his eyes. We know to what extent he really regarded himself as of the stuff of the common herd. The Princess doubtless guessed it as well, for she quickly added, "At the same time, I can see that you are remarkable enough."

"What do you think I am remarkable for?"

"Well, you have general ideas."

"Every one has them to-day. They have them in Bloomsbury to a terrible degree. I have a friend (who understands the matter much better than I) who has no patience with them: he declares they are our danger and our bane. A few very special ideas — if they are the right ones — are what we want."

"Who is your friend?" the Princess asked, abruptly.

"Ah, Christina, Christina," Madame Grandoni murmured from the other side of the box.

Christina took no notice of her, and Hyacinth, not understanding the warning, and only remembering how personal women always are, replied, "A

young man who lives in Lambeth, an assistant at a wholesale chemist's."

If he had expected that this description of his friend was a bigger dose than his hostess would be able to digest, he was greatly mistaken. She seemed to look tenderly at the picture suggested by his words, and she immediately inquired whether the young man were also clever, and whether she might not hope to know him. Had n't Captain Sholto seen him; and if so, why had n't he spoken of him, too? When Hyacinth had replied that Captain Sholto had probably seen him, but that he believed he had had no particular conversation with him, the Princess inquired, with startling frankness, whether her visitor would n't bring his friend, some day, to see her.

Hyacinth glanced at Madame Grandoni, but that worthy woman was engaged in a survey of the house, through an old-fashioned eye-glass with a long gilt handle. He had perceived, long before this, that the Princess Casamassima had no desire for vain phrases, and he had the good taste to feel that, from himself to such a personage, compliments, even if he had wished to pay them, would have had no suitability. "I don't know whether he would be willing to come. He's the sort of man that, in such a case, you can't answer for."

"That makes me want to know him all the more. But you'll come yourself, at all events, eh?"

Poor Hyacinth murmured something about the unexpected honor; for, after all, he had a French heredity, and it was not so easy for him to make unadorned speeches. But Madame Grandoni, laying down her eye-glass, almost took the words out of his mouth, with the cheerful exhortation, "Go and see her — go and see her once or twice. She will treat you like an angel."

"You must think me very peculiar," the Princess remarked, sadly.

"I don't know what I think. It will take a good while."

"I wish I could make you trust me — inspire you with confidence," she went on. "I don't mean only you, personally, but others who think as you do. You would find I would go with you — pretty far. I was answering just now for Captain Sholto; but who in the world is to answer for me?" And her sadness merged itself in a smile, which appeared to Hyacinth extraordinarily beautiful and touching.

"Not I, my dear, I promise you!" her ancient companion ejaculated, with a laugh which made the people in the stalls look up at the box.

Her mirth was contagious; it gave Hyacinth the audacity to say to her, "I would trust *you*, if you did!" though he felt, the next minute, that this was even a more familiar speech than if he had said he would n't trust her.

"It comes, then, to the same thing," the Princess went on. "She would not show herself with me in public if I were not respectable. If you knew more about me, you would understand what has led me to turn my attention to the great social question. It is a long story, and the details would n't interest you; but perhaps some day, if we have more talk, you will put yourself a little in my place. I am very serious, you know; I am not amusing myself with peeping and running away. I am convinced that we are living in a fool's paradise, that the ground is heaving under our feet."

"It's not the ground, my dear; it's you that are turning somersaults," Madame Grandoni interposed.

"Ah, you, my friend, you have the happy faculty of believing what you like to believe. I have to believe what I see."

"She wishes to throw herself into the revolution, to guide it, to enlighten it," Madame Grandoni said to Hyacinth, speaking now with imperturbable gravity.

"I am sure she could direct it in any sense she would wish!" the young man responded, in a glow. The pure, high dignity with which the Princess had just spoken, and which appeared to cover a suppressed tremor of passion, set Hyacinth's pulses throbbing, and though he scarcely saw what she meant — her aspirations seeming so vague — her tone, her voice, her wonderful face, showed that she had a generous soul.

She answered his eager declaration with a serious smile and a melancholy head-shake. "I have no such pretensions, and my good old friend is laughing at me. Of course that is very easy; for what, in fact, can be more absurd, on the face of it, than for a woman with a title, with diamonds, with a carriage, with servants, with a position, as they call it, to sympathize with the upward struggles of those who are below? 'Give all that up, and we'll believe you,' you have a right to say. I am ready to give them up the moment it will help the cause; I assure you that's the least difficulty. I don't want to teach, I want to learn; and, above all, I want to know *à quoi m'en tenir*. Are we on the eve of great changes, or are we not? Is everything that is gathering force, underground, in the dark, in the night, in little hidden rooms, out of sight of governments and policemen and idiotic statesmen — Heaven save them! — is all this going to burst forth some fine morning and set the world on fire? Or is it to sputter out and spend itself in vain conspiracies, be dissipated in sterile heroisms and abortive isolated movements? I want to know *à quoi m'en tenir*," she repeated, fixing her visitor with more brilliant eyes, as if he could tell her on the spot. Then, suddenly, she added in a totally different tone, "Excuse me, I have an idea you speak French. Did n't Captain Sholto tell me so?"

"I have some little acquaintance with it," Hyacinth murmured. "I have French blood in my veins."

She considered him as if he had proposed to her some kind of problem. "Yes, I can see that you are not *le premier venu*. Now, your friend, of whom you were speaking, is a chemist; and you, yourself — what is your occupation?"

"I'm just a bookbinder."

"That must be delightful. I wonder if you would bind some books for me."

"You would have to bring them to our shop, and I can do there only the work that's given out to me. I might manage it by myself, at home," Hyacinth added, smiling.

"I should like that better. And what do you call home?"

"The place I live in, in the north of London: a little street you certainly never heard of."

"What is it called?"

"Lomax Place, at your service," said Hyacinth, laughing.

She laughed back at him, and he did n't know whether her brightness or her gravity were the more charming. "No, I don't think I have heard of it. I don't know London very well; I have n't lived here long. I have spent most of my life abroad. My husband is a foreigner, an Italian. We don't live together much. I have n't the manners of this country — not of any class; have I, eh? Oh, this country — there is a great deal to be said about it; and a great deal to be done, as you, of course, understand better than any one. But I want to know London; it interests me more than I can say — the huge, swarming, smoky, human city. I mean real London, the people and all their sufferings and passions; not Park Lane and Bond Street. Perhaps you can help me — it would be a great kindness: that's what I want to know men like you for. You see it is n't idle, my having given you so much trouble to-night."

"I shall be very glad to show you all I know. But it is n't much, and, above all, it is n't pretty," said Hyacinth.

"Whom do you live with, in Lomax Place?" the Princess asked, by way of rejoinder to this.

"Captain Sholto is leaving the young lady — he is coming back here," Madame Grandoni announced, inspecting the balcony with her instrument. The orchestra had been for some time playing the overture to the following act.

Hyacinth hesitated a moment. "I live with a dressmaker."

"With a dressmaker? Do you mean — do you mean?" — And the Princess paused.

"Do you mean she's your wife?" asked Madame Grandoni, humorously.

"Perhaps she gives you rooms," remarked the Princess.

"How many do you think I have? She gives me everything, or she has done so, in the past. She brought me up; she is the best little woman in the world."

"You had better command a dress!" exclaimed Madame Grandoni.

"And your family, where are they?" the Princess continued.

"I have no family."

"None at all?"

"None at all. I never had."

"But the French blood that you speak of, and which I see perfectly in your face — you have n't the English expression, or want of expression — that must have come to you through some one."

"Yes, through my mother."

"And she is dead?"

"Long ago."

"That's a great loss, because French mothers are usually so much to their sons." The Princess looked at her painted fan a moment, as she opened and closed it; after which she said, "Well, then, you'll come some day. We'll arrange it."

Hyacinth felt that the answer to this could be only a silent inclination of his little person; and to make it he rose from his chair. As he stood there, con-

scious that he had stayed long enough, and yet not knowing exactly how to withdraw, the Princess, with her fan closed, resting upright on her knee, and her hands clasped on the end of it, turned up her strange, lovely eyes at him, and said —

“Do you think anything will occur soon?”

“Will occur?”

“That there will be a crisis — that you’ll make yourselves felt?”

In this beautiful woman’s face there was to Hyacinth’s bewildered perception something at once inspiring, tempting, and mocking; and the effect of her expression was to make him say, rather clumsily, “I’ll try and ascertain;” as if she had asked him whether her carriage were at the door.

“I don’t quite know what you are talking about; but please don’t have it for another hour or two. I want to see what becomes of the Pearl!” Madame Grandoni interposed.

“Remember what I told you: I would give up everything — everything!” the Princess went on, looking up at the young man in the same way. Then she held out her hand, and this time he knew sufficiently what he was about to take it.

When he bade good-night to Madame Grandoni, the old lady exclaimed to him with a comical sigh, “Well, she *is* respectable!” and out in the lobby, when he had closed the door of the box behind him, he found himself echoing these words, and repeating mechanically, “She *is* respectable!” They were on his lips as he stood, suddenly, face to face with Captain Sholto, who laid his hand on his shoulder once more, and shook him a little, in that free yet insinuating manner for which this officer appeared to be remarkable.

“My dear fellow, you were born under a lucky star.”

“I never supposed it,” said Hyacinth, changing color.

“Why, what in the world would you have? You have the faculty, the precious faculty, of inspiring women with an interest — but an interest!”

“Yes, ask them in the box there! I behaved like a cretin,” Hyacinth declared, overwhelmed now with a sense of opportunities missed.

“They won’t tell me that. And the lady upstairs?”

“Well,” said Hyacinth gravely, “what about her?”

The captain considered him a moment. “She would n’t talk to me of anything but you. You may imagine how I liked it!”

“I don’t like it, either. But I must go up.”

“Oh, yes, she counts the minutes. Such a charming person!” Captain Sholto added, with more propriety of tone. As Hyacinth left him he called after him, “Don’t be afraid — you’ll go far.”

When the young man took his place in the balcony beside Millicent, this damsel gave him no greeting, nor asked any question about his adventures in the more aristocratic part of the house. She only turned her fine complexion upon him for some minutes, and as he himself was not in the mood to begin to chatter, the silence continued — continued till after the curtain had risen on the last act of the play. Millicent’s attention was now, evidently, not at her disposal for the stage, and in the midst of a violent scene, which included pistol-shots and shrieks, she said at last to her companion, “She’s a tidy lot, your Princess, by what I learn.”

“Pray, what do you know about her?”

“I know what that fellow told me.”

“And pray, what was that?”

“Well, she’s a bad ’un, as ever was. Her own husband has had to turn her out of the house.”

Hyacinth remembered the allusion the lady herself had made to her matri-

monial situation; nevertheless, what he would have liked to reply to Miss Henning was that he didn't believe a word of it. He withheld the doubt, and after a moment remarked, quietly, "I don't care."

"You don't care? Well, I do, then!" Millicent cried. And as it was impossi-

ble, in view of the performance and the jealous attention of their neighbors, to continue the conversation in this pitch, she contented herself with ejaculating, in a somewhat lower key, at the end of five minutes, during which she had been watching the stage, "Gracious, what dreadful common stuff!"

Henry James.

SOUTHERN COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.¹

ONE sentence of the article on Southern Colleges and Schools, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1884, is perhaps liable to misinterpretation; namely, that "there has been no great advance, if any, in college work in the South since the war, and in preparation for college there has been a positive decline in most of the States." That refers to the whole field and to general tendencies; but it does not mean that there are not some colleges and universities better equipped with professors and apparatus of all kinds, with higher ideals and more thorough scholarship, and more diligent and earnest students, than any institution, except the University of Virginia, could boast before the war; nor that there are not some fitting-schools, especially in Virginia, better appointed in every respect than were any prior to 1860. It will be my great pleasure in this paper to speak of some of these.

First, however, it may be asked, was I too severe in criticising the South on

the score of number of colleges as an index to the higher education? Two letters from Virginia sources, received April 11th, intimated as much. That same day I was visiting a classical training school one hundred miles from Nashville, Tennessee. Its history in brief was this: Up to four years ago it had been a "college," with a course beginning at "a b c" and ending with "A. B." Two Vanderbilt graduates, who had had the benefit of a thorough training for college at the Culleoka Academy, then took charge, promptly surrendered the charter, and turned the "college" into a fitting-school. They left in the field, however, a rival college of the same character; for this little town of one thousand inhabitants boasted *two* colleges. Reaching home, I found on my desk the circular of another institution in Tennessee whose primary course ends with the Fourth Reader,—it is not stated where it began,—and this too had as the easy goal of the whole curriculum A. B. or B. S. The next day I was told

¹ This article, like its predecessor, — *Atlantic*, October, 1884, — is largely the result of correspondence and consultation with prominent educators in different parts of the South. I have consulted especially Professors C. S. Venable, of the University of Virginia; N. T. Lupton and W. J. Vaughn, of Vanderbilt University; E. S. Joynes, of South Carolina College; G. T. Winston, of the University of North Carolina; W. Le Roy Brown, of Alabama Agricultural College; J. F. Latimer, of Union Theological Seminary, Hampden Sidney,

Virginia; R. Bingham, of Bingham School, North Carolina; Dr. A. Toomer Porter, Charleston, South Carolina; W. Gordon McCabe, Petersburg University School, H. P. Jones, Hanover Academy, L. M. Blackford, Episcopal High School, J. R. Sampson, Pantops Academy, and H. S. Strobe, Kenmore High School, all of Virginia; and others whose names I am not at liberty to use. But no one is responsible for views not expressly ascribed to him.

of an excellent college in Missouri, which had organized several academies as feeders for itself, but has seen within a few years three of these schools, without endowment, or anything else that belongs to the outfit of a college, except a charter, become its own rivals. It is the old story of the frog that tried to swell to the size of an ox. except, unfortunately, they are not as likely to burst. The principal of an excellent high school writes me of a boy who left his school two years before finishing the course which leads up to the Freshman class, but was entered as Sophomore at a neighboring college, and graduated with second distinction; and another principal tells of a graduate of a college who came to a Virginia university high school "to get the finishing touch" before going to the university, and made *thirty* in his Latin examination. A Vanderbilt undergraduate was last year invited to become "joint-principal" of a college in Tennessee, and another student was called immediately after his graduation to a professorship in a college where he was expected to teach chemistry, physics, mathematics, natural history, and geology. He attempted to do it conscientiously, but in less than a year his brain was threatened, and he was compelled to resign. But some men's heads are harder than others, evidently, for I once heard of the incumbent of what should have been *nine* chairs in a female college who flourished for years, and grew in favor with men, being considered "a many-sided man." He was perhaps never excelled but once, and that was the well-authenticated instance of the man who held the presidency and *all* the professorships in a male college.

No man need be without a "professorship" these days, for the number of "cross-roads colleges," as a correspondent aptly terms the lowest grade, is constantly increasing. Within two years I have noted eight colleges, or universities in prospect, founded or revived in

the South alone; one of these, it is true, the University of Texas, for the like of which there is always room. But I know of only one or two fitting-schools of high grade established during the same period. A defunct college in Texas is, I am informed, to be brought to life on \$10,000, and hardly is the ink that records that fact dry before I read of another college in that State worth \$10,400.¹ I am credibly informed, furthermore, that there is a university in Texas, the faculty of which consists of a father and two sons, and that some time ago the sons conferred LL. D. on the old gentleman, who returned the compliment by making each of his sons Ph. D.

With regard to female colleges, too, we find the same absurd rage for numbers — only more so; for instance, of 142 so-called higher institutions for women in the United States, 111 belong to Southern and Southern central States; and of 904 degrees conferred on women in 1882, 684 were given in Southern female colleges.

I call a thing "Southern" simply because I know that section best. A Harvard man sends word from "out West," that "Northern" is as applicable to the state of things described as "Southern," and several suggest "American" as the best predicate. Something must be wrong in at least one Iowa college, if we may trust the following from an Iowa paper: "A few years ago there was to be a lecture in the town, and one of the professors announced, from memory, the title to the school: 'Rome as I *seen* it.' The gentleman who occupied the chair of modern languages; a young man of perhaps one and twenty years, spoke of the great German philosopher as Go-e-the." There is some consolation, as Thucydides says, in "suffering along with the many."

¹ From which it must be inferred, perhaps, that a dollar will still go as far in a Texas college as a dollar in Washington's time.

But teachers of preparatory schools complain not only of the humbug colleges, but make the charge against the higher institutions generally, that they have almost invariably a preparatory department in direct competition with the schools. The complaint is just. I find from the report of the Commissioner of Education for 1882 that, as nearly as can be estimated, the 115 colleges and universities for whites in the South had 9898 college, and 7474 preparatory students, that is, an average of 86 college, and 65 preparatory students.

Dr. E. S. Joyner, of the South Carolina College, makes this defense for the colleges: "The training schools do not exist in the South; for the most part the war swept them clean away. The old colleges survived, at least in buildings, in some remnants of apparatus, in their alumni, in a certain *clientèle*, denominational or other, and so somehow they have been generally restored, or are at least struggling back into life. The preparatory schools which had been private property, the surplus capital generally of men of fortune, went in most cases along with the Confederate bonds, without redemption or restitution. The few that remain are crippled in resources; the means do not exist for the establishment of others. Thus our Southern States are almost wholly without secondary schools. The few good fitting-schools that exist are private property, and must be made to yield a fair profit, and hence they are expensive. The people are poor, few can avail themselves of these fitting-schools, and the most of those who do use them rather as a substitute than as a preparation for college. By far the larger number of students come to college from the public school, not from the academies; oftener still from the shop or the counting-house, where they have been trying to save a little money to go to college with. And the great majority can afford to go to college only for a

year or two.¹ The number that enters on a continuous course for graduation is very small indeed. Our young men, partly by necessity, partly by the spirit of the age, drive through college and out into business, or into the professions.

"Now, if all these things are so, 'what are we going to do about it?' It is easy enough to say, 'Put up your standards, and reject all that do not come up to them.' But that is easier said than done. What then would become of the rejected? If sent away from the college, they are either remanded to schools which do not exist, or else to a few schools so expensive and so remote from their homes that they cannot attend them. If not in the college, then nowhere can the great majority of Southern youth get even the elements of a liberal education, or any of the liberalizing influences of even a remote contact with a liberal education. That is surely the case in South Carolina; I believe it is generally so in the South. Moreover, a Southern college which should refuse admission to all applicants not fully prepared would so limit its numbers as to restrict greatly both its usefulness and its reputation, and there are few colleges that can afford — or even dare — to make this sacrifice on an ideal shrine. I see no remedy, except in time. For the present I deem it to be a matter of public necessity, and hence of public duty, that Southern colleges shall admit ill-prepared students, and make the best of them. Only let them see to it that they do make the best of them, give them honest classification, honest teaching, call them by their right names, and deal honestly with them and with their own standards. At the same time I think that the preparatory classes, while they should be frankly confessed, and honestly organized and taught, should always be regarded as a temporary burden, to be reduced

¹ Dr. Broun reckons the average stay at a little over two years.

and ended as rapidly as possible. The end will come when our colleges themselves shall put forth competent men to teach the local schools; that is, the remedy must come from the colleges, but I think gradually and not peremptorily, indirectly rather than directly. There is one other remedy, but even this would be useless until such teachers are supplied, and that is the gradual growth of free high schools in each county in connection with the public school systems. But this, though it will come, is perhaps too remote a blessing to enter into any present calculation."

I give this opinion thus at length because it is the best and brightest view of that side of the question, and commands attention since it comes from one who has devoted many years of constant effort toward raising standards and accomplishing thorough work. My own opinion as to what is best differs in the main from this; for it seems to me that the experience of the West and South proves very clearly that this departure of the colleges from their proper sphere has resulted in more harm than good. With the most of the colleges, I think, boys are trained in a preparatory department of the college, not because they could not be fitted elsewhere, but because they might not otherwise go to that college. But the other side of the question shall be stated, in the main, by the teachers of some of the best preparatory schools in the South.

Colonel Hilary P. Jones, M. A., of Hanover Academy, Virginia, says: "I do not see how the preparatory departments attached to colleges can do the best work. If the government of the two is different, there must always be more or less friction, as the younger boys will be constantly struggling for the rights and privileges accorded to the elder. If the government is the same, the younger will have too much liberty. Moreover, and this to me is the gravest

of all the objections, the younger boys are more inclined to copy the vices than the virtues of the older ones.

"The large number of the so-called colleges and universities must continue to have a most injurious effect on true education. They are as a rule not endowed, and hence dependent for support on the fees received from the students. It is in human nature, therefore, to wish to have as many boys as they can get. It follows, as the day follows the night, that the standard of admission will be made in actual practice — not in profession, however — so low as to exclude none. It follows just as absolutely that boys will be received — nay, encouraged to come — who in educational training and advancement are much below the plane from which a true college should start. So, then, to meet the wants of these boys, the college must descend from its plane; but its organization and system prevent this. It does not do the work of a high school; it cannot do the work of a college. Bear in mind that these institutions set up to be finishing schools, with but the general public to pass judgment on, or examine into, the character of their work. With the preparatory schools it is different. We fit for college, and know therefore that the character of our work will be not only closely scrutinized, but the results of the examination made public."

Dr. A. Toomer Porter, of Charleston, South Carolina, says further: "It is in my judgment very inexpedient that a boy should grow up and be educated in the same intellectual, political, social, and climatic atmosphere, as a schoolboy and as a student. It tends to throw him into grooves and produces narrowness. He should be thoroughly prepared and then sent out into another circle with new men, new methods, new thoughts."

The opinion seems to obtain very generally in the South that college preparatory departments furnish better instruction than independent preparatory

schools, but the fallacy is evident; for, besides the fact that professors, if required to carry this extra burden, become mere drudges, college and university methods do not suit the school-room. The professor shoots over the heads of the boys, and his assistant — generally an older student — offers, perhaps as often as not, only a caricature of the professor's methods. Add to this that professors cannot naturally be expected to be very strict in admitting students from their own preparatory departments, and that every such preparatory department, by bidding against the graduates of the college for pupils, tends to drive first-class men out of the business of teaching, except as a temporary makeshift, and it would seem that generally the only good excuse for such departments is that so many colleges could not live without them.

What, then, do the preparatory schools claim from the colleges? "All that we ask," says Principal Bingham, of the Bingham School, North Carolina, "is a fair field and no favor. Raise the standard for admission into the colleges as at the North; or for exit as at the University of Virginia; or for entrance and exit; exclude children and mere boys by limit of age — say sixteen or seventeen; and there will be preparatory schools enough to do all the work without any endowment but brains." "But number," he adds, "is made in the South generally the measure of success, and a preparatory pupil of ten or eleven looks as big in a catalogue as anybody."

It is difficult to say what practicable remedy can be applied to the state of affairs described, but so much at least is clear, that, as Dr. Joynes says, it is a matter alike of privilege, of duty, and of policy, in the case of the few institutions that are strong enough to be independent, and to control instead of being

controlled by the situation, to have strict entrance requirements, and to foster rather than compete with the preparatory schools. Such an institution would have fewer pupils for a while; it would be criticised by those who apply only the number test; but if it held to this policy a few years its reward would be, first, *better* students, and finally *more* students, than by any other course.¹ The most that well-endowed colleges and universities could legitimately do for students deficient in any branches would be to approve certain licentiates from whom they could secure proper private instruction by paying for it; and it is easy to see that such licentiates, having no connection as teachers with the college, but depending for pupils simply on their success in coaching men, would do much better work than the ordinary teachers of preparatory classes, whether professors or tutors. An association, too, of the best Southern colleges, such as the New England Association, with a view to securing something like uniform requirements for admission, would be practicable and prove of great benefit both to colleges and preparatory schools.

In making some statement of what is favorable in the preparatory work, I can merely allude to the fact that, according to the best information I can get, there is an upward tendency lately, in this work, in Alabama, Missouri, and North Carolina; while I know that in South Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee a few men are striving to make our high schools more thorough than ever before the war. It will be best to confine attention to a few of the very best schools. Indeed, the gain, where there is any, throughout the South is not in number of schools, as compared with the period prior to 1860, but in the aims and efficiency of a few schools.

The famous Bingham School, in North

¹ It is greatly to the credit of the University of North Carolina that it has decided to do away

with all form of preparatory department or subclass.

Carolina, was founded in 1793, by Rev. William Bingham, grandfather of the present principal. He was followed by his son, William J. Bingham, and he by his sons, successively, William and Robert. The school has seven teachers. Within the past five years twenty-two States of the Union and four foreign countries have been represented there, and attendance increased from 103 in 1876 to 251 in 1884. It is, and has been from the beginning, a private enterprise, depending solely on the brains and energy of the remarkable family that has been at its head since the foundation. The pride of the State, as well known in North Carolina as the old university of that State, and even better known abroad, it seeks in vain for a rival in the South outside of Virginia, and the name alone is anywhere in the South a sufficient guarantee for a thorough preparation for college. Much like this fine old school are its offspring, Horner's School, North Carolina, now in the second generation, and Culleoka Academy, Tennessee.

The University of Virginia has, I believe, a larger number of fitting-schools—at least twelve that prepare directly and almost exclusively for it—than any other institution in the country. It might be expected that from these would go every year crowds of trained students to the university; but it must be borne in mind that many, if not most of them, prepare not for the lowest, but for the highest class in most of the departments of the university, it being the aim of their graduates to take M. A. in two, or at most, three years; that consequently in these schools the essentials of a collegiate education must be and are given; so that the number going from each school to the university is comparatively small; for example, last year from McCabe's School, the largest of all, four men. But they furnish, if not a large, at least an excellent nucleus of well-trained men for the university classes, enabling

the professors to put the standard so high that few besides these well-prepared men can take the degrees. The objections to the elective or school system do not apply to the graduates of the university schools.

As to the cause of Virginia's exceptional good fortune in this line, Mr. Strode, of Kenmore University School, one of the best, writes: "The number and character of the preparatory schools in Virginia I have always thought to be due solely to the influence of the University of Virginia. Except under its shadow we could not maintain the high standards which characterize what we call the university schools. There was an accidental help given, too, in the fact that the principal of the first one was a man of high social position, as well as of strong and unblemished character. Mr. Lewis Minor Coleman made for the first time, you might almost say, the teaching profession an honorable one in Virginia." And Mr. McCabe adds: "Since the days of Frederick W. and Lewis Minor Coleman the schoolmasters have been the best men of the university and gentlemen of high social position. This last has had a great deal to do with the high tone existing in the Virginia schools."

The University of Virginia has never had a preparatory department, and the devotion of these schools to it is unparalleled. Most other institutions in the South have preparatory departments, but as a result only lukewarm allegiance, generally, indeed, open hostility, from the independent fitting-schools.

The course of study in these Virginia schools is essentially the same as that in the German Gymnasien, namely, English, mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, and German, with some elementary teaching in the sciences. In thus confining themselves within narrow limits, and having as their ideal thoroughness within those limits, they set a good example to other fitting-schools, and indeed to

the smaller colleges, in the South. *Ab uno disce omnes.*¹

"When I came here twenty years ago, a paroled prisoner of war, with but one suit of clothes, expecting to prepare myself for the practice of law, if I could in any way make a living meanwhile, there were four or five flourishing male schools — one with eighty boys. I was most strongly warned against attempting to get up a school here, as the ground was fully occupied. But 'needs must when the devil drives,' and I finally opened with seventeen boys. The other schools have long since ceased to exist. From the start I adopted the principles which to-day govern the school. The old vicious systems seemed firmly fixed. I announced to the school that I should take every fellow's word as being as good as my own, and that in all matters touching personal honor a boy should be treated as any other gentleman; but if, after such consideration on my part, he in any way forfeited his word, or even tampered with it, that he should not associate with me, nor with his honorable fellows. I drew the big fellows very closely to me. I was 'pitcher' in the school 'nine,' and was happy one day when I accidentally overheard a boy say to another, as a knot of them were discussing some point of honor: 'Well, I think any fellow who would tell McCabe a lie is a dirty blackguard.' One of my old boys, a graduate of the University of Virginia, and a lawyer of some distinction, said to me only the other day: 'I was six years in the school, and in all that time I never knew a boy to tell you a lie.'

"The first boy I sent off was one of the most popular fellows in the school, and had a most powerful aristocratic connection. All sorts of family pressure were brought to bear upon me to save the family from such a stigma as

expulsion. I never gave but one answer: 'His case must go before a jury.' He was tried by a jury of twelve of his intimate friends. They begged and pleaded with me to be excused from serving. I said, 'He has a right to object to you, if he thinks his case will be prejudiced in your hands; otherwise you must serve.' No one knew the circumstances of the case but the accused and myself. I stated the case, which he could not deny. Without leaving their seats the jury unanimously expelled him, and I confirmed the finding. The effect on the new boys was prodigious. They knew how high was the position of his family, and they knew I was dead in earnest. And I knew that my system had proved itself a glorious success. Now, after all these years, the *morale* of the school simply gives no trouble. If a boy deceives a master about anything, or cheats in examination, a committee wait on me and inform me that a case has arisen which demands investigation. They give no names. At roll-call I state to the school that I have received such information, and wish the name of the accused. The boy accused rises and gives his name. A jury is empaneled after school and the case submitted to them. Boys are very slow and very reluctant to accuse their companions. Long before they report to me, if there is any doubt about the matter, they go to the boy and hear what he has to say. And as long as they are doubtful, all these preliminary steps are conducted with great secrecy, for they have a nice and proper fellow-feeling about the odium that even a suspicion of one's honor casts upon a boy. Of twenty-one cases in twenty years submitted to juries, they have expelled nineteen, and in the other cases recommended probation in view of the fact that the boys were 'new fellows and not used to being treated as gentlemen.'

"In regard to studies the school is not graded in the common acceptance of

¹ Mr. W. Gordon McCabe kindly wrote for my eye alone the statement here given, but yielded to my urgent request permission to publish it.

that term, but in fact is most minutely graded as to the actual acquirement of the pupil. For instance, a boy may be in third Greek, second Latin, fourth French, and sixth mathematics. I allow but twelve boys to a section, as my experience is that it is impossible to drill larger sections thoroughly. Of course very many of the sections are much smaller. For example, there are about ninety-five boys studying Latin here this year, and there are twelve sections.

"In the languages the work is all the way from 'primary,' to the senior class of the University of Virginia. To illustrate, my first Latin writes every year the senior Latin exercises of the university and reads the senior authors. My first Latin is now reading Tacitus and writing the exercises given two years ago to the senior Latin class at the university, with some of my own thrown in. I believe in giving boys idiomatic English to turn into Latin and Greek, and not Latinized-English or Hellenized English.

"In Latin, Greek, French, and German, every day save Monday, a lesson in grammar is recited before reading begins, and the author is read with minutest syntactical criticism. I will not read the old jog-trot stuff, but change every year, so as to keep myself fresh. I look over my lessons every night, and annotate very carefully with reference to the grammar, so as to make the grammar a living book, having in the preparation of the text the best critical German editions. What is the outcome? The boys in my upper classes come to recitation every day with their books black with swarms of references made by themselves, for the failure to answer a question in syntax is counted to the full against them. I have had boys here who not only knew by heart all the rules in Gildersleeve's Grammar, but all the remarks. Think what a tremendous syntactical preparation that is, after

it has been practically exercised in the class-room every day for three or four years. In correcting exercises I am careful to make the most minute observations on the age and limit of words. This takes an enormous amount of time. In commencing each author, I deliver a short lecture on his place in the literature of the language, and dwell at considerable length on the salient peculiarities of his syntax. I require at the beginning of each year large maps of Italy and Greece from pupils in the upper forms. These maps are carefully examined and none received until they come up to a high standard of accurate and elegant execution. In these upper classes a study of the history and literature of the classic tongues is obligatory.

"My highest classes are now reading Tacitus in Latin, Thucydides and Plato in Greek, Molière's plays in French, Faust in German, and studying Todhunter's Calculus in mathematics. I select my masters with the greatest care and for special excellence in some one direction. I never ask, and do not care, what church they belong to.

"To test how the work of the school is going on, in addition to the two regular examinations, intermediate and final, I have 'snap' examinations; that is, without any warning, I suspend the work of the school, and announce that we will go into an examination in Latin, arithmetic, etc. The examinations are in writing, and of course have been carefully prepared beforehand to test a fair working knowledge of the subject. For a pass in the regular examinations 80 out of 100 is required; 50 will give a pass in a 'snap.' No paper will be received under three hours, and six hours is the furthest limit allowed. No corrections of any kind are allowed under any circumstances, when once a paper has gone into the hands of an instructor. Papers are in all cases handed back corrected, so that a boy can see

exactly where and how he was 'pitched.' To instance what a high tone of honor exists here, I have within these twenty years had four or five cases in which the boy just made 80 — bare pass into first division — and the instructor had by an oversight failed to add up the values correctly. The correct value of the papers would be 77 or 78. And in every case these splendid fellows came forward and said: "I am sorry to say, sir, I'm pitched. Here's a 2 (or a 3) which has escaped the observation of the instructor in his addition." That is what I call the genuine article! I always 'pitch' them of course, but I take occasion at roll-call to allude to the matter in such terms as to make the fellow feel better than if he had taken a ton of 'distinctions.'

"I take no excuses from parents, or anybody else, for failure to attend examinations. Sickness alone excuses. At the foot of the printed lists is the 'black list' containing the names of all absentees. They hate this publicity of shirking to such a degree that last year of one hundred and twenty-five boys there was but one absentee."

I know nothing better that the South can do in her schools than to take this school as a model. As a preparation for most institutions, except the University of Virginia, it might perhaps be better to attempt less than Mr. McCabe and fit for Freshman or Sophomore simply, but the methods and thoroughness of this school, and of such schools, are worthy of imitation anywhere. I have satisfactory proofs of the excellence of others of the Virginia schools, of which Mr. McCabe's is taken only as representative, namely, capital examination papers from Mr. Blackford's School at Alexandria, than which there is none better; the fact that at the University of Virginia, one session, one fifth of the graduates in the solid subjects of Latin, Greek, mathematics, and modern languages were Hanover Academy men,

etc.; but there is not space to speak of them.

Strange to say, though the amount of beneficiary work done is as extraordinary as their thoroughness, none of these schools are endowed. But for the encouragement of those who would make preparatory teaching a life-work it may be stated that these schools, though their charges are proportionately the highest for education in the South, are generally well attended and pay better than the best professorships in Southern colleges. And the idea cannot be too strongly impressed that the only hope for the higher education in the South is in the multiplication of such schools. If we cannot have them, our colleges and universities will be ridiculous caricatures of good things; and we cannot have any great number of them so long as we have one hundred and thirty-five colleges to nineteen million people, a number which cannot exist without making at very many, if not at most colleges, A. B. or A. M. the reward to anybody for three or four years' stay, — as cheap as a female college diploma.

In the higher institutions, some of the recent signs of progress are the following: The establishment of two well-endowed universities, Tulane and Texas; the reopening of the South Carolina College (1881) on a broader basis than ever before, offering now thirty-four courses of study as against twenty-two in 1860; at the University of Alabama the establishment, within five years past, of a department of civil engineering, and the erection of additional buildings at a cost of \$60,000; at the University of North Carolina an increase of \$15,000 in the yearly appropriation by the State, and the consequent appointment of four more full professors, one of these in pedagogy, the first in the South, three assistant professors, and a librarian. At Vanderbilt University may be mentioned Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's endowment

(1883) of the Institute of Technology, the excellent work in practical astronomy, the growth in English and modern languages from one professor and one assistant to two professors and five assistants, and above all, that for two years past its high requirements for admission to regular courses have been strictly enforced with the best results. At the University of Virginia the quotable gain since 1867 has been \$931,000 in gifts, six complete schools or departments, in addition to the thirteen previously existing, with six full professors and five assistant instructors, a chemical laboratory, museum of natural history, and astronomical observatory.¹ Dr. W. Le Roy Brown² gave a remarkable proof of its thoroughness prior to 1860 in the statement that as the result of examinations of candidates for appointments in the ordnance department of the Confederate States during the civil war, "four fifths of those recommended were graduates in some form of the University of Virginia." And we may infer its influence from the fact that "of the students of a single session eleven have been invited to professorships elsewhere, and the total number of its alumni in professors' chairs is known to approach, if not to exceed, two hundred." I hear good reports of several institutions in Missouri, notably of the University of Missouri, Central, and Westminster, and couple that naturally with the fact that of the gain to Southern college incomes from 1880 to 1881 of \$109,000, more than \$60,000 was credited to Missouri. Did space permit I might speak of the universally recognized thoroughness of Davidson, North Carolina; the enthusiasm for study at Randolph Macon, Virginia, and Wofford, South Carolina, if we may judge from the large number of their graduates who go elsewhere to pursue post-graduate and university courses; the uplift which Dr. Haygood's energy and Mr. Seney's money have

given to Emory, Georgia; the sound classical work at Sewanee and the University of Tennessee; and other favorable features in other institutions. But my purpose is only to give from my own limited knowledge some indication of the upward tendencies in Southern education, since only an elaborate array of statistics, which belong rather to the province of the Commissioner of Education than to my present plan, could properly present the subject.

The greatest gain in Southern college work generally has been in the study of English. Courses in that department have been remodeled in nearly all the better institutions, and the tendency is, wherever possible, to establish specific chairs of English. The prevalent idea is to give to the mother-tongue at least as thorough attention and as much time, both in preparation for college and throughout the course, as to any other language. So great is the change that it is generally called the "new method" of studying English, the honor of first putting the idea successfully into practice being, I believe, generally accorded to Professor Thomas R. Price (now of Columbia College), during his connection with Randolph Macon College, Virginia (1867-77). It must be mentioned also that, according to a paper by Professor Joynes, read at the last meeting of the Modern Language Association, the growth in modern language study in the South in the last few years has been very encouraging.

But no sign in Southern higher education is so hopeful as the character of the men who are being attracted to the better professorships, and, best of all, the opinion, fast becoming the prevailing one, that long and thorough preparation in special directions at the best centres of learning is the surest guarantee of success. Young men thus trained are nearly always the successful competitors for vacant professorships, and

¹ Sketch of University of Virginia. 1885.

² Published address, 1868.

never in the history of the South have so many chairs in the higher institutions of learning been filled by young men. This means a great deal. It means new methods, progressive policy, enthusiasm, hard work on the part of professors and students, more liberal views on all subjects, less sectionalism, and the hastening of the time when the South shall be brought into direct and full sympathy with the whole country. It may be added that in matters of state, as well as of education, the policy of bringing young men to the front would be a great gain to the South.

On one point, I am glad to say, all my correspondents in most of the Southern States agree most heartily; namely, that "the spirit of earnestness and work on the part of students is incomparably greater than before the war. A different aim is before the majority of our young men, and to most of them education means working capital rather than ornamental polish." My own experience has been that Southern students, while their preparation in most sections has been far inferior to the general average in New England, and therefore the odds against them much heavier, show since the war at least as great devotion to study as the Northern students, and they are even more willing to undertake the hardest tasks. "In a Virginia college, poor and feeble as it was," writes one who has had extensive experience in both Northern and Southern colleges, "I found the widest and deepest enthusiasm for true education that I have ever found in any American community, the most perfect spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion in president and professors, the liveliest spirit of diligence and honesty and brotherhood in the undergraduates, and relations of personal affection and intimate association between teachers and pupils that

¹ The cheapest — and in the South, at least, a favorite — way of gaining immortality is to endow a gold medal worth ten dollars, especially for oratory. This secures mention in the catalogue, and

made reform possible." Whatever of enthusiasm for study may exist in Southern colleges is generally a spontaneous growth, for it has been possible to offer little in the way of extra stimulus. I know, for instance, of a Southern professor who at one time had submitted to him papers in mathematics from a Virginia college for a thirty dollar gold medal, and from one of the leading Northern colleges likewise papers for a six hundred dollar scholarship. The examination in the first case "was over a greater range of mathematics, was equal in the searching nature of the equations, and greater in extent" than the last, and the work was "excellent and thorough, showing capital training."¹

Our educational benefactions, it is true, do not compare with those of the North; we are obliged gratefully to acknowledge, but with shame confess, that nearly all the great endowments given to Southern colleges since the war have come from the North. In 1882 the North gave in educational benefactions \$6,266,190; the South, fifteen States, including the District of Columbia, \$421,263. Of the amount, the North expended at home \$4,517,778, and sent to the South \$1,748,412, giving to the whites \$443,830, and to the negroes \$1,304,582; the South expended, of her benefactions, \$414,813 on the whites at home, gave the North \$4950, and about \$1500 to the negroes.² This is perhaps a sample of all the years. Poverty is generally alleged as the excuse; but it cannot be denied that the South gives more in her poverty than she ever gave in her prosperity.

But not even here are we without hopeful signs. Giving princely gifts to education is a thing of comparatively recent date and is the result generally of poor men getting rich; and as poor at commencement sounds as big as if the benevolent man had founded a library.

² Report of Commissioner of Education 1882-83, Table XXIII.

men can now rise as easily in the South as in the North, we are beginning to see something of this spirit. Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, is about as well known in the South for his benevolence toward Southern colleges, as for his common sense and honesty in the Senate at Washington. Samuel Miller, of Virginia, gave a few years ago \$1,000,000 to found an industrial school, besides \$100,000 to the University of Virginia. Mrs. Atkinson, of Memphis, Tenn., three years ago left all her property, \$50,000 at least, to Vanderbilt University. Jacob Thompson, Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, left recently to the University of the South a legacy of \$100,000. Central College, Missouri, has received during the past year at least \$60,000. Colonel E. W. Cole, of Nashville, gave last year \$25,000 to found an industrial school, and Samuel Watkins, of the same city, left a few years ago \$150,000 as the beginning of a Southern Cooper Institute; and I read only lately of \$50,000 bequeathed by Colonel McGee for a library in Knoxville.

The New England idea, embodied already in the statutes of Connecticut, 1644, and Massachusetts, 1647, that the State should look after and provide for "popular elementary education, so as to fit all, and especially the poor, for the duties of citizenship," and leave the higher education to be maintained by private benevolence, aiding only in exigencies, where such help seemed necessary, was quite different from the Southern course which left the question of schools to individuals, asking the State, not to educate the common people, but to found a university. The sequel has, I think, abundantly justified the New England plan, and the higher education can be very safely left there to private benevolence; but it would hardly be wise to try this just now in the South. In most Southern States a good state institution, with large means conferred upon it by the

State, may serve as a model and spur for all the weaker, denominational and other, institutions, and in some sections these are a necessity. For in some places ideas of proper standards, apparatus needed, and means required to make a college or university are so crude that higher education cannot be safely left to church or private enterprise.

Such was the state of affairs in Virginia before the university was founded, "the colleges for want of a high and advancing standard, such as the university afterwards furnished, having fallen into a state of well-nigh total inefficiency, with the lower schools lagging proportionally still farther behind. The opening of the university inaugurated a felicitous reform of these evils. The colleges and the schools soon caught the impulse. The course of instruction was enlarged, the methods of teaching were improved, schools of superior order were multiplied."¹ Randolph Macon College was possible, because the University of Virginia was a fact.

One thing only seems to justify in any measure the opposition to good state institutions; namely, that they enter into unfair competition with the weaker colleges that receive no aid from the State, by offering free tuition, which the others cannot do.

It is now time to inquire, Has the South made any distinctive contributions to the educational ideas of the country? To the University of Virginia, which has led the way in educational reform in the South, must be credited, I think, the following: (1) the elective system, inaugurated more than fifty years ago by Mr. Jefferson; (2) the "honor system," which deals with the student as a gentleman, and substitutes for watching in examination dependence on his word of honor; (3) more rigid tests in passing from class to class and for graduation than had ever been known in American colleges; (4) conferring the

¹ Sketch of University of Virginia. 1885.

M. A. degree not in course, but for distinct acquirement beyond that for the B. A. degree, and *not conferring any honorary degrees.*

That the University of Virginia first introduced the elective system in this country is true beyond a doubt, but it cannot be shown, perhaps, how much that fact influenced the recent changes in this respect in the Northern institutions; though as to the effect in the South there is no doubt whatever. The "honor system" has been introduced into many Southern colleges with most excellent results; and I believe all the best American institutions now require a higher course of study for A. M. Vanderbilt University and, I think, the University of Texas follow the good example with regard to honorary degrees.¹

It may be stated further that the University of Virginia "was the first university of an English-speaking people in which graduation in at least two modern languages of the European continent was made essential to the highest academic degree of the institution;" and

there first Anglo-Saxon was recognized as a university study, having been taught in the school of modern languages from the foundation. So far as I can learn, no American institution before the University of Virginia had ever properly emphasized ability to turn English into Greek and Latin, as well as *vice versa*, as an absolute prerequisite to a thorough mastery of those tongues. But from the time of Gessner Harrison, who never graduated a man in ancient languages, "who could not on examination put a blackboard of English into Greek and Latin without dictionary or grammar," down to last year's senior Latin paper — which I believe cannot be paralleled in this country — the University of Virginia has led all our institutions in attention to this subject. A claim for unusual thoroughness in mathematical instruction, too, must have a firm basis, if Professor Benjamin Pierce, of Harvard, could say of the course, as he once did, that the standard in mathematics for undergraduates was then the highest in the United States.

Charles Forster Smith.

CORYDON TO THYRSIS.

Ask me no more! The tree less idly waits
 For last year's bird than thou for song of mine.
 Yet when the evening reddens into wine
 Our little stream and dies beyond the gates,
 When the soft voices in the pines are come,
 I feel my heart stir, but my lips are dumb.

For I have heard the master! Wise, indeed,
 Had I in silence been content to hear,
 Nor idly striven, when he was not near,
 To draw so grand a music through my reed.
 Fool that I was! I tried to mould his song
 For old Damætas, who has loved me long.

¹ Only once has Vanderbilt broken the rule, — by conferring LL. D. on Professor M. W. Hum-

phreys, 1883, under the circumstances a splendid compliment.

As well one leaf might voice the rustling hill,
 Or glowworm hold the splendor of a star,
 As my poor oat straw trill a single bar!
 It merely mocked his infinite sweet skill, —
 It mocked his skill, and did a woful thing
 For me, because I can no longer sing.

Look! the cool air is rolling on the plain
 A thicker shadow, and clear Hesper shines
 Where Mænalus is musical with pines.
 This was the hour in which I heard the strain.
 Wait till *he* comes; then thou thyself wilt see,
 And never after ask a song of me.

Samuel V. Cole.

CHILDHOOD IN MODERN LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE never has been a time when childhood has not been a theme for poet and painter. The plume of the warrior Hector nods in the face of the little As-tyanax; the fate-driven Œdipus gropes in the dark for Antigone; the cradle song of Danaë rises above the storm; Ascanius holds the hand of the emigrant Æneas; little Torquatus stretches out his tiny hands; Amor laughs in the heaven which lies about the classic infancy; the child is the expectation of the Hebrew mother, and when in the fullness of time the song of centuries has been answered, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," that son finds in the companionship of children the foretaste of the kingdom of heaven on earth; in picture and legend his own childhood is made the centre of the world's regard; a succession of poets and imaginative writers is a succession of portrayals of childhood; and finally, the broadening of human charity and the deepening of human thought find their witness in the positive addition of the child to the *dramatis personæ* of human history.

To-day no great poet but takes notice of children. A visit to any exhibition

or gallery of pictures is very sure to show us youthful forms and a sentiment which rests in childhood, and there is an uncounted multitude of children to be found between the covers of a body of books which swells current literature to an extraordinary extent. Our attention has been given in recent papers¹ to the growth of this representation of childhood in English literature. Our own literature is, of course, most closely allied to that; but as the United States is the meeting-place of nations, so our contemporaneous literature is under the influence of other than English thought. It is worth while, then, before noticing the illustrations of childhood in American literature, to take a very hasty survey of so much of French, German, and Scandinavian literature as concerns the general subject.

I.

French literature before the Revolution was more barren of reference to childhood than was English literature. Especially is this true of the eighteenth century, with its superficial disbelief and

¹ The Atlantic Monthly, September, October, 1885.

its bitter protest against superstition, under which term was comprehended the supernatural as well as the preternatural. There were exceptions, as in the case of Fénelon, and the constitutional sentiment of the French was easily moved by the appeal of dependent childhood. In Rousseau one may read how it is possible to weep over children, and yet leave one's own to the cold mercy of a foundling asylum. It is in Rousseau's disciple, however, Bernardin de St. Pierre, that we find the most artistic expression of pure sentimentalism, and the story of Paul and Virginia is an effort at representing a world where childhood, in its innocence, is conceived of as the symbol of ideal human life. St. Pierre thought of childhood and nature as possessed of strong negative virtues; they were uncontaminated, they were unsophisticated. To escape from an evil world, he fled in imagination to an island of the tropics, where all that life required was readily furnished by lavish nature. He makes his family to consist chiefly of women and children. The masculine element is avoided as something disturbing, and except for the harmless old man who acts as chorus, it is discovered first as a rude, barbaric, and cruel force in the person of the governor of the island, who has no faith in Madame de la Tour, and in the person of the planter at the Black River who has been an inhuman master to his slave.

The childhood of Paul and Virginia is made to have a pastoral, idyllic character. Their sorrows and misfortunes come wholly from evils which lie beyond their control. St. Pierre brought back a golden age by ignoring the existence of evil in the heart of man; he conceived it possible to construct an ideal world by what was vaguely expressed in the words, a return to nature. As he reflects in the story: "Their theology consisted in sentiment like that of nature; and their morality in action,

like that of the gospel. Those families had no particular days devoted to pleasure, and others to sadness. Every day was to them a holiday, and all which surrounded them one holy temple, where they forever adored an Infinite Intelligence, almighty and the friend of humankind. A sentiment of confidence in his supreme power filled their minds with consolation for the past, with fortitude for the present, and with hope for the future. Behold how these women, compelled by misfortune to return to a state of nature, had unfolded in their own bosoms, and in those of their children, the feelings which nature gives us, our best support under evil!"

However we may discover the limitations of the sentimental philosophy, and its inadequacy when brought face to face with evil in life, there is a surface agreement with Christianity in this instinctive turning to childhood as the hope of the world. Yet the difference is radical. The child, in the Christian conception, holds the promise of things to come; in the conception of French sentiment of the Rousseau and St. Pierre type, the child is a refuge from present evil, a mournful reminiscence of a lost Paradise. If only we could keep it a child! is the cry of this school, — keep it from knowing this wicked, unhappy world! But alas! there are separations and shipwrecks. Virginia is washed ashore by the cruel waves. Paul, bereft of reason, dies, and is buried in the same grave. The two, growing like plants in nature, are stricken down by the mysterious, fateful powers of nature.

The contrast between this unreal recourse to nature and the strong yet subtle return which characterizes Wordsworth and his school is probably more apparent to the English and American mind than to the French. Yet a reasonable comparison betrays the fatal weakness of the one in that it leaves

out of view whatever in nature disturbs a smooth, summer-day world. When St. Pierre talks of a return to nature, he does not mean the jungle and the pestiferous swamp; he regards these as left behind in Paris. Yet the conclusion of his story is the confession wrung from faithful art that Nature is after all but a stepmother to humanity.

In the great romantic movement which revolutionized French literature, an immense impetus was given to the mind, and literature thenceforth reflected a wider range of thought and feeling. In few respects does this appear more significantly than in the treatment of childhood. There is a robustness about the sentiment which separates it from the earlier regard of such writers as we have named. Lamartine, who certainly was not devoid of sentiment, passes by his own earliest childhood in *Les Confidences* with indifference. "I shall not," he says, "follow the example of J. J. Rousseau in his *Confessions*. I shall not relate to you the trifling events of my early childhood. Man only dates from the commencement of feeling and thought; until the man is a being, he is not even a child. . . . Let us leave, then, the cradle to the nurses, and our first smiles, our first tears, and our first lisping accents to the ecstasies of our mothers. I do not wish to inflict on you any but my earliest recollections, embellished by the light of reason." He gives, accordingly, two scenes of his childhood: one an interior, where his father reads aloud to his mother from Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*; the other an out-door scene, where he engages in the rural sports of the neighborhood. Each picture is delightfully drawn, with minute detail, with poetic touch, with affectionate recollection. Encouraged, apparently, by the warmth which this memory has inspired, Lamartine continues to dwell upon the images of his childhood, especially as it has to do with the thought of his mother. He

paints the simple garden attached to his father's home, and resting a moment reflects:—

"Yes, that is indeed all, and yet that is what sufficed during so many years for the gratification, for the reveries, for the sweet leisures, and for the as sweet labors of a father, a mother, and eight children! Such is what still suffices, even at the present day, for the nourishment of these recollections. Such is the Eden of their childhood, where their most serene thoughts take refuge when they wish to receive a little of that dew of the morning life, a little of that beaming light of early dawn, which shines pure and radiant for man only amid the scenes of his birth. There is not a tree, there is not a carnation, there is not a mossy stone of this garden, which is not entwined in their soul as if it formed part of it. This nook of earth seems to us immense, such a host of objects and of recollections does it contain for us in so narrow a space."

The fullness with which Lamartine treats the recollection of his youth partakes of the general spirit of French memoirs,—a spirit, to speak roughly, which regards persons rather than institutions,—but indicates also something of the new spirit which informed literature when it elevated childhood into a place of real dignity. There are passages, indeed, which have a special significance as intimating a consciousness of the deeper relations of childhood. Michelet, for instance, in his philosophy of the unfolding of woman's life, recognizes the characteristics of maidenhood as anticipatory of maturity, and does it with so serious a contemplation that we forget to smile when we discover him profoundly observant of those instincts of maternity which are shown in the care of a child for its doll.

This attitude toward the child is observable in the masters of modern French literature. However far they may be removed from any mere domes-

tic regard of the subject, they apprehend the peculiar sacredness attaching to children. Alfred de Musset, for example, though by no means a poet of the family, can never speak of children without emotion. Not to multiply instances, it is enough to take the great poet of the period. Victor Hugo deserves, it has been said, to be called the poet of infancy, not only for the reason that he has written of the young freely, but has in his *Les Enfants*, *Livre des Mères*, written for them. It is to be observed that the suggestion comes, with Hugo, chiefly from the children of his family; from his brother Eugène, who died an early death; from his daughter, whom he mourns in tender verse; and from his grandchildren. One feels the sincerity of a great poet when he draws the inspiration for such themes from his own familiar kind.

It may be said in general of the contribution made to this literature by the French that it partakes of those qualities of lightness and grace which mark the greater literature; that the image of childhood is a joyous, innocent one, and satisfies the eye that looks for beauty and delicacy. Sentiment predominates, but it is a sentiment that makes little draft upon thought. There is a disposition now to regard children as dolls and playthings, the amusement of the hour; now to make them the object of an attitudinizing sentiment, which is practically wasted unless there be some one at hand to applaud it.

II.

When we pass from France to Germany we are aware that, however we may use the same terms, and recognize the existence of sentiment as a strong element in the literature of both countries, there is a radical difference in tone. It is not merely that French sentiment is graceful and German sentiment clumsy: the grace of the one connects itself with a fine art, — we feel

an instinctive good taste in its expression; in the other, the awkwardness, the obtrusiveness, seem to be the issue of an excess of natural and homely feeling. It would be too much to say that French sentiment is insincere and German sentiment unpleasantly sincere; that the one is assumed and the other uncalculating, — we cannot thus dismiss elementary feeling in two great peoples. But an Englishman or American, to whom, in his reserve, the sentiment of either nation is apt to be a little oppressive, is very likely to smile at the French and feel uncomfortable in the presence of the German; to regard the French feeling as a temporary mood, the German as a permanent state.

Be this as it may, it is true that the German feeling with regard to childhood, as it finds expression in life and literature, revolves very closely about the child in his home, not the child as a charming object in nature. Childhood, in German literature, is conceived very generally in its purely domestic relations, and is so positive an element as to have attracted the attention of other nations, and even to have given rise to a petty cult. Coleridge, writing from Germany in 1799, reports to his English readers, as something strange to himself, and of local significance only, the custom of Christmas gifts from parents to children and from children to parents. He is especially struck with the custom of representing these presents as coming from Jesus Christ.

The whole structure of Santa Claus and Kriss Kringle, the Christ Child and Pelznichel, with the attendant ceremonies of the Christmas tree, is built into the child life of Germany and the Low Countries; and it is by the energy of this childish miracle that it has passed over into English, and especially into American life. All this warmth of domestic feeling is by no means a modern discovery. It is a prime characteristic of the Germanic people, and one strong

reason for the ascendancy of Lutheranism may be found in the singular exposition of the German character which Luther presented. He was not merely a man of the people; through his life and writings and organizing faculty he impressed himself positively on the German national character, not turning it aside, but deepening the channels in which it ran. Certain it is that the luxuriance of his nature was almost riotous on the side of family life. "The leader of the age," says Canon Mozley, "and the adviser of princes, affecting no station and courting no great men, was externally one of the common crowd, and the plainest of it. In domestic life the same heart and nature appear. There he overflows with affection, warmth, tenderness; with all the amiable banter of the husband, and all the sweet arts and pretty nonsense of a father among his little children. Whether he is joking, lecturing his 'rib Catharine,' his 'gracious dame Catharine,' or writing a description of fairyland and horses with silver saddles to his 'voracious, bibacious, loquacious,' little John; or whether he is in the agony of grief over the death-bed of his favorite daughter, Magdalene, we see the same exuberant, tender character."

In this sketch of Luther we may read some of the general characteristics of the Germanic life, and we are ready, at the first suggestion, to assent to the proposition that the German people, judged by the apparatus of childhood, books, pictures, toys, and schools, stands before other nations. The material for the portraiture of childhood has been abundant; the social history, the biographies, give constant intimations of the fullness with which family life, inclosing childhood, has been dwelt upon in the mind. The autobiographies of poets and novelists almost invariably give great attention to the period of childhood. A very interesting illustration of this may be found in the life of Richter,

who stands at the head of the great Germans in his portrayal of childhood.

"Men who have a firm hold on nothing else," says Richter in his brief autobiography, "delight in deep, far-reaching recollections of their days of childhood, and in this billowy existence they anchor on that, far more than on the thought of later difficulties. Perhaps for two reasons: that in this retrospection they press nearer to the gate of life guarded by spiritual existences; and secondly, that they hope, in the spiritual power of an earlier consciousness, to make themselves independent of the little, contemptible annoyances that surround humanity." He then recites an incident from his second year, and continues: "This little morning-star of earliest recollection stands yet tolerably clear in its low horizon, but growing paler as the daylight of life rises higher. And now I remember only this clearly, that in earlier life I remembered everything clearly."

How clearly will be apparent to the reader who follows Richter through the minute and detailed narrative of his childish life, and in his writings the images of this early life are constantly reappearing under different forms. Something is no doubt due to the early birth in Richter of a self-consciousness, bred in part by the solitude of his life. It may be said with some assurance that the vividness of early recollection has much to do with determining the poet and novelist and essayist in his choice of themes bearing directly upon childhood. The childish experience of Wordsworth, De Quincey, Dickens, Lamartine, and Richter is clearly traceable in the writings of these men. If they look into their own hearts and write, the images which they bring forth are so abundantly of childhood that they cannot avoid making use of them, especially since they retain recollections which demand the interpretation of the maturer mind. That they should so

freely draw from this storehouse of childish experience reflects also the temper of the age for which they write. The fullness with which the themes of childhood are treated means not that a few men have suddenly discovered the subject, but that all are sensitive to these same impressions.

It is not, however, the vividness of recollection alone, but the early birth of consciousness, which will determine the treatment of the subject. If one remember the facts of his early years rather than how he thought and felt about those facts, he will be less inclined to dwell upon the facts afterward, or make use of them in his work. They will have little significance to him. A distinction in this view is to be observed between Richter and Goethe. The autobiographies of the two men reveal the different impressions made upon them by their childhood. The facts which Goethe recalls are but little associated with contemporaneous reflection upon the facts, and they serve but a trifling purpose in Goethe's art. The facts which Richter recalls are imbedded in a distinct conception regarding them, and perform a very positive function in his art.

The character of Mignon may be dismissed from special consideration, for it is clear that Goethe used Mignon's diminutiveness and implied youth only to heighten the effect of her elfish and dwarfish nature. The most considerable reference to childhood is perhaps in the *Sorrows of Young Werther*, where the relations between Werther and Charlotte comprise a sketchy group of children who act as foils or accompaniments to the pair. Werther discovers Charlotte, it will be remembered, cutting slices of bread for her younger brothers and sisters; it is by this means that Goethe would give a charm to the character, presenting it in its homely, domestic setting. But his purpose is also to intimate the exceeding sensibility of

Werther, and he represents him as taking a most affectionate interest in the little children whom he sees on his walks. I suspect, indeed, that Goethe in this has distinctly borrowed from the *Vicar of Wakefield*; at any rate, the comparison is easily suggested, and one brings away the impression of Goldsmith's genuine feeling and of Goethe's deliberate assumption of a feeling for artistic purposes. Nevertheless, Goethe makes very positive use of childhood in this novel, not only through the figures of children, but also through the sentiment of childhood.

"Nothing on this earth, my dear Wilhelm," says Werther, "affects my heart so much as children. When I consider them; when I mark in the little creatures the seeds of all those virtues and qualities which they will one day find so indispensable; when I behold in the obstinate all the future firmness and constancy of a noble character, in the capricious that levity and gayety of temper which will carry them lightly over the dangers and troubles of life, their whole nature simple and unpolluted, then I call to mind the golden words of the Great Teacher of mankind: 'Except ye become as little children.' And now, my friend, these children, who are our equals, whom we ought to consider as our models, we treat as subjects. They are allowed no will of their own! And have we then none ourselves? Whence comes our exclusive right? Is it because we are older and more experienced? Great God! from the height of thy heaven, thou beholdest great children and little children, and no others; and thy Son has long since declared which afford the greatest pleasure. But they believe in him, and hear him not,—that too is an old story; and they train their children after their own image."

We must regard this as a somewhat distorted application of the words of the gospel, but it is interesting as denoting

that Goethe also, who stood so much in the centre of illumination, had perceived the revealing light to fall upon the heads of young children. It is not, however, so much by his direct as by his indirect influence that Goethe is connected with our subject. If Luther was both an exponent of German feeling and a determining cause of its direction, Goethe occupies a similar relation as an expression of German intellectualism and a stimulator of German thought. A hundred years after his birth, when measures were taking to celebrate the centenary by the establishment of some educational foundation to bear his name, the enthusiastic supporters of Froebel sought to divert public interest into the channel of this movement for the cultivation of childhood. Froebel's philosophy has affected modern educational systems even where his method has not been scrupulously followed. Its influence upon literature and art can scarcely be traced, except so far as it has tended to give direction and set limits to the great body of books and pictures, which, made for children, are also expository and illustrative of the life of children. I mention him simply as an additional illustration of the grasp which the whole subject of childhood has obtained in Germany: it has made itself felt in religion and politics; so revolutionary was Froebel's philosophy held to be that his schools were suppressed at one time by the government as tending to subvert the state. This was not strange, since Froebel's own view as to the education of children was radical and comprehensive.

The enthusiasm which made itself felt in France in the rise of the romantic school, with its expression chiefly through poetry, the drama, and fiction, disclosed its power likewise in Germany. There, however, other channels offered a course for the new current. The rise of the school of religious painters, of which Overbeck and Cornelius were

eminent examples, was a distinct issue of the movement of the times. It was regarded as reactionary by some, but its reaction was rather in form than in spirit. It ran counter to a Philistinism which was complacent and indifferent to spiritual life, and it sought to embody its ideas in forms which not only Philistinism but humanism contemned, yet it was all the while working in the interest of a higher freedom. It is noticeable, therefore, that this religious art, in its choice of subjects, not only resorted to the early ecclesiastical type, but struck out into a new path, choosing themes which imply a subjective view of Christianity. Thus, Overbeck's picture of Christ blessing little children, a subject which is a favorite one of modern religious art, is a distinct recognition of modern sentiment. Here is the relation borne by the Christ to little children presented by a religious art, which, however much it might seek to reinstate the old forms, could not help being affected by the new life of Christianity. Overbeck went to the early Florentines for his masters, but he did not find this subject among their works. He caught it from the new reading of the old gospel.

III.

As Overbeck and his school returned to the religious art which preceded the Renaissance, so Thorwaldsen, like Canova and lesser men, turned back to Greek art, and was working contemporaneously with Overbeck at Rome in a very different temper. To him the central figure of Christianity was not a child in its mother's arms, but a strong, thoughtful man; for childhood he turned to the sportive conception of Amor, which he embodied in a great variety of forms. The myth appealed, aside from the opportunity which it offered for the expression of sensuous beauty, to his northern love of fairyland. His countryman, Andersen, tells us how, when they were all seated in the dusk, Thor-

waldsen would come from his work and beg for a fairy-tale.

It is Andersen himself who has made the most unique contribution not only to the literature which children read, but to that which is illustrative of childhood. He attained his eminence sheerly by the exhibition of a power which resulted from his information by the spirit of childhood. He was not only an interpreter of childhood; he was the first child who made a real contribution to literature. The work by which he is best known is nothing more nor less than an artistic creation of precisely the order which is common among children.

I may be pardoned, I hope, if I refer the reader to a previous paper¹ in which I attempted to analyze the special quality of Andersen's work. I tried to show, in brief, how it was distinguished from the fairy-tale proper, and also from the didactic fable. In animating inanimate objects his motive was one of the imagination, and he proceeded precisely as a child proceeds who invests the leg of a chair or any other insensate thing with the power to be, to do, and to suffer. It is part of the common experience of men to endow inanimate things with more or less of imagined life. Even mere symbols come to have a superfluity of it. Dr. Galton, in his striking paper on *Visualized Numerals*,² quotes the experience of a correspondent, who says, —

"The numerals, from the part they play in the multiplication-table, have been personified by me from childhood. 9 is a wonderful being, of whom I felt almost afraid; 8 I took for his wife, and there used always to be a fitness in 9×9 being so much more than 8×8 ; 7, again, is masculine; 6 of no particular sex, but gentle and straightforward; 3 a feeble edition of 9, and generally mean; 2 young and sprightly; 1 a commonplace drudge. In this style the whole multi-

plication-table consisted of the actions of living persons, whom I liked or disliked, and who had, though only vaguely, human forms."

So also in Björnson's *A Happy Boy* we read, "The same summer his mother undertook to teach him to read. He had had books for a long time, and wondered how it would be when they too should begin to talk. Now the letters were transformed into beasts and birds and all living creatures, and soon they began to move about together, two and two: *a* stood resting beneath a tree called *b*; *c* came and joined it; but when three or four were grouped together they seemed to get angry with one another, and nothing would then go right. The farther he advanced, the more completely he found himself forgetting what the letters were; he longest remembered *a*, which he liked best; it was a little black lamb, and was on friendly terms with all the rest; but soon *a*, too, was forgotten; the books no longer contained stories, only lessons."

This power of personifying that which seems to have no personality is strongest in childhood; it is very apt to die out, or to become indistinct, in later years. Andersen never lost it. He cultivated the power, and that which with children is vivid, but formless, became with him even more vivid, but ordered and disposed by the laws of art. This, then, may be taken as the peculiar contribution of Andersen: that he, appearing at a time when childhood had been laid open to view as a real and indestructible part of human life, was the interpreter to the world of that creative power which is significant of childhood. The child spoke through him, and disclosed some secrets of life; childhood in men heard the speech, and recognized it as an echo of their own half-forgotten voices. The literature of this kind which

¹ Andersen's *Short Stories*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1875.

² *Nature*, January 15, 1880.

he produced has become a distinct and new form. It already has its imitations, and people are said to write in the vein of Andersen. Such work, and Andersen's in particular, presents itself to us under two aspects: as literature in which conceptions of childhood are embodied, and as literature which feeds and stimulates the imagination of children. But this is precisely the way in which a large body of current literature must be regarded.

IV.

The conditions of life in the United States have been most favorable to the growth of a special literature for children, but, with one or two notable exceptions, the literature which is independent of special audiences has had little to do with childhood as a subject, and art has been singularly silent. There is scarcely anything in Irving, for example, which touches upon child life. A sentence now and then in Emerson shows an insight of youth, as when he speaks of the unerring instinct with which a boy tells off in his mind the characters of the company in a room. Bryant has touched the subject more nearly, but chiefly in a half-fantastic way, in his *Little People of the Snow and Stella*. Thoreau could hardly be expected to concern himself with the young of the human race when he had nearer neighbors and their offspring. Lowell has answered the appeal which the death of children makes to the heart, but aside from his tender elegiac verses has scarcely dwelt on childhood either in prose or verse. Holmes, with his boyishness of temper, has caught occasionally at the ebullition of youthful spirits, as in the humorous figure of young Benjamin Franklin in the *Autocrat*, and in some of his autobiographic sketches. His *School-Boy*, also, adds another to those charming memories of youth which have made Cowper, Goldsmith, and Gray known to readers who else would scarcely have been drawn to

them; for the one unfailing poetic theme which finds a listener who has passed his youth is the imaginative rendering of that youth.

Mr. Whittier, though his crystalline verse flows through the memory of many children, has contributed very little to the portrayal of childhood. His portrait of the Barefoot Boy and his tender recollection *In School Days* are the only poems which deal directly with the subject, and neither of them is wholly objective. They are a mature man's reflection of childhood. *Snow-Bound* rests upon the remembrance of boyish days, but it deals rather with the circumstance of boyhood than with the boy's thoughts or feelings. Yet the poet shows unmistakably his sense of childhood, although one would not be far wrong who understood him as never separating the spirit of childhood from the human life at any stage. His editorial work in the two volumes, *Child-Life in Poetry* and *Child-Life in Prose*, is an indication of his interest in the subject, and he was quick to catch the existence of the sentiment in its association with another poet, whose name is more directly connected with childhood. In his verses, *The Poet and the Children*, he gave expression to the thought which occurred to many as they considered how soon Mr. Longfellow's death followed upon the spontaneous celebration of his birthday by multitudes of children.

This testimony to Mr. Longfellow was scarcely the result of what he had written either for or of children. It was rather a natural tribute to a poet who had made himself a household word in American homes. Children are brought up on poetry to a considerable extent; they are, moreover, under training for the most part by young women, and the pure sentiment which forms the unfailing element of Mr. Longfellow's writings finds in such teachers the readiest response. When one comes to consider the subjects of Mr. Longfellow's

poetry, one finds that the number addressed to children, or finding their motive in childhood, is not large. Those of direct address are, *To a Child*, *From my Arm-Chair*, *Weariness*, *Children*; yet which of these demands or would receive a response from children? Only one, *From my Arm-Chair*, and that chiefly by the circumstance which called it out, and on which the poet relies for holding the direct attention of children. He gets far away from most children before he has reached the end of his poem *To a Child*, and in the other two poems we hear only the voice of a man in whom the presence of children awakens thoughts which lie too deep for their tears, though not for his.

Turning aside from those which appeal in form to children, one finds several which, like those last named, are evoked by the sentiment which childhood suggests. Such are *The Reaper* and *the Flowers*, *Resignation*, *The Children's Hour*, and *A Shadow*, all in the minor key except *The Children's Hour*; and this poem, perfect as it is in a father's apprehension, yields only a subtle and half-understood fragrance to a child. One poem partly rests on a man's thought of his own childhood, *My Lost Youth*; *The Hanging of the Crane* contains for its best lines a vignette of infancy; a narrative poem, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, has for its chief figure a child; and *Hiawatha* is bright with a sketch of Indian boyhood. The translations show two or three which include this subject.

While, therefore, Mr. Longfellow is repeatedly aware of the presence of children, it is not by the poems which spring out of that recognition that he especially reaches them. In his poem *From my Arm-Chair*, he refers to *The Village Blacksmith*; that has a single verse in which children figure, but the whole poem will arrest the attention of children far more than *From my Arm-Chair*, and it belongs to them more. It

cannot be too often repeated that books and poems about children are not necessarily for children. The thoughts which the man has of the child often depend wholly upon the fact that he has passed beyond childhood, and looks back upon it; it is impossible for the child to stand by his side. Thus the poem *Weariness* contains the reflection of a man who anticipates the after life of children; there is nothing in it which belongs to the reflection of childhood itself. Tennyson's *May Queen*, which has found its way into most of our anthologies for the young, is a notable example of a large class of verses quite unfit for such a place. It may be said in general that sentiment, when made a part of childhood, is very sure to be morbid and unnatural. We have a sentiment which rises at the sight of childhood, but children themselves have none of it; the more refined it is, the more unfit it is to go into their books.

Here is a collection of poetry for children, a recent one, having all the marks of a sound and reputable work. As I turn its leaves, I come upon a long ballad of *The Dying Child*, Longfellow's *The Reaper* and *the Flowers*, a poem called *The Little Girl's Lament*, in which a child asks, "Is heaven a long way off, mother?" and for two or three pages dwells upon a child's pain at the loss of her father; Tennyson's *May Queen*, who is so unconscionably long a time dying; Mrs. Hemans's imitation of Mignon's song in a poem called *The Better Land*; and a poem by Dora Greenwell which I must regard as the most admirable example of what a poem for a child should not be. It is entitled *A Story* by the Fire, and begins, —

"Children love to hear of children!
I will tell of a little child
Who dwelt alone with his mother
By the edge of a forest wild.
One summer eve, from the forest,
Late, late, down the grassy track
The child came back with lingering step,
And looks oft turning back.

“‘Oh, mother!’ he said, ‘in the forest
I have met with a little child;
All day he played with me, — all day
He talked with me and smiled.
At last he left me alone, but then
He gave me this rosebud red;
And said he would come to me again
When all its leaves were spread.’”

Thereupon the child declares that it will put the rosebud in a glass, and wait eagerly for the friend to come. So the night goes and the morning comes, and the child sleeps.

“The mother went to his little room.
With all its leaves outspread
She saw a rose in fullest bloom;
And, in the little bed,
A child that did not breathe nor stir, —
A little, happy child,
Who had met his little friend again,
And in the meeting smiled.”

Here is a fantastic conception, extremely puzzling to a healthy-minded child. Imagine the natural questions of a simple, ingenuous boy or girl upon hearing this read. Who is this other child? Why was he coming back when the rose was blown? You explain, as well as you are able, that it was a phantom of death; or, if that seems too pallid, you try to imagine that the poet meant Jesus Christ or an angel by this other little child: but, in whatever way you explain it, you are obliged, if you will satisfy the downright little inquirer, to say plainly, This little boy died, and you begin to wish with all your heart that the poet with all her *ed* rhymes had added *dead*. Then the puzzle begins over again to connect the blooming rose and the little playmate with death. Do you say that you will leave the delicate suggestion of the lines to find its way into the child's mind, and be the interpreter of the poem? This is what one might plead in Wordsworth's *We are Seven*, for instance. The comparison suggested by the two poems is a partial answer. Wordsworth's poem is a plain, objective narrative, which a child might hear and enjoy with scarcely a notion of what was implied in it, returning af-

terward to the deep, underlying sense. This poem of Dora Greenwell's has no real objective character; the incident of the walk in the forest is of the most shadowy sort, and is used for its subtlety. I object to subtlety in literature for children. We have a right to demand that there shall be a clear outward sense, whatever may be the deeper meaning to older people. Hans Andersen's story of *The Ugly Duckling* is a consummate example of a narrative which is enjoyable by the most matter-of-fact child, and yet recalls to the older reader a life's history.

I have been led into a long digression through the natural correlation which exists between childhood in literature and a literature for children. Let me get back to my main topic by a similar path. The one author in America whose works yield the most fruitful examples in illustration of our subject is Hawthorne, and at the same time he is the most masterly of all our authors who have aimed at writing for an audience of children. Whatever may become of the great mass of books for young people published in America during the past fifty years, — and most of it is already crumbling in memory, — it requires no heroism to predict an immortality of fame for the little books which Hawthorne wrote with so much good nature and evident pleasure, *Grandfather's Chair* and the *Wonder Book*, with its companion, *Tanglewood Tales*. Mr. Parkman has given a new reading in the minds of many people to the troubles in *Acadia*, but he has not disturbed the vitality of *Evangeline*; one may add footnote after footnote to modify or correct the statements in *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, but the poem will continue to be accepted as a picture of Pilgrim times. So the researches of antiquarians, with more material at their command than Hawthorne enjoyed, may lead them to different conclusions from those which he reached in his sketches

of early New England history, but they cannot destroy that charm in the rendering which makes the book a classic.

More notable still is Hawthorne's version of Greek myths. Probably he had no further authority for the stories than Lemprière. He only added the touch of his own genius. Only! and the old rods blossomed with a new variety of fruit and flower. It is easily said that Hawthorne Yankeeized the stories, that he used the Greek stones for constructing a Gothic building, but this is academic criticism. He really succeeded in naturalizing the Greek myths in American soil, and all the labors of all the Coxes will not succeed in supplanting them. Moreover, I venture to think that Hawthorne's fame is more firmly fixed by means of the *Wonder Book*. The presence of an audience of children had a singular power over him. I do not care for the embroidery of actual child life which he has devised for these tales; it is scarcely more than a fashion, and already strikes one as quaint and out of date. But I cannot read the tales themselves without being aware that Hawthorne was breathing one air when he was writing them and another when he was at work on his romances. He illustrates in a delicate and subtle manner the line of Juvenal which bids the old remember the respect due to the young. Juvenal uses it to shame men into decorum; but just as any sensitive person will restrain himself in expression before children, so Hawthorne appears to have restrained his thought in their silent presence, — to have done this, and also to have admitted into it the sunshine which their presence brought. With what bright and joyous playfulness he repeats the old stories, and with what a paternal air he makes the tales yield their morsels of wisdom! There is no opening of dark passages, no peering into recesses, but a happy, generous spirit reigns throughout.

All this could have been predicated from the delightful glimpses which we now have of Hawthorne's relations to his children, glimpses which his *Note-Books*, indeed, had already afforded, and which were not wanting also in his finished work. Nor was this interest in childhood something which sprang up after he had children of his own. In that lonely period of his young manhood, when he held converse only with himself, his *Note-Books* attest how his observation took in the young and his fancy played about them. As early as 1836 he makes a note: "To picture a child's (one of four or five years old) reminiscences at sunset of a long summer's day, — his first awakening, his studies, his sports, his little fits of passion, perhaps a whipping, etc." Again, how delicate is the hint conveyed in a passage describing one of his solitary walks! "Another time I came suddenly on a small Canadian boy, who was in a hollow place, among the ruined logs of an old causeway, picking raspberries, — lonely among bushes and gorges, far up the wild valley; and the lonelier seemed the little boy for the bright sunshine, that showed no one else in a wide space of view except him and me." He has elsewhere a quick picture of a boy running at full speed; a wistful look at a sleeping infant, which somehow touches one almost as if one had seen a sketch for a Madonna; and then this passage, significant of the working of his mind, — he is noting a Mediterranean boy from Malaga whom he saw on the wharf: "I must remember this little boy, and perhaps I may make something more beautiful of him than these rough and imperfect touches would promise."

The relation which Hawthorne held to his own children, as illustrated both in the memoirs of him and in his *Note-Books*, was unquestionably a sign of that profound humanity which was the deep spring of his writings. But it was

not, as some seem to think, a selfish love which he bore for them; he could show to them, because the relation was one of the elemental things in nature, a fullness of feeling which found expression otherwise only as all his nature found outlet, — in spiritual communion with mankind. How deep this inherent love of childhood lay is instanced in that passage in *Our Old Home* which one reads as it were with uncovered head. It is in the chapter entitled *Some Glimpses of English Poverty*, and relates how one of the party visiting an almshouse — Hawthorne himself, as his wife has since told us — was unexpectedly and most unwillingly made the object of demonstrative attention on the part of a poor, scrofulous, repulsive waif of humanity. Nothing that he had done had attracted the child, — only what he was; and so, moved by compassion, this strange, shy man took the child in his arms and kissed it. Let any one read the entire passage, note the mingled emotions which play about the scene like a bit of iridescent glass, and dare to speak of Hawthorne again except with reverence.

In the same chapter occurs that delicious little description of children playing in the street, where the watchfulness of the older children over the younger is noted, and a small brother, who is hovering about his sister, is gravely noted as “working a kind of miracle to transport her from one dust heap to another.” He makes the reflection, “Beholding such works of love and duty, I took heart again, and deemed it not so impossible after all for these neglected children to find a path through the squalor and evil of their circumstances up to the gate of heaven.”

One of the earliest and most ambitious of his short tales, *The Gentle Boy*, gathers into itself the whole history of a pathetic childhood, and there seems to have been an intention to produce in Ibrahim precisely those features which

mark the childish martyr and confessor. Again, among the *Twice-Told Tales* is the winning sketch of *Little Annie's Ramble*, valuable most of all for its unconscious testimony to the abiding sense of companionship which Hawthorne found with children. In *Edward Fane's Rosebud*, also, is a passage referring to the death of a child, which is the only approach to the morbid in connection with childhood that I recall in Hawthorne. *Little Daffydowndilly*, a quaint apologue, has by virtue of its unquestionable fitness found its way into all reading-books for the young.

The story, however, which all would select as most expressive of Hawthorne's sympathy with childhood is *The Snow Image*. In that the half-conventional figures which served to introduce the stories in the *Wonder Book* have passed, by a very slight transformation, into quaint impersonations. They have the outward likeness of boys and girls, but, by the alchemy which Hawthorne used chiefly upon men and women, they are made to have ingenuous and artless converse with a being of other than flesh and blood. It is the charm of this exquisite tale that the children create the object in which they believe so implicitly. Would it be straining a point too far to say that as Andersen managed, whether consciously or not, to write his own spiritual biography in his tale of *The Ugly Duckling*, so Hawthorne in *The Snow Image* saw himself as in a glass? At any rate, we can ourselves see him reflected in these childish figures, absorbed in the creation out of the cold snow of a sprite which cannot without peril come too near the warm life of the common world, regarded with half-pitying love and belief by one, good-naturedly scorned by crasser man.

In his romances children play no unimportant part. It is Ned Higgins's cent which does the mischief with Hepzibah, in *The House of the Seven Gables*, transforming her from a shrinking,

gentle woman into an ignoble shop-keeper; and thus it becomes only right and proper that Ned Higgins's portrait should be drawn at full length with a gravity and seriousness which would not be wasted on a grown man like Dixey. In *The Scarlet Letter* one might almost call Pearl the central figure. Certainly, as she flashes in and out of the sombre shadows, she contrives to touch with light one character after another, revealing, interpreting, compelling. In the deeper lines one reads how this child concentrates in herself the dread consequences of sin. The Puritan, uttering the wrath of God descending from the fathers to the children, never spoke in more searching accents than Hawthorne in the person of Pearl. "The child," he says, "could not be made amenable to rules. In giving her existence a great law had been broken; and the result was a being whose elements were perhaps beautiful and brilliant, but all in disorder." When one stops to think of *The Scarlet Letter* without Pearl, he discovers suddenly how vital the child is to the story. The scene in the woods, that moving passage where Pearl compels her mother to replace the scarlet A, and all the capricious behavior toward the minister show how much value Hawthorne placed on this figure in his drama; and when the climax is reached, and Hester, Arthur, and Pearl stand together on the scaffold, the supreme moment may fairly be said to be that commemorated in the words, "Pearl kissed his lips."

It is noteworthy, also, that when Hawthorne was struggling with fate, and, with the consciousness of death stealing over him, made ineffectual efforts to embody his profoundest thoughts of life and immortality, he should have expended his chief art in loving characterization of Pansie, in the *Dolliver Romance*. Whatever might have come of this last effort, could fate have been conquered, I for one am profoundly

grateful that the two figures of grandsire and grandchild stand thus fully wrought, to guard the gateway of Hawthorne's passage out of life.

V.

The advent of the child in literature at the close of the last century was characterized, as I have pointed out, by a recognition of personality in childhood as distinct from relationship. The child as one of the family had always been recognized, and the child also in its more elemental nature; it was the child as possessed of consciousness, as isolated, as disclosing a nature capable of independent action, thought, and feeling, that now came forward into the world's view, and was added to the stock of the world's literature, philosophy, and art.

"The real virtues of one age," says Mozley, "become the spurious ones of the next," and it is hardly strange that the abnormal development of this treatment of childhood should be most apparent in the United States, where individualism has had freest play. The discovery appears to have been made here that the child is not merely a person, but a very free and independent person indeed. The sixteenth amendment to the constitution reads, "The rights and caprices of children in the United States shall not be denied or abridged on account of age, sex, or formal condition of tutelage," and this amendment has been recognized in literature, as in life, while waiting its legal adoption. It has been recognized by the silence of great literature, or by the kind of mention which it has there received. I am speaking rather of the literature which is now current than of that which we agree to regard as standard American literature; yet even in that I think our study shows the sign of what was to be. The only picture of childhood in the poets drawn from real life is that of the country boy, while all the other references are to an ideal conception.

Hawthorne, in his isolation, wrote of a world which was reconstructed out of elemental material, and his insight as well as his marvelous sympathy with childhood precluded him from using diseased forms. But since the day of these men the literature which is most representative of national life has been singularly devoid of reference to childhood. One notable exception emphasizes this silence. Our keenest social satirist has not spared the children. They are found in company with the young American girl, and we feel the sting of the lash which falls upon them.

Again the silence of art is noticeable. There was so little art contemporaneous with our greater literature, and the best of that was so closely confined to landscape, that it is all the more observable how meagre is the show in our picture galleries of any history of childhood. Now and then a portrait appears, the child usually of the artist's patron, but there is little sign that artists seek in the life of children for subjects upon which to expend thought and power. They are not drawn to them, apparently, except when they appear in some foreign guise as beggars, where the picturesqueness of attire offers the chief motive.

In illustration of this, I may be pardoned if I mention my own experience when conducting, a few years ago, an illustrated magazine for young people. I did my best to obtain pictures of child life from painters who were not merely professional book-illustrators, and the only two that I succeeded in securing were one by Mr. Lambdin and Mr. La Farge's design accompanying Brown- ing's poem of *The Pied Piper*. On the lower ground of illustrations of text, it was only now and then that I was able to obtain any simple, unaffected design, showing an understanding of a child's figure and face. It was commonly a young woman who was most successful, and what her work gained in genuine-

ness it was apt to lose in correctness of drawing.

I shall be told that matters have improved since then, and shall be pointed to the current magazines of the same grade as the *Riverside*. I am quite willing to concede that the demand for work of this kind has had the effect of stimulating designers, but I maintain that the best illustrations in these magazines are not those which directly represent children. And when I say children, I mean those in whom consciousness is developed, not infants and toddlers, who are often represented with as much cleverness as other small animals and pets. It is more to the point that, while the introduction of processes and the substitution of photography for direct drawing on the wood have greatly enlarged the field from which woodcuts may be drawn, there is little, if any, increase in the number of strong designs illustrative of childhood. Formerly the painter was deterred from contributing designs by the slight mechanical difficulties of drawing on box-wood. Unless he was in the way of such work, he disliked laying his brush down and taking up the pencil. Now everything is done for him, and his painting is translated by the engraver without the necessity of any help from him. Yet how rarely, with the magazines at hand to use his paintings, does the painter voluntarily seek such subjects!

But if there is silence or scorn in great literature, there is plenty of expression in that minor literature which has sprung up, apparently, in the interest of childhood. It is here, in the books for young people, that one may discover the most flagrant illustration of that spurious individuality in childhood which I have maintained to be conspicuous in our country. Any one who has been compelled to make the acquaintance of this literature must have observed how very little parents and guardians figure in it, and how completely children are sepa-

rated from their elders. The most popular books for the young are those which represent boys and girls as seeking their fortune, working out their own schemes, driving railway trains and steamboats it may be, managing farms, or engaged in adventures which elicit all their uncommon heroism. The same tendency is exhibited in less exaggerated form: children in the school-room, or at play, forming clubs amongst themselves, having their own views upon all conceivable subjects, torturing the English language without rebuke, opening correspondence with newspapers and magazines, starting newspapers and magazines of their own, organizing, setting up miniature society, — this is the general spectacle to be observed in books for young people, and the parent or two, now and then visible, is as much in the background as the child was in earlier literature.

All this is more or less a reflection of actual life, and as such has an unconscious value. I would not press its significance too far, but I think it points to a serious defect in our society life. This very ephemeral literature is symptomatic of a condition of things, rather than causative. It has not nearly so much influence on young life as it is itself the natural concomitant of a maladjustment of society, and the corrective will be found only as a healthier social condition is reached. The disintegration of the family, through a feeble sense of the sacredness of marriage, is an evil which is not to be remedied by any specific of law or literature, but so long as it goes on it inevitably affects literature.

I venture to make two modest suggestions toward the solution of these larger problems into the discussion of which our subject has led me. One is for those who are busy with the production of books for young people. Consider if it be not possible to report the activity and comradeship of the young in closer and more generous association

with the life of their elders. The spectacle of a healthy family life, in which children move freely and joyously, is not so rare as to make models hard to be found, and one would do a great service to young America who should bring back the wise mother and father into juvenile literature.

Again, next to a purified and enriched literature of this sort is a thorough subordination of it. The separation of a class of books for the use of the young specifically is not now to be avoided, but in the thoughtlessness with which it has been accepted as the only literature for the young a great wrong has been inflicted. The lean cattle have devoured the fat. I have great faith in the power of noble literature when brought into simple contact with the child's mind, always assuming that it is the literature which deals with elemental feeling, thought, and action which is so presented. I think the solution of the problem which vexes us will be found not so much in the writing of good books for children as in the wise choice of those parts of the world's literature which contain an appeal to the child's nature and understanding. It is not the books written expressly for children so much as it is the books written out of minds which have not lost their childhood that are to form the body of literature which shall be classic for the young. As Mr. Ruskin rightly says, "The greatest books contain food for all ages, and an intelligent and rightly bred youth or girl ought to enjoy much even in Plato by the time they are fifteen or sixteen."

It may fairly be asked how we shall persuade children to read classic literature. It is a partial answer to say, Read it to them yourself. If we would only consider the subtle strengthening of ties which comes from two people reading the same book together, breathing at once its breath, and each giving the other unconsciously his interpreta-

tion of it, it would be seen how in this simple habit of reading aloud lies a power too fine for analysis, yet stronger than iron in welding souls together. To my thinking there is no academy on earth equal to that found in many homes of a mother reading to her child.

There is, however, a vast organization inclusive of childhood to which we may justly commit the task of familiarizing children with great literature, and of giving them a distaste for ignoble books. There is no other time of life than that embraced by the common-school course so fit for introduction to the highest, finest literature of the world. Our schools are too much given over to the acquisition of knowledge. What they need is to recognize the power which lies in enlightenment. In the susceptible period of youth we must introduce through the medium of literature the light which will give the eye the precious power of seeing. But look at the apparatus now in use. Look at the reading-books which are given to children in the mechanical system of grading. Is this feast of scraps really the best we can offer for the intellectual and spiritual nourishment of the young? What do these books teach the child of reading? They supply him with the power to read print at sight, to pronounce accurately the several words that meet the eye, and to know the time value of the several marks of punctuation; but they no more make readers of children than an accordeon supplies one with the power to appreciate and enjoy a sonata of Beethoven.

I do not object to intelligent drill, but I maintain that in our schools it bears little or no relation to the actual use of the power of reading. The best of the education of children is not their ability to take up the daily newspaper or the monthly magazine after they leave school, but their interest in good literature and their power to read it

with apprehension if not comprehension. This can be taught in school. Not only so, it ought to be taught, for unless the child's mind is plainly set in this direction, it is very unlikely that he will find the way for himself. I look, therefore, with the greatest interest upon that movement in our public schools which tends to bring the great literature before children. This literature is making its way under the modest and clumsy title of supplementary reading. Think of Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Longfellow and Hawthorne being permitted in our schools as supplementary to the regular authors, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, Miss Robinson, and their brothers, who are in possession with the graded readers! No matter: let us introduce the great by any name, if only we get them into the schools, where they shall effect a true revolution. We may look confidently to the day when the upper grades of schools shall be entirely free of the miscellaneous reading-books, and the children, when leaving school, shall have had a familiar and friendly acquaintance with a dozen of the great books of the world.

The study of childhood in literature has led insensibly to observations on literature for children. The two subjects are not far apart, for both testify to the same fact, that in the growth of human life there has been an irregular but positive advance, and a profounder perception of the rights and duties involved in personality.

What may lie in the future I will not venture to predict, but it is quite safe to say that the form in which childhood is presented will still depend upon the sympathy of imaginative writers with the ideal of childhood, and that the form of literature for children will be determined by the greater or less care with which society guards the sanctity of childish life.

Horace E. Scudder.

QUATRAINS BY DIFFERENT HANDS.

I.

Milton.

So fair thy vision that the night
 Abided with thee, lest the light,
 A flaming sword before thine eyes,
 Had shut thee out from Paradise.

The Shadow.

O SHADOW, in thy fleeting form I see
 The friend of fortune that once clung to me.
 In flattering light, thy constancy is shown;
 In darkness, thou wilt leave me all alone.

John B. Tabb.

II.

The Night-Blooming Cereus.

SHE would not be the bride of kingly Light!
 Shunning his ardors and his pageantries,
 She breathes her beauty on the heart of Night;
 His wonderful, white, wedded joy she is!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

III.

Disappointment.

FROM dreary wastes of unfulfilled desire,
 We harvest dreams that never come to pass;
 Then pour our wine amid the dying fire,
 And on the cold hearth break the empty glass.

Time.

TIME has no flight, — 't is we who speed along.
 The days and nights are but the same as when
 The earth awoke with the first rush of song,
 And felt the swiftly passing feet of men.

Thomas S. Collier.

IV.

The Bust of Kronos. (In the Vatican Museum.)

A HALF-VEILED head, a sad, unfurrowed face,
Titanic power and more than mortal grace ;
Across wan lips and eyes bereft of light
The awful shadow of unending night.

William H. Hayne.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XXXVIII.

"OF course it was perfectly right. No one could say that I was in any way infatuated about Lady Markland, never from the first ; but I quite approve of that. Why should she call herself Mrs. Theodore Warrender, when she has the title of a viscountess ? Or if it had been a trumpery little baronetcy," said Minnie, strong in her new honors, "that would have been quite a different matter ; but why should one give up one's precedency, and all that ? I should not at all like to have Mrs. Wilberforce, for instance, or any other person of her class, walk out of a room before me — now."

"Nor me, I suppose," Mrs. Warrender said with a smile.

"Oh, you ! that is different of course," said the Hon. Mrs. Eustace Thynne ; but though she was good enough to say this, it was very evident that even for her mother Minnie had no idea of waiving her rights. "When a thing is understood it is so much easier," she added, "every one must see that ; besides, it was not her fault that her first husband died."

"Surely, it was her fault that she married again," said Chatty.

"Oh, what do you know about it ? An unmarried girl can't really have any experience on that subject. Well, to be

sure it was her own doing to marry again, but a lady of any rank *never* gives up her title on marrying a commoner. A baronet's wife as I say, — but then a baronet is only a commoner himself."

"You seem to have thoroughly studied the subject, Minnie."

"Yes, I have studied it ; marrying into a noble family naturally changes one's ideas. And the Thynnes are very particular. You should have seen my mother-in-law arranging the dinner-party she asked to meet us. I went first, of course, as the bride, but there was Lady Highcourt and Lady Grandmaison, both countesses, and the creation within twenty-five years of each other. Eustace said nobody but his mother could have recollected, without looking it up, that the Grandmaisons date from 1425 and the Highcourts only from 1450 — not the very oldest nobility either of them," said Minnie, with a grand air. "The Thynne peerage dates from 1395."

"But then," said Mrs. Warrender, much amused, shooting an arrow at a venture, "their descent counts in the female line."

Upon which a deep blush, a wave of trouble and shame, passed over Minnie's countenance. "Only in one case," she cried, "only once ; and that you will allow is not much in five hundred years."

The bridal pair had arrived on their visit only the day before: they had taken a long holiday, and had been visiting many friends. It was now about two months since their marriage, and the gowns in Minnie's trousseau began to lose their obtrusive newness, nor can it be said that her sentiments were new. They were only modified a little by her present *milieu*. "I suppose," she said, after an interval, "that Lady Markland will come to see me as soon as she knows I am here. Shall they have any one there for the shooting, this year? Eustace quite looks forward to a day now and then. There is the Warren at least, which poor dear papa never preserved, but which I hope Theo — Eustace says that Theo will really be failing in his duty if he does not preserve."

"I know nothing about their plans or their visitors. Theo is very unlikely to think of a party of sportsmen, who were never much in his way."

Chatty in the mean time had gone out of the room about her flowers, which were always her morning's occupation. When she had closed the door, Minnie, who had been waiting eagerly, leaned forward to her mother. "As for being in his way, Theo has no right to be selfish, mamma. He ought to think of Chatty. *She* ought to think of Chatty. I shall not have nearly so good an opinion of her, if she does not take a little trouble and do something for Chatty now she is going out again and has it in her power."

"For Chatty — but Chatty does not shoot!"

"You never will understand, mamma," said Mrs. Eustace Thynne with gentle exasperation. "Chatty ought to be thought of now. I am sure I never was; if it had not been for Eustace coming to Pierrepont, I should have been Miss Warrender all my life, and so will Chatty be Miss Warrender all her life, if no one comes to the rescue. Of course it should lie with me in the first place,

but except neighboring clergymen, we are likely to see so few people just at present. To be sure I have married a clergyman myself, but Eustace was quite an exceptional case, and clergymen as a rule can scarcely be called eligible, so there is nothing for it but that Lady Markland should interfere."

"For Chatty? I beg your pardon, my dear. You are much wiser than I am; but in the present case I think Chatty's mother is sufficient for all needs."

"That was always your way, mamma, to take one up at a word without thinking. Don't you observe how awfully quiet Chatty is? Eustace noticed it the very first day. He is very quick to see a thing, and he has a lot of sisters of his own. He said to me, Either Chatty has had a disappointment or she is just bored to death staying at home. I think very likely it is my marriage that has done it, for of course there could have been no disappointment," Minnie added calmly. "Seeing both me and Theo happy, she naturally asks herself, Am I always to sit here like an old person, with mamma?"

Mrs. Warrender felt the prick, but only smiled. "I don't think she asks herself that question, but in any case I am afraid she must just be left, however dull it may be, with mamma."

"Oh, I hope you will be reasonable," said Minnie, "I hope you will not stand in poor Chatty's way. It is time she saw somebody, and that people saw her. She is twenty-four. She has not much time to lose, Eustace says."

"My dear Minnie, I don't object to what you say about your sister, that is, I allow you have a right to speak, but Eustace is quite a different matter. We will leave him out of the question. What he may think or say about Chatty is of no consequence to me; in short, I think it is very bad taste, if you will allow me to say so."

"Mamma!" Minnie rose up to much more than her full height, which was by

no means great. "Is it possible that you would teach your own daughter to disregard what her husband says?"

The righteous indignation, the lofty tone, the moral superiority of Minnie's attitude gave her mother a kind of painful amusement. She said nothing, but went to the writing-table at the other side of the room. Everything was very peaceful, and there seemed no possibility of any real disturbance in the calm well-being of the family, so far as any ordinary eye could see: Theo gone with his bride into a sphere a little above that which belonged to him by nature; Minnie with her husband in all the proud consciousness of virtuous bliss; Chatty quiet and gentle among her flowers. A soft atmosphere of sunshine and prosperity, shaded by blinds at the windows, by little diversities and contrarieties in the spirit from being excessive and dazzling, was all about. In the midst of the calm Minnie's little theories of the new-made wife made a diverting incident in the foreground. Mrs. Warrender looked at her across the writing-table, with a smile in her eyes.

"I know," cried Minnie, "that you had many ways of thinking I did not go in with — but to throw any doubt upon a woman's duty to her husband! Oh, mamma, that is what I never expected. Eustace is of course the first in all the world to me; what he says is always of consequence. He is not one to say a word that he has not weighed, and if he takes an interest in his sister-in-law, it is because he thinks it his duty to me."

"That is all very well, my dear," said Mrs. Warrender, with some impatience, "and no doubt it is a great matter for Chatty to have a sister so correct as yourself, and a brother-in-law to take an interest in her. But as long as I live, I am the first authority about Chatty, and Eustace is not the first authority in the world to me. Chatty" —

"Were you calling me, mamma?"

Chatty was coming in with a tall vase of flowers held in both hands. The great campanulas, with their lavish, magnificent bells, flung up a flowery hedge between her face and the eyes of the others. It was not that she had anything to conceal, but undeniably Chatty felt herself on a lower level of being, subdued by Minnie's presence. There is often in young married persons a pride in their new happiness, an ostentation of superiority in their twofold existence, which is apt to produce this effect upon the spectators. Minnie and her husband stood between the two ladies, neither of whom possessed husbands, as the possessors of conscious greatness stand between those who have fallen and those who have never attained. And Chatty, who had no confidence to give, whose little story was all locked in her own bosom, had been fretted by her sister's questions, and by Mr. Eustace Thynne's repeated references to the fact that she "looked pale."

"No, my dear. We were talking of you, that was all. Minnie is anxious that you should see — a little more of the world."

"Mamma, be correct at least. I said that it would be a duty for myself if I had any opportunity, and for Frances."

"Do you mean Lady Markland?"

"Well, she is Frances, I hope, to her husband's sisters. I said it was Frances's duty, now that she is going into society, to take you about and introduce you to people. A little while ago," said Minnie with dignity, "mamma was all for gadding about; and now she finds fault when I say the simplest things, all because I said that Eustace — of course Eustace takes an interest in Chatty, next to his own sisters he naturally takes an interest in you."

Chatty placed her tall vase in the corner which she had chosen for it, in silence. She expressed no thanks for the interest Eustace took in her. Neither did Mrs. Warrender say anything further.

The chill of this ingratitude had upon Minnie a contrary effect to that which might have been anticipated. She grew very hot and red.

"I don't know what you all mean," she cried; "it is what we have never met with yet, in all the places we have been. Everybody has been grateful to Eustace for his good advice. They have all liked to know what he thought. 'Try and find out what Eustace thinks' is what has been said; and now my own mother and sister" — Here words failed and she wiped away a few angry tears.

At this, Chatty's tender heart was touched. She went to her sister and gave her a gentle kiss. "Dear Minnie, I am sure you are very kind, and if there was anything to take an interest about — But mamma and I have just settled down. We want nothing, we are quite happy." Chatty looked across the room at her mother, which was natural enough, but then Mrs. Warrender observed that the girl's eyes went further, that they went beyond anything that was visible within those white paneled walls. "Oh, quite happy," Chatty repeated very softly, with that look into the distance, which only her mother saw.

"That may be for the present; but you don't suppose you will always be quite satisfied and happy with mamma. That is exactly what Eustace says. I never knew anybody take so little interest in her girls as mamma does. You will be thrown among the little people here — a curate in Highcombe, or somebody's son who lives in the town. Mamma, you may say what you please, but to have a little nobody out of a country town for a brother-in-law, a person probably with no connections, no standing, no" — Minnie paused, out of mere incapacity to build up the climax higher.

It is not solely characteristic of women that a small domestic controversy should excite them beyond every other:

but perhaps only a woman could have felt the high swelling in her breast of that desire to cast down and utterly confound Minnie and all her pretensions by the mention of a name, and the contrariety of not being able to do it, and the secret exultation in the thought of one day cutting her down, down to the ground with the announcement. While she was musing her heart turned to Cavendish — a relation within well authenticated lines of the duke, very different from the small nobility of the Thynnes, who on their side were not at all related to the greater family of the name. Mrs. Warrender's heart rose with this thought so that it was almost impossible for her to keep silence, to look at Minnie and not overwhelm her. But she did refrain, and the consciousness that she had this unanswerable retort behind kept her, as nothing else could, from losing her temper. She smiled with a sense of the humor of the situation.

"It will be very sad, my dear, if Chatty provides Eustace with an unsuitable brother-in-law; but we must not look so far ahead. There is no aspirant for the moment who can give your husband any uneasiness. Perhaps he would like a list of the ineligible young men in the neighborhood? There are not very many, from all I can hear."

"Oh, mamma, I never knew any one so unsympathetic as you are," said Minnie, with an angry flush of color. Chatty had not stayed to defend herself. She had hurried away, out of reach of the warfare. No desire to crush her sister with a name was in Chatty's mind. It had seemed to her profane to speak of such a possibility at all. She realized so fully that everything was over, that all idea of change in her life was at an end forever, that she heard with a little shiver, but with no warm personal feeling, the end of this discussion. She shrank, indeed, from the idea of being talked over — but then, she reflected,

Minnie would be sure to do that, Minnie could not be expected to understand. While Mrs. Warrender began to write her letters, Chatty went softly out of the room, in her many comings and goings about the flowers. She had them on a table in the hall, with a great jug of fresh water and a basket to put all the litter, the clippings of stalks and unnecessary leafage in, and all her pots and vases ready. She was very tidy in all her ways. It was not a very important piece of business, and yet all the sweet, orderly spirit of domestic life was in Chatty's movements. There are many people who would have been far more pleased and touched to see her at this simple work than had she been reading Greek, notwithstanding that the Greek, too, is excellent; but it was not Chatty's way.

Mrs. Warrender sat at her writing-table with a little thrill of excitement and opposition in her. She saw the angry flush on Minnie's face, and watched without seeming to watch her as she rose suddenly and left the room, almost throwing down the little spindle-legged table beside her. Just outside the door Mrs. Warrender heard Chatty's calm voice say to her sister, "Will you have these for your room, Minnie?" evidently offering her some of her flowers. (It was a pretty blue and white china pot, with a sweet-smelling nosegay of mignonette and a few of the late China roses, sweet enough to scent the whole place.) "Oh, thanks, I don't like flowers in my room. Eustace thinks they are not healthy," said Minnie, in tones still full of displeasure. Mrs. Warrender was not a wise woman. She was pleased that she and the child who was left to her were having the better of the little fray. "Eustace thinks" — Minnie might quote him as much as she pleased, but she would never get her mother to quail before these words. A man may be Honorable and Reverend both, and yet not be strong enough to tyrannize over his

mother-in-law and lay down the law in her house. This is a condition of affairs quite different from the fashionable view, but then, Mrs. Warrender was in her own house, and quite independent of her son-in-law. She had a malicious pleasure in the thought of his discomfiture. Cavendish! She imagined to herself how they would open their eyes, and tasted in advance the pleasure of the letter which she should write to Theo, disclosing all that could happen. It seemed to her that she knew very well what would happen. The young man was honorable and honest, and Chatty was most fit and suitable, a bride whom no parents could object to. As for mysterious restraining influences, Mrs. Warrender believed in no such things. She had not lived in a world where they exist, and she felt as sure of Dick Cavendish as of herself — that is to say, *almost* as sure.

All this might have been very well and done no harm, but in the energy of this angry, excited, exasperated, exhilarated mood, it occurred to Mrs. Warrender to take such a step as she had never done before nor thought herself capable of doing. To make overtures of any sort to a man who had showed a disposition to be her daughter's lover, yet had not said anything or committed himself in any way, would, twenty-four hours before, have seemed to her impossible. It would have seemed to her inconsistent with Chatty's dignity and her own. But opposition and a desire to have the better of one's domestic and intimate opponents are very strong, and tempt people to the most equivocal proceedings. Mrs. Warrender did not wait to think, but took out a fresh sheet of paper and dipped her pen in the ink with that impulsiveness which was characteristic of her. A note or two had already passed between Dick Cavendish and herself, so that it was not so extraordinary a proceeding as it appeared. This was what she wrote: —

DEAR MR. CAVENDISH, — Is it worth while coming to us only from Saturday to Monday, as your modesty suggests? I fear Chatty and I, in our quietness, would scarcely repay the long journey. But Minnie is with us (with her husband), and she was always a much more practical person than her mother. She has just been suggesting to me that Theo has now the command of covers more interesting from the sportsman point of view than our old thicket at the Warren. If, therefore, you really feel inclined to come down for a few days, there will, it appears, be a real inducement — something more in a young man's way than the tea-parties at Highcombe. So bring your gun, and let it be from Monday to Saturday instead of the other way.

We think of our brief campaign in town with great pleasure, and a strong sense of obligation to you who did so much for the pleasure of it. Most truly yours,

M. WARRENDER.

She sent this epistle off with great satisfaction, yet a little sense of guilt, that same evening, taking particular care to give it to the parlor maid with her own hand, lest Chatty should see the address. It was already September, and the time of the partridges had begun.

XXXIX.

When the ladies left London, Dick Cavendish had felt himself something like a wreck upon the shore. The season was very near its end, and invitations no longer came in dozens. To be sure, there were a great many other wrecks whose society made life tolerable; but he felt himself out of heart, out of temper, seized by that sudden disgust with life in general which is often the result of the departure of one person who has given it a special interest. It was a strong effect to be pro-

duced by Chatty's unpretending personality, but it affected him more than if she had been in herself a more striking personage. For it was not so much that her absence made a blank in any of the gay scenes that still remained, but that she suggested another kind of scene altogether. He felt that to say it was a bore to go out was no longer that easy fiction which it usually is. It was a bore to go out into those aimless assemblies where not to go was a social mistake, yet to go was weariness of the flesh and spirit. In the midst of them his thoughts would turn to the little group in Half Moon Street which had made the commonplace drawing-room of the lodging-house into a home. Chatty over her muslin work — he laughed to himself when he thought of it. It was not lovely; there was no poetry about it; the little scissors and sharp pointed blade that made the little holes; the patient labor that sewed them round. So far as he was aware there was not much use in the work, and no prettiness at all; a lover might linger over an embroidery frame, and rave of seeing the flowers grow under her hand; but the little checkered pattern of holes — there was nothing at all delightful in that. Yet he thought of it, which was amazing, and laughed at himself, then thought of it again. He was not what could be called of the domestic order of man. He had "knocked about," he had seen all sorts of things and people, and to think that his heart should be caught by Chatty and her muslin work! He was himself astonished and amused, but so it was. He could not take kindly to anything now that she was gone, and even in the rapidity of the last expiring efforts of the season, he felt himself yawn and think of quite another scene: of a little house to go home to, and say what a bore it was, while Chatty took out her muslin work. He was so far gone that he scrawled patterns for that muslin work!

over his blotting-books, — arrangements of little holes in squares, in rounds, in diagonal formations, in the shape of primitive leaf and berry, at which he would laugh all by himself and blush, and fling them into the fire; which did not, however, by any means withdraw the significance from these simple attempts at ornamental art.

This would have been simple indeed had it been everything. All the Cavendishes, small and great, even the highest divinities of the name, would have stooped from their high estate to express their pleasure that Dick had found the “nice girl” who was to settle him and make him everything a Cavendish should be. Ah, had that been but all! Dick was no coxcomb; but he had read so much in Chatty’s modest eyes as warranted him in believing that he would not woo in vain. Though he could still laugh, being of that nature of man, his heart, in fact, was overwhelmed with a weight of trouble such as might have made the strongest cry out. But crying out was not in his constitution. He went about his occupations, his work, which, now that Chatty was gone, had few interruptions, his pleasures chewing the cud of the bitterest fancy and the most painful thought. He walked about the streets, turning it over and over in his mind. He thought of it even when he made the patterns of the holes and laughed at them, tossing them into the fire. Underneath all his lightest as well as his most serious occupations ran this dark and stern current. The arrival of Mrs. Warrender’s note made it still darker and more constant, carrying him away upon its tide. It was not the first letter he had received from her. He had insisted upon hearing whether their journey home had been a pleasant one, how they had liked their new home, and many other trivial things, and he had asked for that invitation from Saturday to Monday, which now was re-

versed and turned into almost a week, from Monday to Saturday. He did not know whether he meant to go; but anyhow the invitation, the power of going if he pleased, was sweet to him. He kept it by him as an anticipation, a sweetmeat which took the bitter taste of life out of his mouth.

But this letter was more formal, more business-like, than anything that had gone before. To go to see the woman whom you think of most in the world, that is a vague thing which other engagements may push aside; but an invitation to go for the partridges is business and has to be answered. Dick got it at his club, where he was lingering though it was September, making little runs into the country, but avoiding his home, where he knew many questions would be put to him about what he was going to do. It is a sad thing when there is nobody who cares what you are going to do — but this is not the view of the matter most apparent to young men. Dick very much disliked the question. It was not one to which he could give any reply. He was going to do — nothing, unless life and feeling should be too much for him and he should be driven into doing what would be a villainy — yes a villainy, though probably no harm would ever come of it; most probably, almost certainly, no harm would come of it — and yet it would be a villainy. These were the thoughts that were with him wherever he went or came. And after he got Mrs. Warrender’s letter they grew harder and harder, more and more urgent. It was this which took him one day to the rooms of an old gentleman who had not Dick’s reasons for staying in town, but others which were perhaps as weighty, which were that he was fond of his corner in the club, and not of much else. His corner in the club, his walk along the streets, his cosy rooms, and the few old fogies, like himself, sharp as so many needles, giving their old

opinions upon the events of the time with a humor sharpened by many an experience of the past; who counted every day only half a day when it was spent out of town. This old gentleman was a lawyer of very high repute, though he had retired from all active practice. He was a man who was supposed to know every case that had ever been on the registers of justice. He had refused the Bench, and he might even have been, if he would, Attorney-General, but to all these responsibilities he preferred freedom and his corner at the club. To him Dick went, with a countenance fresh and fair, which contrasted with the parchment of the old lawyer's face, but a heart like a piece of lead lying in his breast, weighing down every impulse, which also contrasted strongly, though no one could see it, with the tough piece of mechanism, screwed up to a very level pitch and now seldom out of order, which fulfilled the same organic functions under the old gentleman's coat.

"What, Dick! what ill wind — it must be an ill wind — sends you here in September? You ought to be among the partridges, my boy."

"It is an ill wind," said Dick.

"No need to tell me that; but judging by your complexion, nothing of a tremendous character. Money? or love?"

"Well, sir, it is not really my own business at all. As for my complexion, that does n't matter. I don't show outside."

"Some men don't," said the old lawyer laconically; "but if the trouble is not your own, that is easy to understand."

At this Dick gave a short laugh. He wanted it to be believed that the trouble was not his own, and yet he did not quite care to be supposed indifferent to it.

"It's an old story," he said. "It is something that happened to — Tom Wyld, an old crony of mine out on the other side."

"I suppose you mean in America. No more slang than you can help, please. It's admirably expressive sometimes, I allow: but not being used to it in my youth I have some difficulty in following. Well, about Tom Wyld — one of the old judge's sons or grandsons, I suppose."

Dick's complexion heightened a little. "Oh, not any one you ever heard of — a fellow I picked up — out there."

"Oh, a fellow you picked up out there."

"It was in one of the new States far West; not the sort of place for nicety of any sort, sir, to tell the truth. Judge Lynch and not much else, in the way of law."

"Works very well I don't doubt — simplifies business immensely," said the old lawyer, nodding his head.

"Makes business, too — lots of it. Well, sir, my friend met with a girl there." Dick seemed to have great difficulty in getting this out. He stammered and his healthy complexion grew now pale, now red.

"Most likely — they generally do, both in novels and out of them," the old gentleman said. "You had better tell me your story straight off. I shall interrupt you no more."

"Well, sir, the girl was very young, very pretty, I might say beautiful — not like any one he had ever met before. Without training, but he thought at her pliable age it was so easy to remedy that." (The old lawyer shook his head with a groan, but said nothing.) "She had never seen anything but the rough people about, and knew only their manners and ways. Everything went on well enough for a little while after they were married."

"Good Lord, they were married!"

"What else?" said Dick, turning scarlet. "He respected her as every man must respect the woman he — the woman he — thinks he loves."

"I am glad you have the sense to see

that he only thought he — Well, and what was the end of it, Mr. Dick?"

"The end of it was — what you have foreseen, sir," said Dick, bowing his head. "The fellow is my friend, that's to say Tom did all he could. I don't think he was without patience with her. Afterward, when she left him for good, or rather for bad — bad as could be, he did everything he could to help her. He offered, not to take her back, that was not possible, but to provide for her and — and all that. She had all the savage virtues as well as faults, and was honorable in her way. She would take nothing from him, and even made out what she called a paper, poor thing, to set him free. She would not take her freedom herself, and leave him bound, she said. And then she disappeared."

"Leaving him the paper?"

"Yes," assented Dick, with a faint smile, "leaving him the paper. He found it on his table. That was six years ago. He has never seen her since. He came home soon, feeling — I can't tell you how he felt."

"As if life were not much worth living, according to the slang of the day."

"Well, sir," said Dick, "he's a droll sort of a fellow. He — seemed to get over it somehow. It took a vast deal out of him, but yet he got over it in a kind of a way. He came back among his own people; and what have they been doing ever since he came back but implore him to marry! It would settle him, they all said, if he could get some nice girl, and they have done nothing but throw nice girls in his way — some of the nicest girls in England, I believe, — one" —

"Good Lord," said the old man, "you don't mean to say this unlucky young fellow has fallen in love again?"

Dick shook his head with a rueful air, in which it was impossible not to see a touch of the comic, notwithstanding his despair. "This is precisely what he wants your opinion about, that is,

some one's opinion — for of course he has not the honor of knowing you."

"Has n't he? Ah! I began to think I remembered something about your Tom — or was it Dick — Wyld. Tom Wyld — I think I have heard the name."

"If you should meet him in society," cried Dick, growing very red, "don't for heaven's sake make any allusion to this. I ought not to have mentioned his name."

"Well, get on with the story," said the old man. "He thinks, perhaps, he is free to make love to the other girl and marry — because of that precious paper."

"He is not such a fool as that; I, even," said Dick faltering, "know law enough to warn him that would be folly. But you know, sir, in some of the wild States, like the one he lived in, divorce is the easiest thing in the world."

"Well, and he thinks he can get a divorce. He had better do it, then, without more ado. I suppose the evidence — is sufficient?"

Dick gave vent to a hoarse, nervous laugh. "Sufficient — for twenty divorces," he said. Then he added quickly: "But that's not the question."

"Why, what is the question then? He should be very thankful to be able to manage it so easily, instead of being dragged through the mud for everybody to gloat over in London. What does the fellow want?" said the old man peevishly. "Many a man would be glad to find so easy a way."

Dick's embarrassment was great, he changed color, he could not keep still, his voice grew husky and broken. "I don't say that I agree with him, but this is what he thinks. It's easy enough, but he would have to summon her by the newspapers to answer for herself, which she would n't do. And who can tell what hands that newspaper might fall into. He says that nobody knows anything about it here; no one has the slightest

suspicion that he ever was married or had any entanglement. And she, poor soul, to do her justice, would never put forth a claim. She never would molest him, of that he is sure. He thinks "—

"You take a great deal of interest in your friend's cause, Dick!"

For Dick had paused with parted lips, unable to say any more.

"I do. It's a case that has been very interesting to me. He asks why he should take any notice of it at all—a thing done when he was scarcely of age, thousands of miles away, a mistake—an utter failure—a—ah"—Dick had been speaking very rapidly against time to get out what he had to say before he was interrupted; "you don't see it in that point of view."

"Do you mean to say, sir," said the old gentleman, "that you contemplate betraying a woman by a fictitious marriage, making her children illegitimate and herself a—I can't suppose that you have any real intention of that."

Dick, who had got up in his excitement, here sat down suddenly, as if his strength had failed him, with an exclamation of horror and alarm.

"You don't see that? Why what else would it be? so long as there is a Mrs.—what do you call her? living—living and undivorced, the union of that woman's husband with another woman could be nothing but a fictitious marriage. There is a still uglier word by which it could be called."

"You forget," said Dick, "that Mrs. Wyld neither bears that name nor lays any claim to it. She put it aside long ago, when she went on her own course. It was nothing to her. She is not of the kind that try to keep up appearances or—anything of that sort. I'll do her that justice, she never meant to give the—the—unfortunate fellow any trouble. She did n't even want to stand in his way, and told him he should neither hear of her nor see her again. She is honest, though she is—She has

been to him as if she did not exist for years."

"Why does that matter," cried the old gentleman, "so long as she does exist? There are women who are mad, and never can be otherwise—but that does not give their husbands a right to marry again. Divorce her, since you are sure you can do so, and be thankful you have that remedy. I suppose this woman is—not a lady."

"No." Dick spoke in a very low voice. He was quite cowed and subdued, glancing at his old friend with furtive looks of trouble. Though he spoke as if the case were not his own, yet he did not attempt to correct the elder man who at once assumed it to be so. He was so blanched and tremulous, nothing but the red of his lips showing out of his colorless face, and all the lines drawn with inward suffering, that he too might have been an old man. He added in the same low tones: "A man who is divorced would be a sort of monster to them. They would never permit—she would never listen."

"You mean—the other? well, that is possible. There is a prejudice, and a just prejudice. So you think on the whole that to do a young lady—for I suppose the second is in your own class—a real, an unspeakable injury would be better than to shock her prejudices? If that is how you of the new generation confuse what's right and wrong"—

Dick made no reply. He was not capable of self-defense, or even of understanding the indignation directed against him. He continued as if only half-conscious. "It need never be known. There is not a creature who knows of it. She sent me her marriage lines and has nothing to prove that there ever was anything—and she would not want to prove anything. She is as if she were dead."

"Come, sir," said the lawyer, "rouse yourself, Dick; she is not dead, and for every honorable man that must be

enough. Don't bewilder yourself with sophistries. Why should you want to marry — again? You have had enough of it, I should think; or else divorce her, since you can. You may be able to do that secretly as well as the marriage. Why not?"

Dick said nothing, but shook his head. He was so completely cast down that he had not a word to say for himself. How he could have supposed that a dispassionate man could have taken his side and seen with his eyes in such a matter, it is hard to say. He had thought of it so much that all the lines had got blurred to him, and right and wrong had come to seem relative terms. "What harm would it do?" he said to himself, scarcely aware he was speaking aloud. "No one would be wronged, and they would never know. How could they know? It would be impossible. Whereas on the other side, a great scandal and raking up of everything, and betrayal — to every one." He shuddered as he spoke.

"Whereas on the other side," said the old lawyer, "there would be a betrayal — very much more serious. Suppose you were to die, and that then it were to be found out (in the long run everything is found out) that your wife was not your wife, and her children — Come, Dick, you never can have contemplated a blackguard act like that to an unsuspecting girl!"

"Sir!" cried Dick, starting to his feet. But he could not maintain that resentful attitude. He sank down in the chair again, and said with a groan, "What am I to do?"

"There is only one thing for you to do: but it is very clear. Either explain the real circumstances to the young lady or her friends — or without any explanation give up seeing her. In any case it is evident that the connection must be cut at once. Of course if she knows the true state of the case, and that you are a married man, she will do that.

And if you shrink from explanations, *you* must do it without an hour's delay."

Dick made no reply. He sat for a time with his head in his hands: and then rose with a dazed look, as if he scarcely knew what he was about. "Good-by," he said, "and thank you. I'll — tell Tom — what you said."

"Do," said the old lawyer, getting up. He took Dick's hand and wrung it in his own with a pressure that, though the thin old fingers had but little force, was painful in its energy. "You don't ask my silence, but I'll promise it to you — except in one contingency," and here he wrung Dick's hand again. "Should I hear of any marriage — after what you have said, I shall certainly think it my duty to interfere."

When Dick came out the day seemed to have grown dark to him, the sky was all covered with threads of black, he could scarcely see his way.

XL.

Nevertheless, Dick went down to Highcombe on the following Saturday. There are two ways in which advice can work: one by which the man who receives it is led to abandon his own evil way and adopt the good way set before him, which of course is the object of all good advice, though one but rarely attained to; the other is to make him far more hotly and determinedly bent upon his own way, with a sort of personal opposition to the adviser, and an angry sense that he has not properly understood the subject, or entered into those subtle reasons below the surface which make a certain course of action, not generally desirable, perhaps, the only one that can be appropriately adopted in this particular case. This was the effect produced upon Dick. He spent the intervening time in turning it over and over in his mind, as he had already

done so often, until all the outlines were blurred. For a long time he had been able to put that early, fatal, mad marriage out of his mind altogether, finding himself actually able to forget it; so that if any one had suddenly accused him of being, as his old friend said, a married man, he would have, at the first shock, indignantly denied the imputation. It had lasted so short a time, it had ended in such miserable disaster! Scarcely a week had passed before he had discovered the horror and folly of what he had done. He had not, like many men, laid the blame upon the unhappy creature who had led him into these toils. She was no unhappy creature, but one of those butterfly-women without any soul, to whom there are no distinctions of right and wrong. He discovered afterwards that if he had not himself been honorable, it was not she who would have insisted upon the bond of marriage, and whether she had ever intended to be bound by it he could not tell. Her easy, artless independence of all moral laws had been a revelation to the young man, such as arrested his very life and filled him with almost awe in the midst of his misery, disgust, and horror. Without any soul, or heart, or shame, or sense that better was required from her — this was what she was. All the evil elements of corrupt civilization and savage freedom seemed to have got mixed in her blood: half of the worst of the old world, half of the rudest and wildest of the new. She had been a captivating wonder to the young Englishman, accustomed to all the domestic bonds and decorums, when he saw her first, a fresh wild flower, as he thought, with the purity as well as the savagery of primitive nature. But afterwards it seemed an uncertain matter whether she had ever known what purity was, or whether those links which bound him to her had not bound other men even before his day. She had flung in his face those marriage lines which women

of the lower classes generally hold in such reverence, and had laughed and assured him that they were so much waste paper, and that as she did not mean to be bound by them, neither need he; and then she had disappeared, and for years he had not known that she existed. The awful discovery that she was in the neighborhood of his friends, and that he himself might by chance meet her any moment on the common road, had turned him to stone. Lizzie Hampson had been her maid during the brief period in which she was his wife, and had loved and clung to her, the object of a fascination not uncommon between women, after every other trace of that episode in her life had passed away. Dick Cavendish had not for years thought of that miserable chapter in his life until he had by chance recognized Lizzie at Underwood. He had even lent himself with no serious purpose, yet with a light heart, to that scheme of his family and friends about the “nice girl” who was to convert him into a steady member of society. No doubt the moment it had become serious he must have felt himself brought face to face with the burdens and hindrances of his previous career, even had he not seen Lizzie Hampson. This reminder of what had been, however, came at the exact crisis when Chatty Warrender had (as his errant imagination always pictured her) pushed open lightly the door of his heart and walked in with the bowl of roses in her hands, and hence all the tumults and storms which had suddenly seized again upon a life almost forgetful of any cause for these tempests. He knew what he ought to have done then. He ought to have flown from Chatty and every other “nice girl,” as indeed he had done at once, to do him justice. But who could have foreseen that meeting in London, who provided against the necessity of “paying a little attention,” to the mother and sister of his friend? And now

here was this invitation, which meant — what did it mean?

It meant at least that Mrs. Warren-der did not object to the continuance of that intercourse, that perhaps Chatty herself — perhaps Chatty — His pulses had been beating hotly enough before : but when this thought came, the mingling of a delicious sort of intoxicating pleasure with the misery was more than he could bear. When he got home to his rooms he opened the dispatch box which had accompanied him through all his wanderings, and which, he suddenly recollected, should “ anything happen to him,” held all the indications of a secret in his life without any explanation of it, and went over its contents. He was interrupted in the midst of this by a chance and inopportune visitor, no less than a younger brother, who pulled the papers about, and cried, “ Hallo, what’s this ? ” with the unjustifiable freedom of a near relation, bringing Dick’s heart into his mouth, and furnishing him with a dreadful example of what might be, were a touch of more authority laid upon those scattered *débris* of his life. A young brother could be sent away, or otherwise disposed of, but there might come those who could not be sent away. When he was alone again, he found the few papers connected with his secret amid many others of no consequence, and it gave Dick a curious thrill, half of amusement, to think of the spring of astonished interest with which some problematical person who might examine these papers after his death would come upon this little trace of something so different from the tame relics of every day. There was the letter which she had left behind her setting him free, as the lawless creature intended ; there was the marriage certificate, and some little jumble of mementos which somehow, without any will of his, had got associated with the more important papers. Dick looked over the bundle as if through the eyes of that man who

would go through them after his death, finding out this appalling mystery. The man would be delighted, though it might not be a pleasant discovery ; it might (Dick went on imagining to himself) throw a horrible doubt, as old What’s-his-name said, upon the standing of his widow, upon the rights of his child, but the man who found it would be delighted. It would come so unexpectedly amid all these uninteresting letters and records of expenditure. It would brighten them up with the zest of a story, of a discovery ; it would add an interest to all the lawyer’s investigations into his estate. All the men about would meet and shake their heads over it, putting two and two together, making out what it meant. Probably they would advertise cautiously (which was what Dick himself, as a budding lawyer, would recommend in the circumstances) for *her*, poor creature, sure to be dead and buried long before that. They would consult together whether it was necessary to inform poor Mrs. Cavendish until they had something more definite to say. Dick, looking down the vale of years, saw, or thought he saw, with a curious quiver of his heart between pleasure and pity, Chatty in a widow’s cap, shedding tears at the sound of his name, absolutely obtuse and incapable of understanding how any dishonor could have come to her by him. They would think her stupid, Dick believed, with a tear stealing to the corner of his eye. Yes, she would be blank with a holy stupidity, God bless her, idiotic if you like, my fine gentleman, in that — not capable of understanding dishonor. It was with a sort of grim pleasure that he got up after this and lighted a candle, which shone strangely yellow and smoky in the clear September sunshine. “ I’ll hark them,” he said to himself, with fierce satisfaction, as if those respectable imaginary executors of his had been ill-natured gossips bent on exposing him. And he burnt the papers one by one at

his candle, watching the last fibre of each fade away in redness and then in blackness, disappearing into nothing.

And then he packed his portmanteau and went down to Highcombe. There are some people who will think this inconceivable, but then these good persons perhaps have never had a strong overpowering inclination to fight against, never been pressed and even menaced by an urgent adviser, never recognized that necessity of doing one thing which seems to throw them into the arms of the other. And below all this contention Dick had a *stubborn, strong determination* to conduct this matter his own way. He had decided in his mind that it was the best way. If there had been any latent doubt on the subject before he consulted his old friend, that had been dissipated by the interview and by all the old gentleman's cogent reasoning on the other side. Dick felt that he had taken the bit in his teeth and would be guided by no man. It *was* the best way, there was no risk in it, no wrong in it — certainly no wrong. He had not dealt even harshly with that wretched creature. He knew that he had been kind, that he had tried every way to reclaim her, and she had freed him from every law, human or divine. He could get a divorce anywhere, that he knew ; but after all a divorce was but the legal affirmation of that severance which had been made by nature, ay, and by God. Even the pure law of Christianity permitted it for that one cause. Therefore there was no wrong. And to spare publicity was merciful, — *merciful to her as well as to himself.*

Thus he reasoned, growing more certain on each repetition, and packed his portmanteau. But he did not take Mrs. Warrender's invitation in all its fullness. There was a little salve for any possible prick of conscience in this. Instead of from Monday to Saturday, as she said, he kept to the original proposal and went from Saturday to Monday. There

was something in that ; it was a self-denial, a self-restraint — he felt that it was something to the other side of the account.

The Eustace Thynnes were still at Highcombe when he arrived, and Mrs. Warrender had a little foretaste of the gratification which she proposed to herself in announcing to Minnie at some future period the name of her brother-in-law, in perceiving how deeply Minnie was impressed by the visitor, and the evident but very delicately indicated devotion with which he regarded Chatty, a thing which took the young married lady altogether by surprise and gave her much thought. As for Chatty herself, it was with the sensation of one reluctantly awaked out of a dream that she suffered herself once more to glide into the brighter life which seemed to come and go with Cavendish as an attendant atmosphere. The dream, indeed, had not been happy, but there had been a dim and not unsweet tranquillity in it — a calm which was congenial to Chatty's nature. Besides that, she was still young enough to feel a luxury in that soft languor of disappointment and failure against which she had never rebelled, which she had accepted as her lot. Was it possible that it was not to be her lot after all ? Was there something before her brighter, more beautiful ? not an agitated happiness, more excitement than bliss, like that of Theo, not the sort of copartnery of superior natures laying down the law to all surroundings, like Minnie and her Eustace : but something much more lovely, the true ideal, that which poetry was full of — was it possible that to herself, Chatty, the simplest and youngest (she was older than Theo it was true, but that did not seem to count, somehow, now that Theo was a man and married), this beautiful lot was to come ? She was very shy to accept this thought, holding back with a gentle modesty, trying not to see how Dick's thoughts and looks turned to her — an

attitude that was perfect in its conformity with her nature and looks, and filled Dick with tender admiration mingled with a little alarm, such as he had not heretofore felt; but this attitude filled Minnie with astonishment and indignation.

"She can't be going to refuse Mr. Cavendish," she said afterwards to the partner of her thoughts. "It would be very surprising," said Eustace. "Oh, it must not be allowed for a moment," Minnie cried.

On the first evening, which was Saturday, Lady Markland and Theo came to dinner: she very sweet, and friendly and gracious to every one; he full of cloudy bliss, with all his nerves on the surface, ready to be wounded by any chance touch. The differing characteristics of the family thus assembled together might have given an observer much amusement, so full was each of his and her special little circle of wishes and interests; but time does not permit us to linger upon the little society. Lady Markland attached herself most to the mother, with a curious fellow feeling which touched, yet alarmed, Mrs. Warrender. "I am more on your level than on theirs," she whispered. "My dear, that is nonsense; Minnie is as old as you are," Mrs. Warrender said. But then Minnie had never been anything but a young lady until she married Eustace, and Lady Markland — ah, nothing could alter the fact that Lady Markland had already lived a life with which Theo had nothing to do. In the midst of this family party Chatty and her affairs were a little thrown into the background. She fulfilled all the modest little offices of the young lady of the house, made the tea and served it sweetly, brought her mother's work and footstool, and did everything that was wanted. Dick could not talk to her much, indeed talking was not Chatty's strong point; but he followed her about with his eyes, and took the advantage of all her simple

ministrations, in which she shone much more than in talk.

But the Sunday morning was the best. The Rev. Eustace took the duty by special request of the vicar in the chief church of Highcombe, and Dick went with the mother and daughter to a humble old church, standing a little out of the town, with its small inclosure round it full of those rural graves where one cannot help thinking the inmates must sleep sounder than anywhere else. Here, as it was very near, they were in the habit of attending, and Chatty, though she was not a great musician, played the organ, as so many young ladies in country places do. When the scant green curtain that veiled the organ loft was drawn aside for a moment, Dick had a glimpse of her, looking out her music before she began, with a chubby-faced boy who was to "blow" for her at her hand; and this foolish lover thought of Luca della Robbia's friezes, and the white vision of Florentine singers and players on the lute. The puffy-cheeked boy was just like one of those sturdy Tuscan urchins, but the maiden was of finer ware, like a Madonna. So Dick thought: although Chatty had never called forth such fine imaginations before. They all walked home together very peacefully in a tender quiet, which lasted until the Eustace Thynnes came back with their remarks upon everybody. And in the afternoon Dick told Mrs. Warrender that he must go over and see Wilberforce at Underwood. There were various things he had to talk to Wilberforce about, and he would be back to dinner, which was late on Sunday to have time for the evening church-going. Chatty had her Sunday-school, so it was as well for him to go. He set out walking, having first engaged the people at the Plough Inn to send a dog-cart to bring him back. It was a very quiet, unexciting road, rather dusty, with here and there a break through the fields. His mind was full of a hundred

things to think of; his business was not with Wilberforce, but with Lizzie Hampson, whom he must see, and ask — what was he to ask? He could scarcely make out to himself. But she was the sole custodian of this secret, and he must know how she could be silenced, or if it would be necessary to silence her, to keep her from interfering. The walk, though it was six long miles, was not long enough for him to decide what he should say. He went round the longest way, passing the Elms in order to see if the house was still empty, with a chill terror in his heart of seeing some trace of those inhabitants whose presence had been an insult to him. But all was shut up, cold and silent; he knew that they were gone, and yet it was a relief to him when he saw with his eyes that this was so. Then he paused and looked down the little path opening by a rustic gate into the wood which led to the Warren. It was a footpath free to the villagers, and he saw one or two people passing at long intervals, for the road led by the further side of the pond and was a favorite Sunday walk. Dick thought he would like to see what changes Warrender had made, and also the spot where he had seen Chatty, if not for the first time, yet the first time with the vision which identified her among all women. He went along, lingering to note the trees that had been cut down and the improvements made, and his mind had so completely abandoned its former course of thought for another, that when Lizzie Hampson came out of the little wood, and met him, he started as if he had not known she was here. There was nobody else in sight, and he had time enough as she approached him to recover the former thread of his musings. She did not recognize him until they were close to each other: then she showed the same reluctance to speak to him which she had done before, and after a hasty glance round, as if looking for a way of

escape, cast down her eyes and head evidently with the intention of hurrying past as if she had not seen him. He saw through the momentary conflict of thought, and kept his eyes upon her. "I am glad that I have met you," he said; "I wanted to see you," standing himself in front of her so that she could not escape.

"But I don't want to see you, sir," Lizzie said, respectfully enough.

"That may be, but still I have some questions to ask you. Will you come with me towards the house? We shall be less interrupted there."

"If I must, I'd rather hear you here, sir," returned Lizzie. "I won't have the folks here say that I talk with a gentleman in out of the way places. It's better on the common road."

"As you please," said Dick. "You know what the subject is. I want to know" —

"What, sir? You said as I was to let you know when trouble came. Now no trouble's come, and there's no need, nor ever will be. She would never take help from you."

"Why? She has done me harm enough."

"She never says anything different. She will never take help from you. She will never hear of you, nor of her. Never, never. Consider her as if she were dead, sir — that's all her desire."

"I might have done that before I saw you. But now" —

"You don't mean," exclaimed Lizzie, with a sudden eager gleam of curiosity, "that you — that after all that's come and gone" — The look that passed over his face, a flush of indignation, a slight shudder of disgust, gave her the answer to her unspoken question. She drew herself together again, quickly, suddenly catching her breath. "I can't think," she said, "what questions there can be."

"There is this," he said; "I had almost forgotten her existence — till I

saw you, but now that is not possible. Look here, I may have to try and get a divorce — you know what that means — out there, not here; and she must have warning. Will you let her know?"

The girl started a little, the word frightened her. "Oh, sir," she cried, "you would n't punish her, you would n't put her in prison, or that? Oh, don't, sir. She would die — and you know she's not fit to die."

"You mistake," said Dick, "there is no question of punishment; only to be free of each other as if indeed, as you say, she were dead to me."

"And so she is," cried Lizzie earnestly. "She never will have her name named to you, that's what she says, never if she should be ever so — She's given you your freedom as she's taken hers, and never, never shall you hear word of her more; that is what she says."

"Yet she is in England, for all she says."

"Did she ever pass you her word not to come to England? But I don't say as she's in England now. Oh, it was an ill wind, sir," said Lizzie with vehemence, "that brought you here!"

"It may be so," Dick returned, with a gravity that went beyond any conscious intention of regret he had. "There is but one thing now, and that is that I must be free. Let her know that I must take proceedings for divorce. I have no way of reaching her but through you."

"Sir, there is somebody coming," said Lizzie; "pass on, as if you had been asking me the way. I'll let her know. I'll never open my lips to you more, nor to any one, about her, but I'll do what you say. That's the way to the house," she added, turning, pointing out the path that led away from the side of the pond towards the Warren. He followed the indication without another word, and in another minute stood in the peaceful shadow of the deserted house.

It came upon him chill, but wholesome, life reviving after the agitation of that brief encounter. Divorce! it was a bad word to breathe in such an honest place — a bad blasphemous word, worse than an oath. He had not meant to say it, nor thought of it before this meeting, but now he seemed to be pledged to this step involuntarily, unwillingly; was it by some good angel, something that was working in Chatty's interests and for her sweet sake?

XLI.

Dick went back to town on the Monday, having taken no decisive step, nor said any decisive words. All that he had done was to make it apparent that the matter was not to end there, as had seemed likely when they parted in London. Chatty now saw that it was not to be so. The thing was not to drop in the mere blank of unfulfilledness, but was to be brought to her decision, to yea or nay. This conviction, and the company of Dick in a relation which could not but be new, since it was no longer accidental, but of the utmost gravity in her life, gave a new turn altogether to her existence. The change in her was too subtle for the general eye. Even Minnie, sharp as she was, could make nothing more of it than that Chatty was "more alive looking," a conclusion which, like most things nowadays, she declared to come from Eustace. Mrs. Warrender entered with more sympathy into her daughter's life, veiled not so much by intention as by instinctive modesty and reserve from her as from all others; but even she did not know what was in Chatty's mind, the slow rising of an intense light which illuminated her as the sun lights up a fertile plain, — the low land drinking in every ray, unconscious of shadow, — making few dramatic effects, but receiving the radiance at every point. Chatty

herself felt like that low-lying land. The new life suffused her altogether, drawing forth few reflections, but flooding the surface of her being, and warming her nature through and through. It was to be hers, then, — not as Minnie, not as Theo had it, — but like Shakespeare, like poetry, like that which maidens dream.

Dick went back to town. When he had gone to his old friend for advice, his mind had revolted against that advice and determined upon his own way; but the short interview with Lizzie Hampson had changed everything. He had not meant to speak to her on the subject; and what did it matter though he had spoken to her for a twelvemonth? She could not have understood him or his desire. She thought he meant to punish the poor, lost creature, perhaps to put her in prison. The word divorce had terrified her. And yet he now felt as if he had committed himself to that procedure, and it must now certainly be. Still a strange reluctance to take the first steps retarded him. Even to an unknown advocate in the far West a man is reluctant to allow that his name has been dishonored. The publicity of an investigation before a tribunal, even when three or four thousand miles distant, is horrible to think of, — more horrible than had the wrong and misery been less far away. But after six years, and over a great ocean and the greater part of a continent, how futile it seemed to stir up all those long settled sediments again! He wrote and rewrote a letter to a lawyer whose name he remembered, to whom he had done one or two slight services, in the distant State which was the scene of his brief and miserable story. But he had not yet satisfied himself with this letter when there occurred an interruption which put everything of the kind out of his thoughts.

This was the receipt of a communication in black borders so portentous that Dick, always alive to the comic side of

everything, was moved for the moment to a profane laugh. "No mourning could ever be so deep as this looks," he said to himself, and opened the gloomy missive with little thought. It could, he believed, only convey to him information of the death of some one whom he knew little, and for whom he cared less. But the first glance effectually changed his aspect. His face grew colorless, the paper fell out of his hands. "Good God!" he said. It was no profane exclamation. What was this? A direct interposition of Heaven in his behalf, a miracle such as is supposed never to happen nowadays? The first effect was to take breath and strength from him. He sat with his under jaw fallen, his face livid as if with dismay. His heart seemed to stand still; awe, as if an execution had been performed before his eyes, came over him. He felt as if he had a hand in it, as if some action of his had brought doom upon the sufferer. A cold perspiration came out on his forehead. Had he wished her death in the midst of her sins, poor, miserable woman? Had he set the powers of fate to work against her, he, arrogant in his virtue and the happiness that lay within his reach? Compunction was the first thought. It seemed to him that he had done it. Had he a right to do it, to cut off her time of repentance, to push her beyond the range of hope?

After this, however, he picked up the letter again with trembling hands, and read it. It was from a man who described himself as the head of a circus company in Liverpool, with whom Emma Altamont had been performing. She had died in consequence of a fall two days before. "She directed me with her last breath to write to you, to say that you would know her under another name, which she was not going to soil by naming it even on her death-bed, but that you would know. She died very penitent, and leaving her love to all friends. She was well liked in the com-

pany, though she joined it not so very long ago. A few things that she left behind she requested you to have the choice of, if you cared for any keepsake to remember her by, and sent you her forgiveness freely, as she hoped to be forgiven by you. The funeral is to be on Sunday, at two o'clock; and I think she would have taken it kind as a mark of respect if she had thought you would come. I leave that to your own sense of what is best."

This was the letter which fell like a bomb into Dick's life. It was long before he could command himself enough to understand anything but the first startling fact. She was dead. In his heart, by his thoughts, had he killed her, was it his fault? He did not go beyond this horrible idea for some long minutes. Then there suddenly seized upon him a flood of gladness, a sensation of guilty joy. God had stepped in to set the matter straight. The miracle which we all hope for, which never seems impossible in our own case, had been wrought. All lesser ways of making wrong right were unnecessary now. All was over, the pain of retrospection, the painful expedients of law, the danger of publicity, all over. The choice of her poor little leavings for a token to remember her by! Dick shuddered at the thought. To remember her by! when to forget her was all that he wished.

It was long before he could do anything save think, in confused whirls of recollection, and painful flashes of memory, seeing before his hot eyes a hundred phantasmal scenes. But at last he roused himself to a consideration of what he ought to do. Prudence seemed to suggest an immediate journey to Liverpool, to satisfy himself personally that all was effectually wound up and concluded in this miserable account; but a dread, a repugnance, which he could not overcome, held him back. He could not take part by act or word in anything that concerned her again; not

even, poor creature, in her funeral; not from any enmity or hatred to her, poor unfortunate one, but because of the horror, the instinctive shrinking, which he could not overcome. Dick determined, however, to send the man who had charge of his chambers, a man half servant, half clerk, in whom he could fully trust. It was Friday when he received the letter. He sent him down next day to Liverpool with instructions to represent him at the funeral, to offer money if necessary to defray its expenses, to let no "respect" be spared. She would have liked "respect" in this way. It would have given her pleasure to think that she was to have a fine funeral. Dick gave his man the fullest instructions. "She was connected with—friends of mine," Dick said, "who would wish everything to be respectably done, though they cannot themselves take any part." "I understand, sir," said the man; who put the most natural interpretation upon the strange commission, and did not believe in any fiction about Dick's "friends." Dick called him back when he had reached the door. "You can see the things of which this person writes, and choose some small thing without value, the smaller the better, to send as he proposes to—the people she belongs to." This seemed the last precaution of prudence to make assurance sure.

After this, three days of tumultuous silence till the messenger came back. He came bringing a description of the funeral, a photograph of "the poor young lady," and a little ring—a ring which Dick himself had given her, so long, so long ago. The sight of these relics had an effect upon him impossible to describe. He had to keep his countenance somehow till the man had been dismissed. The photograph was taken in fancy dress, one of the circus costumes; it was full of all manner of meretricious accessories,—the stage smile, the made-up beauty, the tortured hair; but there

was no difficulty in recognizing it. A trembling like palsy seized upon him as he gazed at it; then he lit his taper once more, and, with a prayer upon his quivering lips, burnt it. The ring he twisted up in paper, and carried with him in his hand till he reached the muddy, dark-flowing river, where he dropped it in. Thus all relics and vestiges of her, poor creature, God forgive her! were put out of sight forevermore.

Next day Dick Cavendish, a new man, went once more to Highcombe. He was not quite the light-hearted fellow he had been. There was a little emotion about him, a liquid look in the eyes, a faint quiver about the mouth, which Chatty, when she lifted her soft eyes with a little start of surprise and consciousness to greet him, perceived at once and set down to their true cause. Ah, yes, it was their true cause. Here he was, come to offer himself with a past full of the recollections we know, with a life which had been all but ruined in times past, to the whitest soul he had ever met with, a woman who was innocence and purity personified; who would perhaps, if she knew, shrink from him, refuse the hand which she would think a soiled one. Dick had all this in his mind, and it showed in his countenance, which was full of feeling, but feeling in which Chatty recognized no complications. He found her alone, by the merest chance. Everything seemed to work for him in this season of fortune. No inquisitive sister, no intrusive brother-in-law, not even the mother with her inquiring eyes was here to interrupt. The jar with the big campanulas stood in the corner; the mignonettes breathed softly an atmosphere of fragrance; her muslin work was in Chatty's hand.

Well! he had not a great deal to say. It had all been said by his eyes in the first moment, so that the formal words were but a repetition. The muslin work dropped after a few seconds, and Chatty's hands were transferred to his, to be

caressed and kissed and whispered over. He had loved her ever since that day when she had lightly pushed open the door of the faded drawing-room at the Warren and walked in with her bowl of roses. "That was the door of my heart," Dick said. "You had come in before I knew. I can smell the roses still, and I shall ask Theo for that bowl for a wedding present. And you, my Chatty, and you?"

Mrs. Warrender had her little triumph that afternoon. She said with the most delicate sarcasm: "I hope, Minnie, that Eustace after all will be able to tolerate the new brother-in-law." Minnie gave her mother a look of such astonishment as proved that the fine edge of the sarcasm was lost.

"To tolerate — a Cavendish! I can't think what you mean, mamma! Eustace is not an ignorant goose, though you seem to think so; nor am I."

"I am glad your honors are pleased," said the ironical mother, with a laugh. Minnie stared and repeated the speech to Eustace, who was not very clear either about its meaning. But "depend upon it, dear, your mother meant to be nasty," he said, which was quite true.

After this, all was commotion in the house. Dick, though he had been an uncertain lover, was very urgent now. He made a brief explanation to Mrs. Warrender that his proposal had not been made at the time they parted in London, "only because of an entanglement of early youth," which made her look grave. "I do not ask what you mean," she said, "but I hope at least that it is entirely concluded." "Entirely," he replied with fervor; "nor am I to blame as you think, nor has it had any existence for six years. I was young then." "Very young, poor boy," she said with her old indulgent smile. He made the same brief explanation to Chatty, but Chatty had no understanding whatever of what the words meant, and took no notice. If she thought of

it at all she thought it was something about money, to her a matter of the most complete indifference. And so everything became bustle and commotion, and the preparations for the wedding were put in hand at once. The atmosphere was full of congratulations, of blushes and wreathed smiles. "Marriage is certainly contagious. When it once begins in a family, one never knows where it will stop," the neighbors said, and some thought Mrs. Warrender much to be felicitated on getting all her young people settled; and some, much to be consoled with on losing her last girl just as she had settled down. But these last were in the minority, for to get rid of your daughters is a well understood advantage, which commends itself to the meanest capacity.

It was arranged for the convenience of everybody that the wedding was to take place in London. Dick's relations were legion, and to stow them away in the dower house at Highcombe, or even to find room to give them a sandwich and a glass of wine, let alone a breakfast after the ceremony, was impossible. Dick himself was especially urgent about this particular, he could not have told why, whether from a foreboding of disturbance or some other incomprehensible reason. But as for disturbance there was no possibility of that. Every evil thing that could have interfered had been exorcised and had lost its power. There was nothing in his way; nothing to alarm or trouble, but only general approval and the satisfaction of everybody concerned.

XLII.

Lizzie Hampson heard, like everybody in the village, of what was about to happen. Miss Chatty was going to be married. At first all that was known was that the bridegroom was a gentleman from London, which in those days was a description imposing to rustics.

He was a gentleman who had once been visiting at the rectory, who had been seen in the rector's pew at church, and walking about the village, and on the road to the Warren. Many of the village gossips remembered, or thought they remembered, to have seen him, and they said to each other, with a natural enjoyment of a love story which never fails in women, that no doubt that was when "it was all made up." It gave many of them a great deal of pleasure to think that before Miss Minnie had ever seen "that parson," her more popular sister had also had a lover, though he hadn't spoken till after, being maybe a shy gentleman, as is seen often and often. He was a fair-haired gentleman and very pleasant spoken. What his name was nobody cared so much; the villagers found it easier to recollect him by the color of his hair than by his name. It was some time before Lizzie identified the gentleman whom Miss Chatty was about to marry. She had a small part of the trousseau to prepare, one or two morning dresses to make, a commission which made her proud and happy, and gave her honor in the sight of her friends and detractors, a thing dear to all. And then at the very last Lizzie discovered who the bridegroom was. The discovery affected her very greatly. It was the occasion of innumerable self-arguments, carried on in the absolute seclusion of a mind occupied by matters with which its acquaintance is unsuspected. Old Mrs. Bagley talked about the marriage to every one who came into the shop. It was, she said, almost as if it was a child of her own.

Lizzie Hampson heard all there was to hear, and her mind grew more perplexed as time went on. She had the strange ignorances and the still more strange beliefs common to her kind. She put her faith in those popular glories of the law, at which the better instructed laugh, but which are to the

poor and unlearned like the canons of faith. It was the very eve of the wedding before her growing anxiety forced her to action. When Mr. Wilberforce was told that a young woman wanted to see him, he was arranging with his wife the train by which they were to go up to town to the wedding, not without remarks on the oddness of the proceeding, which Mrs. Wilberforce thought was but another of the many signs of the times — which severed all bonds, and made a cheerless big hotel better than your own house. The rector was in the habit of taking his wife's comments very calmly, for he himself was not so much alarmed about our national progress to destruction as she was. But yet he had his own opinion on the subject, and thought it was undignified on the part of Mrs. Warrender not to have her daughter married at home. He was only to be the second in importance in point of view of the ceremony itself, having no more to do than to assist a bishop who was of the Cavendish clan: whereas he considered himself quite man enough to have married Chatty out of hand without any assistance at all. However, to assist a bishop in the capacity of the parish clergyman of the bride was a position not without dignity, and he felt that he had little to complain of. He went into his study to speak to the young woman when the little consultation was over. Lizzie was seated upon the edge of one of the chairs. He was surprised to see her, though he could scarcely have said why.

"Oh, Lizzie, I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but I had something to do for Mrs. Wilberforce," the rector said.

"It does n't matter, sir. I came to ask your advice, if I may make so bold."

"Certainly, certainly, Lizzie — anything that I can do."

"It is n't for me, sir, it's for a friend," she said, with the same device which Dick had employed, but in her case

with more appropriateness. "I want to ask you, sir, about marriages. Oh, it's very serious, sir, there's nothing to smile about."

"I will not smile then, Lizzie. I shall be as serious as you please."

"It's just this, sir. When a man has been married and has had his wife run away from him and has n't seen her nor heard of her for years — for six or seven years — he's free to marry again?"

"Do you think so? I should not like to affirm so much as that."

"But what I want you to tell me," said Lizzie, running on very quickly and taking no notice of his interruption, "is whether if it could be proved that he *had* heard of her, though he had n't seen her, if that would make it any different?"

"I have no doubt it would make all the difference in the world. Even your first statement is doubtful, I fear. I don't think seven years is a sacred period that would justify a second marriage."

"I did n't say seven, sir, for certain. Six or seven."

"That makes little difference. The presumption is, that if he has heard nothing of her for a long period she must be dead; but of course, if he has heard of her existence" —

"But dead to him, oh, dead to him!" cried Lizzie, "leading a dreadful life, not a woman he could ever touch, or so much as look at again."

"I am afraid," said the rector, shaking his head, "though it is a very hard case for him, that there is nothing to be done. He should try and get a divorce — but that is a serious business. I don't know what else there is in his power."

"Would he be punished for it, sir?"

"It is not so much the punishment to him. In a hard case like this, the circumstances would be very much taken into consideration. Very likely it would be only a nominal punishment. The

fatal consequences are not to the man but to the woman — I mean the second wife."

"But she knows nothing about it, sir. Why should she be punished? It's no doing of hers. She don't know."

"Then, my good girl, you should warn her. Though she knows nothing about it, and is quite innocent, it is upon her chiefly that the consequences will fall. She will not be his wife at all; her children, if she has any, will be illegitimate. She will have no claim upon him, if he should happen to be a bad fellow. In short, if she was married, even as Miss Warrender is going to be to-morrow, by a bishop, Lizzie, it would be simply no marriage at all."

Lizzie uttered a wild exclamation, clasping her hands, and said, "Oh, sir, is there anything that a woman that wishes her well could do?"

"There is only one thing you can do: to warn her before it is too late. Tell her she must break it off, if it were at the last moment — if it were at the very altar. She must not be allowed to sacrifice herself in ignorance. I'll see her myself, if that will do any good."

"She's going to be married to-morrow," cried Lizzie breathlessly. "Oh, sir, don't deceive me! there's not a creature that knows about it, not one — and she the least of all. Oh, Mr. Wilberforce, how could any judge or jury,

or any one, have the heart to punish her?"

"Neither judge nor jury, my poor girl; but the law, which says a man must not marry another woman while his first wife is living. There are many even who will not allow of a divorce in any circumstances; but I am not so sure of that. Tell me who this poor girl is, and I will do my best to warn her while there is time."

Lizzie rose up and sat down again, in nervous excitement. She made a ball of her handkerchief and pressed it alternately to each of her wet eyes. "Oh, I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do!" she cried.

"If there is anything that can be done to-night," he said — "Quick, Lizzie, there is no time to lose, for I must leave early to-morrow for Miss Warrender's marriage."

"And there's not another train leaves to-night," exclaimed Lizzie; then she made an effort to compose herself, and a courtesy, rising from her seat. "I must do it myself, sir, thank you all the same," she said, and went away tottering and unsteady in her great trouble: yet only half believing him after all. For how, oh, how, ye heavens, could the law punish one that meant no harm and knew no evil? a question which minds more enlightened than that of Lizzie have often asked in vain.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

THE IDEA OF GOD.

II.

BETWEEN the two ideas of God which we have exhibited in such striking contrast, there is nevertheless one point of resemblance; and this point is fundamental, since it is the point in virtue of which both are entitled to be called

theistic ideas. In both there is presumed to be a likeness of some sort between God and Man. In both there is an element of anthropomorphism. Even upon this their common ground, however, there is a wide difference between the two conceptions. In the one the anthropomorphic element is gross, in the

other it is refined and subtle. The difference is so far-reaching that some years ago I proposed to mark it by contrasting these two conceptions of God as Anthropomorphic Theism and Cosmic Theism. For the doctrine which represents God as immanent in the universe and revealing himself in the orderly succession of events, the name Cosmic Theism is eminently appropriate; but it is not intended by the antithetic nomenclature to convey the impression that in cosmic theism there is nothing anthropomorphic. A theory which should regard the Human Soul as alien and isolated in the universe without any links uniting it with the eternal source of existence, would not be theism at all. It would be Atheism, which on its metaphysical side is "the denial of anything psychical in the universe outside of human consciousness." It is far enough from any such doctrine to the cosmic theism of Clement and Origen, of Spinoza and Lessing and Schleiermacher. The difference, however, between this cosmic conception of God and the anthropomorphic conception held by Tertullian and Augustine, Calvin and Voltaire and Paley, is sufficiently great to be described as a contrast. The explanation of the difference must be sought far back in the historic genesis of the two conceptions. Cosmic theism, as we have seen, was reached through nature-worship with its notion of vast elemental spirits indwelling in physical phenomena. Anthropomorphic theism is descended from the notion of tutelar deities which was part of the primitive ancestor-worship. In the process by which men attained to cosmic theism, physical generalization was the chief agency at work; but into anthropomorphic theism, as we have seen, there entered conceptions derived from men's political thinking. For such a people as the Romans, who could deify Imperator Augustus in just the same way that the Japanese have deified their Mikado, it was natural

and easy to conceive of God as a monarch enthroned in the heavens and surrounded by a court of ministering angels. Such was the popular conception in the early ages of Christianity, and such it has doubtless remained with the mass of uninstructed people even to this day. The very grotesqueness of the idea, as it appears to the mind of a philosopher, is an index of the ease with which it satisfies the mind of an uneducated man. Many persons, no doubt, have entertained this idea of God without ever giving it very definite shape, and many have recognized it as in great measure symbolic; yet nothing can be more certain than that untold thousands have conceived it in its full intensity of anthropomorphism. Alike in sermons and theological treatises, in stately poetry and in every-day talk, the Deity has been depicted as pleased or angry, as repenting of his own acts, as soothed by adulation and quick to wreak vengeance upon silly people for blasphemous remarks. In those curious bills of expenses for the mediæval miracle-plays, along with charges of twopence for keeping up a "fyre at hell mouthe," we find such items as a shilling for a purple coat for God. In one of these plays an angel who has just witnessed the crucifixion comes rushing into Heaven, crying, "Wake up, almighty Father! Here are those beggarly Jews killing your son, and you asleep here like a drunkard!" "Devil take me if I knew anything about it!" is the drowsy reply. Not the slightest irreverence was intended in these miracle-plays, which were the only dramatic performances tolerated by the mediæval church, for the sake of their wholesome educational influence upon the common people. In the light of such facts, one sees that the representations of the Deity as an old man of august presence, with flowing hair and beard, by the early modern painters, must have meant to all save the highest minds much

more than a mere symbol. Until one's thoughts have become accustomed to range far and wide over the universe it is doubtless impossible to frame a conception of Deity that is not grossly anthropomorphic. I remember distinctly the conception which I had formed when five years of age. I imagined a narrow office just over the zenith, with a tall standing-desk running lengthwise, upon which lay several open ledgers bound in coarse leather. There was no roof over this office, and the walls rose scarcely five feet from the floor, so that a person standing at the desk could look out upon the whole world. There were two persons at the desk, and one of them — a tall, slender man, of aquiline features, wearing spectacles, with a pen in his hand and another behind his ear — was God. The other, whose appearance I do not distinctly recall, was an attendant angel. Both were diligently watching the deeds of men and recording them in the ledgers. To my infant mind this picture was not grotesque but ineffably solemn, and the fact that all my words and acts were thus written down, to confront me at the day of judgment, seemed naturally a matter of grave concern.

If we could cross-question all the men and women we know, and still more all the children, we should probably find that, even in this enlightened age, the conceptions of Deity current throughout the civilized world contain much that is in the crudest sense anthropomorphic. Such at any rate seems to be the character of the conceptions with which we start in life. With those whose studies lead them to ponder upon the subject, in the light of enlarged experience, these conceptions become greatly modified. They lose their anthropomorphic definiteness, they grow vague by reason of their expansion, they become recognized as largely symbolic, but they never quite lose all traces of their primitive form. Indeed, as I said a moment ago,

they cannot do so. The utter demolition of anthropomorphism would be the demolition of theism. We have now to see what traces of its primitive form the idea of God can retain, in the light of our modern knowledge of the universe.

The most highly refined and scientific form of anthropomorphic theism is that which we are accustomed to associate with Paley and the authors of the Bridgewater treatises. It is not peculiar to Christianity, since it has been held by pagans and unbelievers as firmly as by the devoutest members of the church. The argument from design is as old as Sokrates, and was relied on by Voltaire and the English deists of the eighteenth century no less than by Dr. Chalmers and Sir Charles Bell. Upon this theory the universe is supposed to have been created by a Being possessed of intelligence and volition essentially similar to the intelligence and volition of Man. This Being is actuated by a desire for the good of his creatures, and in pursuance thereof entertains purposes and adapts means to ends with consummate ingenuity. The process by which the world was created was analogous to manufacture, as being the work of an intelligent artist operating upon unintelligent materials objectively existing. It is in accordance with this theory that books on natural theology, as well as those text-books of science which deem it edifying to introduce theological reflections where they have no proper place, are fond of speaking of the "Divine Architect" or the "Great Designer."

This theory, which is still commonly held, was in high favor during the earlier part of the present century. In view of the great and sudden advances which physical knowledge was making, it seemed well worth while to consecrate science to the service of theology; and at the same time, in emphasizing the argument from design, theology adopted

the methods of science. The attempt to discover evidences of beneficent purpose in the structure of the eye and ear, in the distribution of plants and animals over the earth's surface, in the shapes of the planetary orbits and the inclinations of their axes, or in any other of the innumerable arrangements of nature, was an attempt at true induction; and high praise is due to the able men who have devoted their energies to reinforcing the argument. By far the greater part of the evidence was naturally drawn from the organic world, which began to be comprehensively studied in the mutual relations of all its parts in the time of Lamarck and Cuvier. The organic world is full of unspeakably beautiful and wonderful adaptations between organisms and their environments, as well as between the various parts of the same organism. The unmistakable end of these adaptations is the welfare of the animal or plant; they conduce to length and completeness of life, to the permanence and prosperity of the species. For some time, therefore, the arguments of natural theology seemed to be victorious along the whole line. The same kind of reasoning was pushed farther and farther to explain the classification and morphology of plants and animals; until the climax was reached in Agassiz's remarkable *Essay on Classification*, published in 1859, in which every organic form was not only regarded as a concrete thought of the Creator interpretable by the human mind, but this kind of explanation was expressly urged as a substitute for inquiries into the physical causes whereby such forms might have been originated.

In its best days, however, there was a serious weakness in the argument from design, which was ably pointed out by Mr. Mill, in an essay wherein he accords much more weight to the general argument than could now by any possibility be granted it. Its fault was the familiar logical weakness of proving too

much. The very success of the argument in showing the world to have been the work of an intelligent Designer made it impossible to suppose that Creator to be at once omnipotent and absolutely benevolent. For nothing can be clearer than that Nature is full of cruelty and mal-adaptation. In every part of the animal world we find implements of torture surpassing in devilish ingenuity anything that was ever seen in the dungeons of the Inquisition. We are introduced to a scene of incessant and universal strife, of which it is not apparent on the surface that the outcome is the good or the happiness of anything that is sentient. In pre-Darwinian times, before we had gone below the surface, no such outcome was discernible. Often, indeed, we find the higher life wantonly sacrificed to the lower, as instanced by the myriads of parasites apparently created for no other purpose than to prey upon creatures better than themselves. Such considerations bring up, with renewed emphasis, the everlasting problem of the origin of evil. If the Creator of such a world is omnipotent, he cannot be actuated solely by a desire for the welfare of his creatures, but must have other ends in view to which this is in some measure subordinated. Or if he is absolutely benevolent, then he cannot be omnipotent, but there is something in the nature of things which sets limits to his creative power. This dilemma is as old as human thinking, and it still remains a stumbling-block in the way of any theory of the universe that can possibly be devised. But it is an obstacle especially formidable to any kind of anthropomorphic theism. For the only avenue of escape is the assumption of an inscrutable mystery which would contain the solution of the problem if the human intellect could only penetrate so far; and the more closely we invite a comparison between divine and human methods of working, the more do we close up that only outlet.

The practical solution oftenest adopted has been that which sacrifices the Creator's omnipotence in favor of his benevolence. In the noblest of the purely Aryan religions — that of which the sacred literature is contained in the *Zendavesta* — the evil spirit *Ahriman* exists independently of the will of the good *Ormuzd*, and is accountable for all the sin in the world, but in the fullness of time he is to be bound in chains and shorn of his power for mischief. This theory has passed into Christendom in the form of *Manichæism*; but its essential features have been adopted by orthodox Christianity, which at the same time has tried to grasp the other horn of the dilemma and save the omnipotence of the Deity by paying him what Mr. Mill calls the doubtful compliment of making him the creator of the devil. By this device the essential polytheism of the conception is thinly veiled. The confusion of thought has been persistently blinked by the popular mind; but among the profoundest thinkers of the Aryan race there have been two who have explicitly adopted the solution which limits the Creator's power. One of these was *Plato*, who held that God's perfect goodness has been partially thwarted by the intractableness of the materials he has had to work with. This theory was carried to extremes by those *Gnostics* who believed that God's work consisted in redeeming a world originally created by the devil, and in orthodox Christianity it gave rise to the *Augustinian* doctrine of total depravity, and the "philosophy of the plan of salvation" founded thereon. The other great thinker who adopted a similar solution was *Leibnitz*. In his famous theory of optimism the world is by no means represented as perfect; it is only the best of all possible worlds, the best the Creator could make out of the materials at hand. In recent times Mr. Mill shows a marked preference for this view, and one of the foremost religious

teachers now living, *Dr. Martineau*, falls into a parallel line of thinking in his suggestion that the primary qualities of matter constitute a "datum objective to God," who, "in shaping the orbits out of immensity, and determining seasons out of eternity, could but follow the laws of curvature, measure, and proportion."

But indeed it is not necessary to refer to the problem of evil in order to show that the argument from design cannot prove the existence of an omnipotent and benevolent Designer. It is not omnipotence that contrives and plans and adapts means to ends. These are the methods of finite intelligence; they imply the overcoming of obstacles; and to ascribe them to omnipotence is to combine words that severally possess meanings into a phrase that has no meaning. "God said, Let there be light: and there was light." In this noble description of creative omnipotence one would search in vain for any hint of contrivance. The most the argument from design could legitimately hope to accomplish was to make it seem probable that the universe was wrought into its present shape by an intelligent and benevolent Being immeasurably superior to Man, but far from infinite in power and resources. Such an argument hardly rises to the level of true theism.

It was in its own chosen stronghold that this once famous argument was destined to meet its doom. It was in the adaptations of the organic world, in the manifold harmonies between living creatures and surrounding circumstances, that it had seemed to find its chief support; and now came the *Darwinian* theory of natural selection, and in the twinkling of an eye knocked all this support from under it. It is not that the organism and its environment have been adapted to each other by an exercise of creative intelligence, but it is that the organism

is necessarily fitted to the environment because in the perennial slaughter that has gone on from the beginning only the fittest have survived. Or, as it has been otherwise expressed, "the earth is suited to its inhabitants because it has produced them, and only such as suit it live." In the struggle for existence no individual peculiarity, however slight, that tends to the preservation of life is neglected. It is unerringly seized upon and propagated by natural selection, and from the cumulative action of such slight causes have come the beautiful adaptations of which the organic world is full. The demonstration of this point, through the labors of a whole generation of naturalists, has been one of the most notable achievements of modern science, and to the theistic arguments of Paley and the Bridgewater treatises it has dealt destruction.

But the Darwinian theory of natural selection does not stand alone. It is part of a greater whole. It is the most conspicuous portion of that doctrine of evolution in which all the results hitherto attained by the great modern scientific movement are codified, and which Herbert Spencer had already begun to set forth in its main outlines before the Darwinian theory had been made known to the world. This doctrine of evolution so far extends the range of our vision through past and future time as entirely to alter our conception of the universe. Our grandfathers, in common with all preceding generations of men, could and did suppose that at some particular moment in the past eternity the world was created in very much the shape which it has at present. But our modern knowledge does not allow us to suppose anything of the sort. We can carry back our thoughts through a long succession of great epochs, some of them many millions of years in duration, in each of which the innumerable forms of life that covered the earth were very different from what they were in all the

others, and in even the nearest of which they were notably different from what they are now. We can go back still farther to the eras when the earth was a whirling ball of vapor, or when it formed an equatorial belt upon a sun two hundred million miles in diameter, or when the sun itself was but a giant nebula from which as yet no planet had been born. And through all the vast sweep of time, from the simple primeval vapor down to the multifarious world we know to-day, we see the various forms of Nature coming into existence one after the other in accordance with laws of which we are already beginning to trace the character and scope. Paley's simile of the watch is no longer applicable to such a world as this. It must be replaced by the simile of the flower. The universe is not a machine, but an organism, with an indwelling principle of life. It was not made, but it has grown.

That such a change in our conception of the universe marks the greatest revolution that has ever taken place in human thinking need scarcely be said. But even in this statement we have not quite revealed the depth of the change. Not only has modern science made it clear that the varied forms of Nature which make up the universe have arisen through a process of evolution, but it has also made it clear that what we call the laws of Nature have been evolved through the self-same process. The axiom of the persistence of force, upon which all modern science has come to rest, involves as a necessary corollary the persistence of the relations between forces; so that, starting with the persistence of force and the primary qualities of matter, it can be shown that all those uniformities of coexistence and succession which we call natural laws have arisen one after the other in connection with the forms which have afforded the occasions for their manifestation. The all-pervading harmony of

Nature is thus itself a natural product, and the last inch of ground is cut away from under the theologians who suppose the universe to have come into existence through a supernatural process of manufacture at the hands of a Creator outside of itself.

It appears, then, that the idea of God as remote from the world is not likely to survive the revolution in thought which the rapid increase of modern knowledge has inaugurated. The knell of anthropomorphic or Augustinian theism has already sounded. This conclusion need not, however, disturb us when we consider how imperfect a form of theism this is which mankind is now outgrowing. To get rid of the appearance of antagonism between science and religion will of itself be one of the greatest benefits ever conferred upon the human race. It will forward science and purify religion, and it will go far toward increasing kindness and mutual helpfulness among men. Since such happy results are likely to follow the general adoption of the cosmic or Athanasian form of theism, in place of the other form, it becomes us to observe more specifically the manner in which this higher theism stands related to our modern knowledge.

To every form of theism, as I have already urged, an anthropomorphic element is indispensable. It is quite true, on the one hand, that to ascribe what we know as human personality to the infinite Deity straightway lands us in a contradiction, since personality without limits is inconceivable. But on the other hand, it is no less true that the total elimination of anthropomorphism from the idea of God abolishes the idea itself. This difficulty need not dishearten us, for it is no more than we must expect to encounter on the threshold of such a problem as the one before us. We do not approach the question in the spirit of those natural theologians

who were so ready with their explanations of the divine purposes. We are aware that we see as through a glass darkly, and we do not expect to "think God's thoughts after him" save in the crudest symbolic fashion. In dealing with the Infinite we are confessedly treating of that which transcends our powers of conception. Our ability to frame ideas is strictly limited by experience, and our experience does not furnish the materials for the idea of a personality which is not narrowly hemmed in by the inexorable barriers of circumstance. We therefore cannot conceive such an idea. But it does not follow that there is no reality answering to what such an idea would be if it could be conceived. The test of inconceivability is only applicable to the world of phenomena from which our experience is gathered. It fails when applied to that which lies behind phenomena. I do not hold for this reason that we are justified in using such an expression as "infinite personality" in a philosophical inquiry where clearness of thought and speech is above all things desirable. But I do hold, most emphatically, that we are not debarred from ascribing a quasi-psychical nature to the Deity simply because we can frame no proper conception of such a nature as absolute and infinite.

The point is of vital importance to theism. As Kant has well said, "The conception of God involves not merely a blindly operating Nature as the eternal root of things, but a Supreme Being that shall be the author of all things by free and understanding action; and it is this conception which alone has any interest for us." It will be observed that Kant says nothing here about "contrivance." By the phrase "free and understanding action" he doubtless means much the same that is here meant by ascribing to God a quasi-psychical nature. And thus alone, he says, can we feel any interest in theism. The thought

goes deep, yet is plain enough to every one. The teleological instinct in Man cannot be suppressed or ignored. The human soul shrinks from the thought that it is without kith or kin in all this wide universe. Our reason demands that there shall be a reasonableness in the constitution of things. This demand is a fact in our psychical nature as positive and irrepressible as our acceptance of geometrical axioms and our rejection of whatever controverts such axioms. No ingenuity of argument can bring us to believe that the infinite Sustainer of the universe will "put us to permanent intellectual confusion." There is in every earnest thinker a craving after a final cause; and this craving can no more be extinguished than our belief in objective reality. Nothing can persuade us that the universe is a farrago of nonsense. Our belief in what we call the evidence of our senses is less strong than our faith that in the orderly sequence of events there is a meaning which our minds could fathom were they only vast enough. Doubtless in our own age, of which it is a most healthful symptom that it questions everything, there are many who, through inability to assign the grounds for such a faith, have persuaded themselves that it must be a mere superstition which ought not to be cherished; but it is not likely that any one of these has ever really succeeded in ridding himself of it.

According to Mr. Spencer, the only ultimate test of reality is persistence, and the only measure of validity among our primary beliefs is the success with which they resist all efforts to change them. Let us see, then, how it is with the belief in the essential reasonableness of the universe. Does this belief answer to any outward reality? Is there, in the scheme of things, aught that justifies Man in claiming kinship of any sort with the God that is immanent in the world?

The difficulty in answering such ques-

tions has its root in the impossibility of framing a representative conception of Deity; but it is a difficulty which may, for all practical purposes, be surmounted by the aid of a symbolic conception.

Observe the meaning of this distinction. Of any simple object which can be grasped in a single act of perception, such as a knife or a book, an egg or an orange, a circle or a triangle, you can frame a conception which almost or quite exactly *represents* the object. The picture or visual image in your mind when the orange is present to the senses is almost exactly reproduced when it is absent. The distinction between the two lies chiefly in the relative vividness of the former as contrasted with the relative faintness of the latter. But as the objects of thought increase in size and in complexity of detail, the case soon comes to be very different. You cannot frame a truly representative conception of the town in which you live, however familiar you may be with its streets and houses, its parks and trees, and the looks and demeanor of the townsmen; it is impossible to embrace so many details in a single mental picture. The mind must range to and fro among the phenomena in order to represent the town in a series of conceptions. But practically what you have in mind when you speak of the town is a fragmentary conception in which some portion of the object is represented, while you are well aware that with sufficient pains a series of mental pictures could be formed which would approximately correspond to the object. That is to say, this fragmentary conception stands in your mind as a *symbol* of the town. To some extent the conception is representative, but to a great degree it is symbolic. With a further increase in the size and complexity of the objects of thought, our conceptions gradually lose their representative character and at length become purely sym-

bolic. No one can form a mental picture that answers even approximately to the earth. Even a homogeneous ball eight thousand miles in diameter is too vast an object to be conceived otherwise than symbolically, and much more is this true of the ball upon which we live, with all its endless multiformity of detail. We imagine a globe and clothe it with a few terrestrial attributes, and in our minds this fragmentary notion does duty as a symbol of the earth.

The case becomes still more striking when we have to deal with conceptions of the universe, of cosmic forces such as light and heat, or of the stupendous secular changes which modern science calls us to contemplate. Here our conceptions cannot even pretend to represent the objects; they are as purely symbolic as the algebraic equations whereby the geometer expresses the shapes of curves. Yet so long as there are means of verification at our command, we can reason as safely with these symbolic conceptions as if they were truly representative. The geometer can at any moment translate his equation into an actual curve and thereby test the results of his reasoning; and the case is similar with the undulatory theory of light, the chemist's conception of atomicity, and other vast stretches of thought which in recent times have revolutionized our knowledge of Nature. The danger in the use of symbolic conceptions is the danger of framing illegitimate symbols that answer to nothing in heaven or earth, as has happened first and last with so many short-lived theories in science and in metaphysics. Forewarned of this danger, and therefore — I hope — forearmed against it, let us see what a scientific philosophy has to say about the Power that is manifested in and through the universe.

We have seen that before men could arrive at the idea of God, before out of the old crude and fragmentary polythe-

isms there could be developed a pure and coherent theism, it was necessary that physical generalization should have advanced far enough to enable them, however imperfectly, to reason about the universe as a whole. It was a faint glimpse of the unity of Nature that first led men to the conception of the unity of God, and as their knowledge of the phenomenal fact becomes clearer, so must their grasp upon the noumenal truth behind it become firmer. Now the whole tendency of modern science is to impress upon us ever more forcibly the truth that the entire knowable universe is an immense unit, animated throughout all its parts by a single principle of life. This conclusion, which was long ago borne in upon the minds of prophetic thinkers, like Spinoza and Goethe, through their keen appreciation of the significance of the physical harmonies known to them, has during the last fifty years received something like a demonstration in detail. It is since Goethe's death, for example, that it has been proved that the Newtonian law of gravitation extends to the bodies which used to be called fixed stars. That such was the case was already much more than probable, but so lately as 1835 there were to be found writers on science, such as Comte, who denied that it could ever be proved. But a still more impressive illustration of the unity of Nature is furnished by the luminiferous ether, when considered in connection with the discovery of the correlation of forces. The fathomless abysses of space can no longer be talked of as empty; they are filled with a wonderful substance, unlike any of the forms of matter which we can weigh and measure. A cosmic jelly almost infinitely hard and elastic, it offers at the same time no appreciable resistance to the movements of the heavenly bodies. It is so sensitive that a shock in any part of it causes a "tremor which is felt on the surface of countless worlds." Radiating in every

direction, from millions of centric points run shivers of undulation manifested in endless metamorphosis as heat, or light, or actinism, as magnetism or electricity. Crossing one another in every imaginable way, as if all space were crowded with a mesh-work of nerve-threads, these motions go on forever in a harmony that nothing disturbs. Thus every part of the universe shares in the life of all the other parts, as when in the solar atmosphere, pulsating at its temperature of a million degrees Fahrenheit, a slight breeze instantly sways the needles in every compass-box on the face of the earth.

Still further striking confirmation is found in the marvelous disclosures of spectrum analysis. To whatever part of the heavens we turn the telescope, armed with this new addition to our senses, we find the same chemical elements with which the present century has made us familiar upon the surface of the earth. From the distant worlds of Arcturus and the Pleiades, whence the swift ray of light takes many years to reach us, it brings the story of the hydrogen and oxygen, the vapor of iron or sodium, which set it in motion. Thus in all parts of the universe that have fallen within our ken, we find a unity of chemical composition. Nebulæ, stars, and planets are all made of the same materials, and on every side we behold them in different stages of development, worlds in the making: here an irregular nebula such as our solar system once was, there a nebula whose rotation has at length wrought it into spheroidal form; here and there stars of varied colors marking different eras in chemical evolution; now planets still partly incandescent like Saturn and Jupiter, then planets like Mars and the earth, with cool atmospheres and solid continents and vast oceans of water; and lastly such bodies as the moon, vaporless, rigid, and cold in death.

Still nearer do we come toward real-

izing the unity of Nature when we recollect that the law of evolution is not only the same for all these various worlds, but is also the same throughout all other orders of phenomena. Not only in the development of cosmical bodies, including the earth, but also in the development of life upon the earth's surface and in the special development of those complex manifestations of life known as human societies, the most general and fundamental features of the process are the same, so that it has been found possible to express them in a single universal formula. And what is most striking of all, this notable formula, under which Herbert Spencer has succeeded in generalizing the phenomena of universal evolution, was derived from the formula under which Von Baer in 1829 first generalized the mode of development of organisms from their embryos. That a law of evolution first partially detected among the phenomena of the organic world should thereafter not only be found applicable to all other orders of phenomena, but should find in this application its first complete and coherent statement, is a fact of wondrous and startling significance. It means that the universe as a whole is thrilling in every fibre with Life, — not, indeed, life in the usual restricted sense, but life in a general sense. The distinction, once deemed absolute, between the living and the not-living is converted into a relative distinction; and Life as manifested in the organism is seen to be only a specialized form of the Universal Life.

The conception of matter as dead or inert belongs, indeed, to an order of thought that modern knowledge has entirely outgrown. If the study of physics has taught us anything, it is that nowhere in Nature is inertness or quiescence to be found. All is quivering with energy. From particle to particle without cessation the movement passes on, reappearing from moment to mo-

ment under myriad Protean forms, while the rearrangements of particles incidental to the movement constitute the qualitative differences among things. Now in the language of physics all motions of matter are manifestations of force, to which we can assign neither beginning nor end. Matter is indestructible, motion is continuous, and beneath both these universal truths lies the fundamental truth that force is persistent. The farthest reach in science that has ever been made was made when it was proved by Herbert Spencer that the law of universal evolution is a necessary consequence of the persistence of force. It has shown us that all the myriad phenomena of the universe, all its weird and subtle changes, in all their minuteness from moment to moment, in all their vastness from age to age, are the manifestations of a single animating principle that is both infinite and eternal.

By what name, then, shall we call this animating principle of the universe, this eternal source of phenomena? Using the ordinary language of physics, we have just been calling it Force, but such a term in no wise enlightens us. Taken by itself it is meaningless; it acquires its meaning only from the relations in which it is used. It is a mere symbol, like the algebraic expression which stands for a curve. Of what, then, is it the symbol?

The words which we use are so enwrapped in atmospheres of subtle associations that they are liable to sway the direction of our thoughts in ways of which we are often unconscious. It is highly desirable that physics should have a word as thoroughly abstract, as utterly emptied of all connotations of personality as possible, so that it may be used like a mathematical symbol. Such a word is Force. But what we are now dealing with is by no means a scientific abstraction. It is the most concrete and solid of realities, the one Reality which underlies all appearances, and from the

presence of which we can never escape. Suppose, then, that we translate our abstract terminology into something that is more concrete. Instead of the force which persists, let us speak of the Power which is always and everywhere manifested in phenomena. Our question, then, becomes, What is this infinite and eternal Power like? What kind of language shall we use in describing it? Can we regard it as in any wise "material," or can we speak of its universal and ceaseless activity as in any wise the working of a "blind necessity"? For here, at length, we have penetrated to the innermost kernel of the problem; and upon the answer must depend our mental attitude toward the mystery of existence.

The answer is that we cannot regard the infinite and eternal Power as in any wise "material," nor can we attribute its workings to "blind necessity." The eternal source of phenomena is the source of what we see and hear and touch; it is the source of what we call matter, but it cannot itself be material. Matter is but the generalized name we give to those modifications which we refer immediately to an unknown something outside of ourselves. It was long ago shown that all the qualities of matter are what the mind makes them, and have no existence as such apart from the mind. In the deepest sense all that we really know is mind, and as Clifford would say, what we call the material universe is simply an imperfect picture in our minds of a real universe of mind-stuff. Our own mind we know directly; our neighbor's mind we know by inference; that which is external to both is a Power hidden from sense, which causes states of consciousness that are similar in both. Such states of consciousness we call material qualities, and matter is nothing but the sum of such qualities. To speak of the hidden Power itself as "material" is therefore not merely to state what is untrue, — it is to talk non-

sense. We are bound to conceive of the Eternal Reality in terms of the only reality that we know, or else refrain from conceiving it under any form whatever. But the latter alternative is clearly impossible. We might as well try to escape from the air in which we breathe as to expel from consciousness the Power which is manifested throughout what we call the material universe. But the only conclusion we can consistently hold is that this is the very same power "which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness."

In the nature-worship of primitive men, beneath all the crudities of thought by which it was overlaid and obscured, there was thus after all an essential germ of truth which modern philosophy is constrained to recognize and reiterate. As the unity of Nature has come to be demonstrated, innumerable finite powers, once conceived as psychical and deified, have been generalized into a single infinite Power that is still thought of as psychical. From the crudest polytheism we have thus, by a slow evolution, arrived at pure monotheism, — the recognition of the eternal God indwelling in the universe, in whom we live and move and have our being.

But in thus conceiving of God as psychical, as a Being with whom the human soul in the deepest sense owns kinship, we must beware of too carelessly ascribing to Him those specialized psychical attributes characteristic of humanity, which one and all imply limitation and weakness. We must not forget the warning of the prophet Isaiah: "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Omniscience, for example, has been ascribed to God in every system of theism; yet the psychical nature to which all events, past, present, and future, can be always simul-

taneously present is clearly as far removed from the limited and serial psychical nature of Man as the heavens are higher than the earth. We are not so presumptuous, therefore, as to attempt, with some theologians of the anthropomorphic school, to inquire minutely into the character of the divine decrees and purposes. But our task would be ill-performed were nothing more to be said about that craving after a final cause which we have seen to be an essential element in Man's religious nature. It remains to be shown that there is a reasonableness in the universe, that in the orderly sequence of events there is a meaning which appeals to our human intelligence. Without adopting Paley's method, which has been proved inadequate, we may nevertheless boldly aim at an object like that at which Paley aimed. Caution is needed, since we are dealing with a symbolic conception as to which the very point in question is whether there is any reality that answers to it. The problem is a hard one, but here we suddenly get powerful help from the doctrine of evolution, and especially from that part of it known as the Darwinian theory.

Although it was the Darwinian theory of natural selection which overthrew the argument from design, yet — as I have argued in another place — when thoroughly understood it will be found to replace as much teleology as it destroys. Indeed, the doctrine of evolution, in all its chapters, has a certain teleological aspect, although it does not employ those methods which in the hands of the champions of final causes have been found so misleading. The doctrine of evolution does not regard any given arrangement of things as scientifically explained when it is shown to subserve some good purpose, but it seeks its explanation in such antecedent conditions as may have been competent to bring about the arrangement in ques-

tion. Nevertheless the doctrine of evolution is not only perpetually showing us the purposes which the arrangements of Nature subserve, but throughout one large section of the ground which it covers, it points to a discernible dramatic tendency, a clearly-marked progress of events toward a mighty goal. Now it especially concerns us to note that this large section is just the one, and the only one, which our powers of imagination are able to compass. The astronomical story of the universe is altogether too vast for us to comprehend in such wise as to tell whether it shows any dramatic tendency or not. But in the story of the evolution of life upon the surface of our earth, where alone we are able to compass the phenomena, we see all things working together, through countless ages of toil and trouble, toward one glorious consummation. It is therefore a fair inference, though a bold one, that if our means of exploration were such that we could compass the story of all the systems of worlds that shine in the spacious firmament, we should be able to detect a similar meaning. At all events, the story which we can decipher is sufficiently impressive and consoling. It clothes our theistic belief with moral significance, reveals the intense and solemn reality of religion, and fills the heart with tidings of great joy.

The glorious consummation toward which organic evolution is tending is the production of the highest and most perfect psychical life. Already the germs of this conclusion existed in the Darwinian theory as originally stated, though men were for a time too busy with other aspects of the theory to pay due attention to them. In the natural selection of such individual peculiarities as conduce to the survival of the species, and in the evolution by this process of higher and higher creatures endowed with capacities for a richer and more varied life, there might have been seen

a well-marked dramatic tendency, toward the *dénouement* of which every one of the myriad little acts of life and death during the entire series of geologic æons was assisting. The whole scheme was teleological, and each single act of natural selection had a teleological meaning. Herein lies the reason why the theory so quickly destroyed that of Paley. It did not merely refute it, but supplanted it with explanations which had the merit of being truly scientific while at the same time they hit the mark at which natural theology had unsuccessfully aimed.

Such was the case with the Darwinian theory as first announced. But since it has been more fully studied in its application to the genesis of Man, a wonderful flood of light has been thrown upon the meaning of evolution, and there appears a reasonableness in the universe such as had not appeared before. It has been shown that the genesis of Man was due to a change in the direction of the working of natural selection, whereby psychical variations were selected to the neglect of physical variations. It has been shown that one chief result of this change was the lengthening of infancy, whereby Man appeared on the scene as a plastic creature capable of unlimited psychical progress. It has been shown that one chief result of the lengthening of infancy was the origination of the family and of human society endowed with rudimentary moral ideas and moral sentiments. It has been shown that through these coöperating processes the difference between Man and all lower creatures has come to be a difference in kind transcending all other differences; that his appearance upon the earth marked the beginning of the final stage in the process of development, the last act in the great drama of creation; and that all the remaining work of evolution must consist in the perfecting of the creature thus marvelously produced. It has been further

shown that the perfecting of Man consists mainly in the ever increasing predominance of the life of the soul over the life of the body. And lastly, it has been shown that, whereas the earlier stages of human progress have been characterized by a struggle for existence like that through which all lower forms of life have been developed, nevertheless the action of natural selection upon Man is coming to an end, and his future development will be accomplished through the direct adaptation of his wonderfully plastic intelligence to the circumstances in which it is placed. Hence it has appeared that war and all forms of strife, having ceased to discharge their normal function, and having thus become unnecessary, will slowly die out; that the feelings and habits adapted to ages of strife will ultimately perish from disuse; and that a stage of civilization will be reached in which human sympathy shall be all in all, and the spirit of Christ shall reign supreme throughout the length and breadth of the earth.

These conclusions, with the grounds upon which they are based, have been succinctly set forth in my little book entitled, *The Destiny of Man viewed in the Light of his Origin*. Startling as they may have seemed to some, they are no more so than many of the other truths which have been brought home to us during this unprecedented age. They are the fruit of a wide induction from the most vitally important facts which the doctrine of evolution has set forth; and they may fairly claim recognition as an integral body of philosophic doctrine fit to stand the test of time. Here they are summarized as the final step in my argument concerning the true nature of theism. They add new meanings to the idea of God, as it is affected by modern knowledge, while at the same time they do but give articulate voice to time-honored truths which it was feared the skepticism of our age

might have rendered dumb and powerless. For if we express in its most concentrated form the meaning of these conclusions regarding Man's origin and destiny, we find that it affords the full justification of the fundamental ideas and sentiments which have animated religion at all times. We see Man still the crown and glory of the universe and the chief object of divine care, yet still the lame and halting creature, loaded with a brute-inheritance of original sin, whose ultimate salvation is slowly to be achieved through ages of moral discipline. We see the chief agency which produced him — natural selection which always works through strife — ceasing to operate upon him, so that, until human strife shall be brought to an end, there goes on a struggle between his lower and his higher impulses in which the higher must finally conquer. And in all this we find the strongest imaginable incentive to right living, yet one that is still the same in principle with that set forth by the great Teacher who first brought men to the knowledge of the true God.

As to the conception of Deity, in the shape impressed upon it by our modern knowledge, I believe I have now said enough to show that it is no empty formula or metaphysical abstraction which we would seek to substitute for the living God. The infinite and eternal Power that is manifested in every pulsation of the universe is none other than the living God. We may exhaust the resources of metaphysics in debating how far His nature may fitly be expressed in terms applicable to the psychical nature of Man; such vain attempts will only serve to show how we are dealing with a theme that must ever transcend our finite powers of conception. But of some things we may feel sure. Humanity is not a mere local incident in an endless and aimless series of cosmical changes. The events of the universe are not the work of chance,

neither are they the outcome of blind necessity. Practically there is a purpose in the world whereof it is our highest duty to learn the lesson, however well or ill we may fare in rendering a scientific account of it. When from the dawn of life we see all things working together toward the evolution of the highest spiritual attributes of Man, we know, however the words may stumble

in which we try to say it, that God is in the deepest sense a moral Being. The everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the infinite Power that makes for righteousness. Thou canst not by searching find Him out; yet put thy trust in Him, and against thee the gates of hell shall not prevail; for there is neither wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Eternal.

John Fiske.

TO S. O. J.

INVITATION TO A WALK.

I've a budding plan that shows
 All the color of the rose:
 On some morning you will name,
 You *break house*, and I'll the same,
 (In such craft we're skilled profoundly!)
 Leave our bodies sleeping soundly,
 Thence abroad, all spirit, fare,
 Lighter than the breathing air.

Quickly mount the ether way:
 Only have a care, I pray,
 That you be not caught amain
 In some wild dream's comet-train!
 Since your journey lies due west,
 When your spirit's feet you'd rest,
 At your pleasure you can float
 In the old moon's cockle-boat.

Meanwhile, I must take my way
 Towards the gleaming of the day.
 When we meet, as meet we will,
 Then we'll foot it, light and still,
 Wheresoe'er the fancy please:
 On the blossoming chestnut-trees,
 Starting perfume, as we go;
 Or upon some river's flow,
 Trip it as the naiads do.
 Yonder, sleeping, misty-blue,
 Lies my lake, and evermore
 Softly kisses the brown shore, —
 We might loiter there awhile.

Or we'll flit to your Marsh Isle!
 When we've breathed the late-mown grass,
 Up an orchard slope we'll pass;
 Golden pippins hanging low, —
 If we take some, who will know?
 . . . Ah, sweet Doris! what if we
 At her window try a glee?
 Singing, "Doris, sweetheart, wake,
 And the dark its flight shall take!"

Thus I plan: do you agree
 You will come half-way to me?
 On some morning you will name,
 You break house, — I'll do the same!

Edith M. Thomas.

TWO HALVES OF A LIFE.

I.

THE VISION SPLENDID.

I.

ST. ATHANASE would be like half a hundred other villages in Quebec but that the noble river on which it stands gives it a beauty and a character of its own. The bridge which connects it with the flourishing town of St. Jean on its opposite side spans nearly a mile of the waters of the Richelieu. Its main street, where are the few stores that supply its few wants, runs parallel with the course of the stream. The rest of the village — some of the houses of stone, quaint and old-fashioned, others more modern, of wood — rises from it among groves of maple and elm on the gradual slope of its bank. Behind it, the mass of Mount St. Gregoire fills in the distance. Seen of a summer's evening, with the mingling lights falling on tree and house and water, while the notes of the angelus ring softly out on the air, it is a charming picture, at once sweet and soothing.

But the place is under a doom, — the

doom that waits on standing still, and of which its rotting sidewalks are an evidence. With progress, indeed, St. Athanase has nothing to do. It transacts its own little business and goes on its own way. Life has gone on in it in much the same fashion from generation to generation. When the father has passed away the son has stepped into the vacant place. Baptiste succeeds Alexandre, and Jean, Baptiste; and but that the names are changed, there seems no other change. Yet it is happy, with the happiness which has no written history. Outside such events as are inscribed in its parish register it has nothing to record. The place is full of the age-long quiet, the undisturbed content, which brood like wings of shadow over all the life of French Canada, in strangest contrast to the rush and the bustle of these times, in which St. Athanase has neither part nor lot. All its sympathies are with that vanishing, older world, of which it has its own survivals in its *seigneurie*; in the great high-steepled church, with its *presbytere* nestling among the elms; in its unquestioning beliefs; most of all, perhaps, in its finely drawn

social distinctions. In the ideas of modern democracy it has no share.

It was among such associations of place and custom that Pierre Lacordière grew up to manhood. His father, M. le Notaire, was a person of some consequence in St. Athanase. The place was too small to admit of his having a rival, so he knew everybody in it and all its affairs, most of which were transacted in his own little office. Whatever simple secrets there were were in his keeping. Then he was prosperous and wealthy, as wealth went in St. Athanase. All this made him an important personage, and knowing his own value he rejoiced. As the seigneur was a Protestant and an Englishman, and therefore a remote influence in the life of this Catholic village, and the fat old priest was the notary's good friend and ally, there was nothing to dim the satisfaction with which he regarded his position.

But it was not forgotten in the village by a few of the families, whose just pride that in their veins flowed some of the best blood of old France took a keener edge from the very fact that they were poorer than he, that M. le Notaire's father had been a peasant. Not that their demeanor to him was marked by an overwhelming hauteur or odious condescension, but they simply kept themselves to themselves. To do the notary justice, he had never sought to penetrate their reserve; the knowledge of their affairs he possessed gave him all the power he wanted. But it was different with his son Pierre. His destiny was so shaping itself that it had become imperatively necessary for him at least to try to enter this charmed circle. He had reached in his life the Great Divide, on that side of which lie the untroubled joy and gladness of youth, on this side the tumult and the fever of the love of conscious manhood. His eyes had roved away from his own associates to fix themselves forever on

one who belonged not to them. His early training, however, was altogether against him. With a child's acuteness he had observed that while his father's manner to most of his clients had that easy courtesy which comes from the satisfying conviction of the security and importance of one's own station, to some, again, it was touched with a deep reverence which marked a difference in their relative positions. The boy naturally accepted such actions as an abiding expression of the mutual relations that existed between his father or himself and others. He grew up with the feeling of it in his mind.

Another important influence which determined his subsequent life also came to him from his peasant blood and his surroundings. There is no more deeply credulous being than the French Canadian of the lower classes. Whatever mental life he has is still the life of a little child standing in the morning of the world. The age of faith has not ceased with him. That there should be places made holy by beatific visions, that relics should work miracles, that all sorts of local saints should have power to bless and all sorts of local devils power to curse, are to him among the deepest facts of life. Such beliefs are so wrought into his thoughts that he never can get outside their grasp. These come to him naturally from his religion, but he is full of superstitions besides. His churchyard is alive with ghosts. He easily credits any supernatural story. And Pierre was no freer from such ideas than were others. One of his most lasting memories was of a little sister of his who for a long time had always been dressed in blue, in fulfillment of a vow to the Virgin. She had been very ill, and his mother — the dear old *maman* who was now dead — had vowed to the Holy Mother, if she would but cause the child to recover, to dress her in this her favorite color for three years. There were many other instances of the

same kind among the neighbors; indeed, it would not be too much to say that there was hardly one of them but could tell some tale which was not of this world.

The Canadian *habitant*, notwithstanding, is as a rule gay and joyous as a lark, simple-hearted, content, unaffectedly fond of his home, bearing the few burdens of his life lightly, and accepting with cheery resignation its inevitable ills. Pierre was of a different type: graver, more serious, more inquiring, than his countrymen. He had been fairly educated after a fashion. Of the great world which lay beyond his own little village he knew scarcely anything. The few visits he had paid to Montreal, the nearest city, had given him glimpses of what it might be like. For some time, as he neared manhood, his mind had been stirred by vague longings for a larger life. He watched with curious interest the steamers which passed down the Richelieu on their way to the St. Lawrence, bound for various ports. Dreamily he speculated as to what manner of men, what kind of cities, he would see if he embarked on them. His greatest friend, Father Cherrier, the parish priest, a man now old, but who had once held an important post in a distant city, told him of the world's vanities and disappointments; but these made little impression compared with the intoxicating successes, the glittering splendors, the coveted distinctions of which he also spoke. It was when Pierre's mind was full of such thoughts, and a multitude besides of the indistinct movements of aspiration and desire that come along with the vigorous spring-tide of manhood, that he fell in love with Marie de Calles. At once all the nebulous ideas which had been floating loosely in his mind concentrated themselves in this absorbing and sufficing passion. To woo and win her were the only objects in life worth striving for.

Marie was the daughter of one of

those families who, in the midst of poverty, found a deep compensation for it in their undoubted purity of descent. To them M. le Notaire and his son were well enough in their way, but that way was at an infinite distance from their own. To Pierre this distance had its own additional enchantment. Marie was very beautiful, but it was the beauty which is outward only. Pierre knew it not. Around the maiden he wrapped a glamour and a mystery which he had himself created, and which were true only so far as they existed in his own consciousness. That she was beautiful no one could deny. Indeed, hers was the ripe, obvious beauty of a splendid physical type. Her figure was regal, her whole air queenly. The oval face was perfect after its kind. The dark masses of her hair framed a white forehead neither too lofty nor too low. It was impossible to look at her great violet eyes without delight, at the lovely mouth without admiration. But of the subtle charm, the aerial grace, the indescribable quality of the fascination which surrounds some women, and which makes men their willing slaves to the end, there was no trace in Marie. Her eyes were always the same, — immovably beautiful, with no hint of fire or tenderness in them. The lips lacked sensitiveness. Her face was the face of a woman upon whom the softening, refining influences of the unutterable pathos of human life had as yet left no mark. It was not that she was selfish or unkind, but that hers was a nature which had no depth. Hence she had no real power of sympathy, only at best a superficial tenderness. Pierre saw nothing of this. He loved her; and all other thoughts and feelings were lost in that one great emotion. To him she was the sweetest as she was the loveliest of women; and he believed in her with his whole soul.

Pierre had seen her nearly all his life, but owing to the difference in their

social position he had always thought of her as something apart from it. A year or two, however, before he fell in love with her, she had gone to a convent at Montreal to finish her education. When she returned it was the month of May, the month of Mary, when St. Athanase is as sense-satisfying a spot as there is on this earth. All the trees were in full glory of green. The lilacs were in bloom, and the air was laden with the scent of all the sweet flowers of spring, — fragrant snowdrops, and lilies of the valley, and hyacinth, and narcissus, everywhere. It was the custom of the daughters of the village to go of an evening in a kind of procession, bearing chaplets and wreaths of flowers, to present them to the Sisters to decorate the image of the Virgin. Late in the afternoon of one of these delicious days, Pierre was idling along the main street when the procession passed before him. His eyes wandered over the smiling faces, to pause involuntarily on that of Marie. The soft spring air had given her a delicious warmth of coloring, and its effect was heightened by the bouquet of white flowers which she held near her face as she passed him. She looked lovely enough to be the Goddess of Youth.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Pierre. Then he quickly followed the band of girls into the church, trying to catch another glimpse of that incomparable face. For some time afterwards Pierre was constant in his attendance at church, hoping that perchance he might be fortunate enough to intercept some stray glance from those wonderful violet eyes.

There is something magnetic in love, and it was not long before Marie knew of Pierre's devotion. An accidental meeting, in which Pierre was of some slight assistance, gave him a kind of acquaintance with her. She felt it would be a rudeness on her part not to acknowledge the claim this made upon her, however slight it was. So she bowed

to him when they met, which was often in a small place like St. Athanase. It was in the nature of things that the acquaintance thus formed should go on growing, if Marie did not object, — and she did not object. The place was dull, and Pierre was handsome. Then when she got to know him a little better she could not but perceive that he was different from the other young fellows of the village. He was altogether more interesting; the air of habitual thoughtfulness he had suited him well; and she was flattered both by the evident sincerity and the special character of his admiration. In his own simple fashion the homage he paid her was that of a knight to his queen; and though she was disposed to accept this tribute to her charms as coming to her of divine right, she was none the less proud of it. Then another element, of a far more subtle kind, entered into the affair. Both knew very well that her friends would not readily consent to recognize the son of the notary as her lover. This acted as an incentive to Pierre. Was he not young, and with all the wonderful world of which he dreamed at his feet? But to Marie it gave the adventure the necessary thrill of excitement, and the specious air of romance dear to the newly emancipated school-girl.

It was not easy for their meetings to pass unnoticed. There was a constant danger of remark, for there were plenty of gossips in St. Athanase who knew more of their neighbors' affairs than of their own. But somehow they managed to escape it. There were quiet, shady walks by the river, where they met, and the lover's Providence was kind to them and sheltered them from observation.

Pierre, timidly at first, but with increasing boldness as he became accustomed to the magical atmosphere with which he surrounded her, began to open his soul to Marie. She listened to his eager talk, made bright by a thousand fancies; for his strong love for her gave

him eyes to see and ears to hear where otherwise he would have been blind and deaf. The girl said little about herself, and gave no communication of her own thoughts in return. But it was delightful to her to be talked to by this good-looking young fellow, and to know that he was her slave. She liked him. Could any one help liking him? she asked herself. Would not her people like him if they knew him?

By and by Pierre began falteringly to speak of love to the girl, and to plead his suit. Marie listened and smiled, not displeased. She had often, in her girlish fancies, pictured to herself some eager-eyed youth thus supplicating her favor. But though she suffered him for a moment to take her into his arms, she pushed him away the next, and laughingly made her escape. That evening Pierre went home in a tumult of emotion. All night long he lay awake thinking confusedly; and at last one idea fixed itself firmly in his mind. He had nothing at present to offer the girl but his love. He knew it was a very deep and honest love, but love was not enough. He had no position, and before Marie could become his wife he must have one, and one that would be worthy of her acceptance. Then he could go to her parents and ask for her hand. Yes, he would do something for this beautiful girl,—something that would be noble and splendid, the fruit of which he would lay proudly, and yet humbly, at her feet. In the natural order of things he would have succeeded his father as the village notary; of course a respectable position, but one which, in his ardor, he thought too commonplace to ask Marie to share with him. There was Montreal, the greatest city of which he knew; and even in that quiet village stories had come of men, no richer than he, who had gone there and had conquered fortune. Might he not do as much for Marie?

When he met her some days later he

said something of this to Marie; and naturally it pleased the girl. Pierre did not ask her to pledge herself to him, but it was understood. When she had questioned herself if she loved him she had answered unhesitatingly, Yes. In saying this she thought she was quite sincere. He certainly was handsome,—so she repeated to herself,—and there was no one to compare with him in St. Athanase. With what a deference and respect did he treat her! He was so much in love with her! And he was going away to do something for her sake,—ah, this was romance! Yet the place would certainly be dull without Pierre. But the girl contemplated his departure with none of the palpitation of the heart, the swift floodings of hopes and fears, which deep love inspires. The truth was that Pierre had not really reached her heart. She liked him, thought well of him, was pleased by a devotion which made her life more interesting; but the inner citadel of her heart had not been gained. As for him, his whole life was completely bound up in her; but it was not so with her. Yet the evening before he went away, when Pierre had spoken brave and hopeful words,—none the less brave and hopeful because they were spoken with trembling lips,—she hung over him, crying and sobbing, and kissed him for the first time.

So Pierre went to Montreal with the thought that Marie loved him for inspiration.

Thus is the perennial epic written. So upon the simple country life of some English lad may there arise like a star, stately and yet tender, a beautiful vision, which makes him go from the fens and levels of the midlands, or from the hills of the northlands, to London, to make his fortune. So, in France, the cry of the provincial is, To Paris! With the same bravery is it done in every case, though there is no beat of drum nor flag flying in the breeze.

II.

There was always a large party entertained at the seigneurie of St. Athanase every Christmas. The festivities went on for two or three weeks, and that period was one of great excitement to the village, as there were dances and concerts, to which its leading people were invited. And though a seigneur who was an Englishman and a Protestant was distinctly alien to all their ideas, still they felt that they might go to his dances and listen to his concerts without compromising themselves.

The preceding winter there had come to the seigneurie a gentleman named Manning, and Pierre had chanced to meet him. Some business had been transacted for Manning by his father the notary, and Pierre, who was then in his father's office, had waited upon him several times. Manning had found young Lacordière intelligent and obliging, and he had taken a lazy liking to him. There had been some conversation between them, and Pierre had said something of his desire to leave the village, to enter the life of the big world which lay beyond it. Manning had listened to him with a good-humored amusement, and had promised that if Pierre should ever leave St. Athanase and come to Montreal he would see what he could do for him there. So as soon as Pierre reached Montreal he went and looked up Manning, who got a clerkship in a railway office for him. It was not a very important or lucrative post, not such a position as Pierre had dreamed of; but the office of a great railway company has now and again its chances of speedy promotion, and he worked on steadily, with the thought of Marie constantly in his mind.

Marie, on her part, found St. Athanase unendurably stupid in Pierre's absence. Each day had the same repeated monotony, and the girl had no resources of her own to make the tedium less irksome. As Pierre's attachment to

her was unknown to her parents, there were no loving letters to look forward to, no loving messages to send in return. She had no *confidante* to whom she might talk of Pierre, — unless she made one of Nanon, her old nurse, who was quite faithful to her, but who might not understand. Thus the image of Pierre was growing dim when she heard with delight that the party which was annually assembled at the seigneurie would soon light up the overwhelming dullness of the place with what seemed to it astonishing splendor.

Christmas came, and the seigneurie was once again merry with much cheer and many guests. Wherever the company had been drawn from, they could hardly have left a prettier spot than St. Athanase, for its winter beauty is almost as captivating in its way as its summer sweetness. Day after day, a sky of soft, silvery gray-blue hangs above it; and about it the snow lies thickly, deeply, warmly, everywhere. The frozen waters of the Richelieu are sheeted over with it. It piles itself high about the trunks of the trees, which stand out from the white background with every outline distinctly penciled. It shows up, in wonderful relief, the dark foliage of the evergreens, as it lies on leaf and branch of pine and cedar. Here and there the wind has driven it into irregular mounds and drifts on the unsheltered stretches, in the streets, and about the houses. Then the air is clear and bracing; it is musical, too, with the bells of gliding sleigh and cariole.

George Manning was again among the guests at the seigneurie, and it was generally admitted that he was the life of the party. This, indeed, was his *métier*, and he had already achieved a considerable social reputation. He was very popular; he studied to be so, and he had his desire. By nature he was irrepressibly blithe and gay; on occasion he could be witty, and was at times sufficiently brilliant to be classed

among the clever. He had a genuine talent for the social side of life. No man was better able than he to arrange or do anything society wanted for its delectation, and he did everything in such a way that society delighted in him. He could arrange a play, put it upon the stage, or play a part in it if required; get up the most effective tableaux; sing a song or tell a story. He would take a world of trouble to make anything he undertook a success, and generally achieved it. Young, good-looking, rich, so that he was naturally rather in the position of those who are waited upon by the world than of those who wait upon it, it was perhaps on this account that he was credited with great goodness of heart. And he was kind in a lazy, easy way, — when it was not too much trouble. He had never had any serious trouble in his life, and he did not propose having any, if he could help it. He would have life a sparkling comedy, with as little dullness and as few shadings-in of tragedy as possible. What he did steadily propose was to enjoy himself thoroughly; and so far he had done so. His unflagging spirits had hitherto kept him from becoming *ennuyé*, and it was with jaunty step that he trod the primrose path. This was made the more easy to him by the secret complacency with which he regarded himself, — a comfortable feeling which had so far escaped any harsh shock.

It was with surprise and admiration that he saw Marie at the first dance given at the seigneurie.

“Good heavens! what a superb figure! what a lovely face!” he exclaimed to his hostess.

He was among the first to be introduced to her, and he exerted all his well-trained powers of pleasing to make himself agreeable. They danced and chatted, and chatted and danced; and Marie thought him delightful. This dance was an epoch in her life. The

lights, the music, the well-dressed people, the well-appointed house, — how charming it all was! And this man, with his distinguished appearance and finished manner, — how much at home he was in this brilliant scene; how it became him, and how he became it! She compared him with Pierre; and though she would hardly allow it to herself, Pierre suffered in the comparison. At the same time, the remembrance of her absent lover was fresher in her mind that evening than it had been for weeks past; and this gave a background to her thoughts which threw over her a delicious air of reserve that made her infinitely more interesting than usual. Manning noticed it, and it piqued him. He thought when he learned that this was her first appearance in society that he had found out the secret. Then he regarded the discovery of this beautiful creature as a tremendous, unlooked-for piece of good fortune, and he determined to follow it up. It would certainly give a relish to this visit to St. Athanase. So he asked and received permission to call upon her.

Manning saw Marie next day at her house, and for two or three weeks afterwards he was very persistent in his attentions. The old-fashioned atmosphere of a French family hedged him about with restrictions, but this only added a piquancy to his ideas of Marie. Yet he saw a great deal of the girl. His friends at the seigneurie remarked it, and were disposed to tease him about it. They were amazed to find, from the marked disfavor with which he received their good-humored chaff, that the affair appeared to be serious. In truth it was becoming serious. He had fallen in love with Marie, very much to his own astonishment. At last he confessed to himself that he did care enough for her to contemplate the possibility of giving up the freedom of his luxurious bachelor life. As for Marie, she was completely fascinated. She cared for him

as much as she could care for any one. Small wonder that she should! Never had she seen any one so brilliant, so splendid. There was poor Pierre, true, but he would forget her in time. He would surely have some great success in Montreal, she hoped, and would be consoled for losing her.

Most of the guests departed from the seigneurie, but Manning remained. He had fully made up his mind to marry Marie, and soon he proposed in due form for her. Of course her family had seen his attentions, and, although he was a Protestant, had resolved to accept him. He was wealthy and well-born; and, to do them justice, it counted for something with them that Marie cared for him. It was not necessary, to be sure; but it was well as it was. So there were some wonderful courtesies on both sides, and Manning found himself Marie's acknowledged lover.

When Manning spoke to Marie she gave him her hand in a transport of triumphant happiness and gratified pride. He pressed for an early marriage, and her friends consented. But before it took place she resolved to tell him about Pierre, whom she could not altogether dismiss from her thoughts. The lad's brave words and burning eyes kept coming back to her; and though she had given him no promise, she could not forget that last meeting, when she had kissed him. She had acted on a sudden impulse, and she could not bring herself to regret it even now. She would tell Manning of it. But it was a difficult thing to do, and became more difficult as time went on. Was it necessary to say anything about Pierre? They would probably never see him again, as their lives would move on different planes. Then Pierre's love for her,—had it not been that of a very young man, of a boy rather, which would soon pass away? So she argued with herself, but she could not persuade herself that it was so. She had seen far enough into

Pierre's character to know that his love for her might not be so evanescent. He had made her his whole world, and if it tumbled about him in ruins there was no guessing what would be the result. He might do something desperate in his rage, when he learned of her approaching marriage. Her love for Manning made her realize this as highly possible, and she was driven on, by this fear, to tell him.

He appeared to put the whole thing contemptuously aside,—so contemptuously that Marie was deeply hurt. The confession had cost her a great effort, and should, she thought, have been met with some response of sympathy. It was only intensely disagreeable and annoying to him, but he was careful not to show her what he felt. One of her chief charms in his eyes had been her perfect freshness,—the freshness of the dewy, ungathered flower of the morning. He fancied he was the first who had ever spoken words of love to the girl; and here she had had a flirtation with the son of the village notary, a man who was not even her equal. He remembered Pierre very well, and it was gall and bitterness to him to think that when he had helped him to a clerkship in the railway company he had been unconsciously assisting in this most distasteful village drama. No one, however, knew of this horrible episode but themselves and Pierre. Pierre, of course, would sink below the horizon of their lives, and they would see him no more.

Besides, Manning was aware that the story of his love for this village maid had been paraded among his friends as a romance; and this was not without some thrill of gratification. He knew that in the St. James's Club, for instance, people were saying that it was wonderful that he, who had seen all that was loveliest in Canadian society, should care for this country girl. Word had even reached him that some of his old comrades had betted against the mar-

riage ever coming off; and the knowledge of this, while it irritated him, at the same time made him more determined. He was genuinely proud of the girl's beauty, and his world, at any rate, would bow down before it. As this counted for much with him, on the whole he was satisfied.

The wedding took place in the early spring, and after a protracted honeymoon they settled down in Montreal towards the beginning of winter.

The first intimation Pierre had received of what was happening had come to him, among other items of local gossip, in a letter from his father. The notary, little knowing his son's feelings, dilated on the subject at great length. Never before had anything so exciting occurred in St. Athanase! The old man was full of it. Pierre could not credit the news. Surely there must be some mistake. There was no plighted troth between them, but he could not forget the shady paths by the river, where she had gone to meet him when there was danger in such meetings. Would she have braved it if she had not cared for him? Then she had kissed him. Would she have done that if she had not loved him? So he comforted himself, and would not believe it.

When Pierre saw the announcement of the marriage in a newspaper it stunned him. He went about his work for a short time dully, doing it with that piteous, mechanical precision of the brain which may go on when the heart is cold and dead. Then the fact slowly worked itself into so keen a consciousness that it became the only living thing in it. He could think of nothing else. Was it true? Ay, it was true. Another letter from his father had removed any doubt there might have been. The notary had described the marriage *fête* with enthusiasm. So Marie was married! His bright and beautiful dream was over. He asked himself if he had any right to complain. Manning had

been his patron, and though the thought of it was intolerable to him now he could not forget it. Manning had taken his love from him, but he had not known of any prior claim. Though Pierre could not blame him, he could not hold a day longer this hateful position, for which he was indebted to him. And yet but a short time ago — O God, what a short time it was to have a Paradise to be happy in! — he had thought something of it for her sake.

Had she been disloyal to him? No, he would not accuse her. Then he did not know whether she really cared for this man whom she had married. Perhaps it was that her parents had compelled her to marry this wealthy suitor, while all the time she rebelled against it. Had she held out till she could hold out no longer? He remembered bitterly now that her father and mother, with their pride, would never have looked on him as an equal. He could fancy how, if Marie had ever said anything about him, she would be ridiculed; how, if she confessed to her meetings with him, this marriage would be held up to her as absolutely necessary, as a way of escape from a compromising past. "Perhaps," thought Pierre, "she is unhappy and miserable, like myself." But though there was a certain hideous consolation in the thought, Pierre fought against it, and could find no real satisfaction in it.

Ah, well, there was nothing more for him to do in Montreal. So he resigned his post, and went back to the quiet village. No longer did he care for this great world, which had no balm for his wounds.

When he returned to St. Athanase he gave as the reason for his changed plans that he was ill; and Pierre was sick in body and in soul. The wise folk shook their heads. Ah, it was never well to leave St. Athanase. Others had gone from it before him, and they had come back defeated like himself, or had never come back at all, which seemed to them

even a harder fate. Here were peace and plenty. Why exchange its abiding calm for perils and uncertainties? As for Pierre, he went quietly back to his father's office. With a morbid feeling he tried to learn all that was known about the Mannings. There was no difficulty in knowing everything. Never had there been such a marriage as Marie's within the memory of St. Athanase. To its simple people it seemed that there never could be such another again. Pierre heard of it everywhere; and while it made his heart bleed, he listened eagerly to each version of the story. In due time he learned that the Mannings had returned from their long wedding-tour, and were settled in Montreal. A hungry longing took possession of Pierre to see Marie once more. If he could only see her well and happy, he thought, he could bear his pain somewhat better. But if she was unhappy, then he did not know what might not happen; he felt there was hardly anything he might not do.

So he went to Montreal. And he did see both Marie and her husband, as they were driving in a sleigh from the mountain at the foot of which the city stands. They were talking merrily to each other, and looked so perfectly happy that Pierre, whom they did not notice, could not but believe that they were happy. How lovely Marie was! Her husband, — yes, he was handsome, and looked worthy of her. This splendid sleigh, with its fine horses and beautiful furs, looked as if it ought to belong to Marie. Yes, she was fitted for this and such as this. Perhaps it was best as it was. And Pierre, though his eyes had filled with tears of misery, was able to find somewhere in his aching heart a blessing for them. For this peasant-born son of a village notary had a strain of nobleness in him.

Then he went back to St. Athanase, and tried to forget this miserable but beautiful past. But it was no use. He

could not so forget. He was much with his old friend, Father Cherrier, to whom he had told all his story. The good priest comforted him, but it was at best cold comfort. Pierre was completely changed. Then there grew up in him the feeling that he must get into some new kind of life, away from St. Athanase, which was full of painful memories. But he was not minded to go into the great world again: it seemed to him a dismal place; all his interest in it had been associated with Marie, and now that she had gone out from his life he would have no more of it. What he wanted was something which held the promise of peace. There was the life of the religious; and he could imagine no other which would put so wide an interval between the past and himself.

II.

THE LIVING MIRROR.

I.

It was natural that Father Cherrier, when he saw the bent of Pierre's thoughts, should say to him something of the religious order of which he himself was a member. In his then frame of mind it attracted Pierre. Besides, there was something in the calm, tranquil figure of the old priest, who looked on life as a whole with serene, untroubled eyes, as if he had penetrated and mastered its secret, which commanded and drew Pierre to him.

The Society of the Oblates of Marie Immaculate, to which the curé of St. Athanase belonged, was founded by Eugenius, Bishop of Marseilles, in 1816, at the time when Europe was in the state of profound collapse which succeeded the overthrow of the first Napoleon. Father Cherrier spoke with gentle enthusiasm of the piety, the simplicity, and the goodness of the first great superior of his order, whom he had known

intimately in France, and whose history reads more like the legendary life of a mediæval monk than of a man living in this nineteenth century. He told Pierre how the society had grown, until its missionaries were to be found throughout Europe, in Asia, in Africa; perhaps nowhere were they so numerous as in America, and nowhere had their efforts met with such success, especially in the wild and savage solitudes of the North. Singly, or in little bands of two and three, they had gone to the Saskatchewan, to the Athabasca, to the Mackenzie, to the utmost boundaries of the Frozen Sea, and had worked as they best could among the Chip'wyans, and the Crees, and the Blackfeet, and the Tukudh, who inhabit these regions. Pierre listened with little attention at first, but as time went on a certain interest began to attach itself to the Oblate Fathers, though it hardly came from what he heard of the dangers they had encountered, or of the hardships they had undergone, or of the successes they had gained. He could not help asking himself if this life of isolation did not promise to give what he stood most in need of. He knew that he had no special vocation for it, but the narrowness of his education inevitably suggested it, in his circumstances, as the only way in which he might put a barrier between himself and the past. He had no idea that he was trying a "heroic" remedy for his heart-sickness; but he did think that in some lonely mission, far away from his old home, he might find peace, and in time come to take life as calmly as old Father Cherrier himself. There he might forget Marie — no, he did not wish to forget her; but there he might gradually lose this terrible longing which was so hard to conquer. There she might become to him a memory which he could contemplate without this intolerable pain, — a memory perhaps something like that he had of his dead mother,

something infinitely tender and beautiful, but very distant and forever out of reach. This could not be so long as he stayed in St. Athanase, where everything reminded him of Marie. Then Montreal was no great distance away, and the Mannings might at any time come on a visit to the village.

He thought it over all that winter, and at last his mind was fully made up, and he offered himself for the novitiate. There was his father to be considered, and the notary was bitterly opposed to his son's leaving St. Athanase to become a priest.

"Look you, Pierre," he said, "I did not oppose your going to Montreal at first, though I did not altogether like it. But I said to myself, Perhaps the boy will make his way. I know that what does for the fathers will not always suffice for the children: was it not so with myself? So I said, See you, Pierre goes to Montreal. Perhaps he will succeed, — who knows? Perhaps not. If not, there is my old desk for him when he returns. But, Pierre, this is different; there is no coming back. Why go away, my son? The business will be yours, and it is a good business."

But Pierre was quite resolved.

"My father," said he, "I cannot stay in St. Athanase. I cannot bear it. I shall go mad if I stay."

The notary stared.

"What is it ails thee, Pierre?"

"Nay, my father, do not ask. I am unhappy, — let me go. I am sick of this place, — let me go. I am sick of the world, — let me go."

"Thou art too young, my son, to talk of unhappiness and leaving the world. What would you?"

The notary had observed his son's melancholy, but as Pierre had always been different from the other young fellows of St. Athanase, he had thought little of it. He was utterly puzzled now. He tried hard to dissuade his son from his purpose, but Pierre was not to

be moved. In his distress, the notary asked Father Cherrier to speak to Pierre, but the priest was on his son's side. He soon saw that Pierre must have his way, — for the present, at any rate. Two or three years must pass before he could become an Oblate, and in the interval something might happen to make Pierre change his mind. Perhaps it might be best to humor his son.

But his son's resolution remained fixed. Father Cherrier wrote to his superiors about him, and in due time Pierre was received as a "scholar-novice" in the house of Our Lady of the Angels at Lachine, not far from Montreal, the seminary of the order. There he went through a course of study which at any rate occupied his mind, and even the routine of the place was a relief to him. It was a complete change from his former life, and he thought he had done well. His desire to become a member of the society remained unchanged. If there had been any uncertainty, an incident which occurred just before he entered upon the one year's special novitiate required for the priesthood in the order would have removed it. He had gone with a fellow-student to be present at a great religious function at the Cathedral in Montreal, and as he went thither he had chanced to meet Marie. She was driving in the street, and with her in the carriage were a little child and its nurse. Beautiful as ever did she seem to poor Pierre, whose heart leaped up in his breast when he saw her. The old wild longing, the sharp pain, the hopelessness of it all, came back on him at once with unabated and overwhelming force. Never, never, must he see her again. He must get away from her forever, and as far away as possible.

So Pierre became a priest. As soon as he could, he eagerly petitioned his superiors to be sent to one of the outposts of the society in the North; and, though this missionary enthusiasm was

unexpected by them, his request was granted. A few months later, after a tedious and sometimes difficult journey, he reached Fort Chip'wyan, on Lake Athabasca, just before winter set in. There he joined Father Gerard and Jerome, a lay brother, who were in charge of a flourishing mission which had been established there for some years. With them he studied the language of the Chip'wyans, and became so proficient in it that in the course of another year he was sent to the mission of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, near Fond du Lac, to take the place of an Oblate who was returning to St. Boniface, the headquarters of the society in British Northwest America.

The mission-house of Notre Dame des Sept-Douleurs is situated in one of the loneliest spots on the face of the earth. It was about the beginning of December when Pierre reached it, and winter did not make the place seem less lonely. It was with satisfaction that he noticed how completely it was cut off from the rest of the world. In almost any one, in Pierre himself, had he been in a more healthy frame of mind, it would have struck an inevitable chill. Besides the mission-house, a small trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company, some distance away, was the only dwelling-place within hundreds of miles. The mission-house itself was a hut of rudely hewn logs, standing a little back among the pines; in front of it, a vast stretch of snow, with here and there the brown earth showing through it, reaching down to the ice-bound lake, and then away across the frozen waters of Lake Athabasca as far as the eye could see. The squat fence which surrounded the hut, as well as a pile of cut wood, was nearly buried in a deep drift, beaten hard by the wind. There was a track made upon it, as if by a single pair of feet; below it, the trail went winding down the slope to the water-hole pierced in the ice, and then up and along the bank

among the trees to the Hudson's Bay Company's store. The ice of the lake, before it had been thoroughly set fast for the winter, had been washed up high on the banks, and piled in great masses on the shore and for some yards in the lake itself, where it had been crushed and twisted and broken and welded together again by the action of wind and wave and sun, until it had assumed ten thousand fantastic shapes. In the distance, long irregular black lines, sharply etched on the white plain of snow on the surface of the lake, showed where the imprisoned air had burst through the ice.

On the top of the hut, above the entrance, there was a wooden cross, carved with some skill. The interior of the hut had been arranged in two divisions. One served as the chapel: it had an altar draped in crimson, a gilt image of the Virgin, and two cheap and badly colored pictures. The other was the living-room of the Oblate. It was furnished with a couch, a table, a couple of chairs, a box strongly clamped with iron, a wood-stove, an unpainted cupboard. At one end of the room there hung a picture of Our Lady, and below it was a crucifix of brass.

When the dog-train bore away from the mission Father Bonjean, the Oblate Pierre had come to relieve, it was with a feeling of exultation that he found himself alone. And he was almost utterly alone. The clerk who had charge of the trading-post was an English half-breed and a Protestant. He was friendly enough, but there was nothing in common between him and Pierre. His wife came each morning to the mission to arrange the rooms and to prepare his food; but beyond a brief salutation they hardly spoke. Thus Pierre was left alone with his thoughts. How he had longed for this! Four years had passed since he left St. Athanase to conquer fortune for his beautiful Marie. Now he had to conquer himself. Sure-

ly, he said to himself, at this distance of time and space he could think of the past calmly; perhaps come to look upon it as some sad but beautiful dream.

A few weeks after his arrival a band of Indians came in to the mission to keep the festival of Christmas. In ten days they were gone again to their hunting-grounds, and until Easter, when they would again return for a short time, Pierre was left solitary and alone.

It was now that the utter loneliness of the place began to have an effect upon him. He had come here to forget, but with each day the past became more vivid, until he lived in it alone. Honestly and with such fervor as he could command did he follow the rules of his order; but they had no spell sufficiently great to make his story different from what it was. He tried to study his breviary, to read his Following of Christ with devotion, but thoughts other than they suggested came into his mind.

Now it was that the brooding, lonely man began to find a strange companionship in a small mirror he had brought with him. The little circle of silvered glass, in its dark walnut frame, had been given him long ago by his mother, when he had been a boy in St. Athanase, and he had kept it ever since. It was the one memorial of her he had, and it was sacred to him for her sake. Had any one else looked in it, when it imaged back the face of Pierre, he would have seen the pallid features, the wistful eyes, of the Oblate, — a mournful and piteous sight, truly, which might haunt him with its pathos, — but he would have seen nothing more. To Pierre it became something different from what it was. At the beginning of that long, weary, dragging winter, when he had for the first time in his life been left utterly alone, it had seemed to him, as he saw in it his own face, something companionable, something like a friend. After he had risen from his couch in the morning, and had prostrated himself at the foot of the

crucifix, his face pale from spent emotions, it was the first object that his eyes sought when he rose from his knees. After passing hours sitting thinking, if he took a few steps in his narrow room, the mirror caught his glance at each turn. Involuntarily it became bound up with all his thoughts. It often gave them a new direction. Some expression of his face that he saw there brought back a particular scene, a half-forgotten memory. From what we see to what we seem to see is but a step. Reared as Pierre had been among a superstitious, much-believing people, it was not long before the idea grew upon him that the mirror was something living, until it did become to him alive. It lived and breathed; it spoke to Pierre.

He told himself over and over again that it was a trick of the senses, but the idea was stronger than his reason. He fought against it, but it grew upon him. In vain he disciplined himself with prayers and fastings. Several times he took it down from the wall and examined it. Once or twice he thought of destroying it, but it defied him. It spoke to him then of his old home, of the happy life of his boyhood, in which the central figure was his mother. She had given him the glass: were these her eyes which now looked at him from it? How clearly he saw her, and the face of his little sister nestling against hers! Both of them were dead, but the mirror made them live for him again. At such times the intervening years were blotted out.

Again, he would see his father's face in the mirror, with the look of trouble and of grief upon it that it had when he said farewell. His father's eyes looked at him with reproach. Was it well to leave him? Would it not have been nobler and manlier to have stayed with him, as he had at first proposed, than to have deserted him? Perhaps he might have conquered his pain. But here it had a deeper stab for him now;

it never left him long, night or day. He had come here to overcome the past, and the past, God help him, was overcoming him now more than ever. But in St. Athanase —

Ah, that is the face of his old friend, Father Cherrier. Well, he too had joined the invisible some time before Pierre had left Canada. Glancing at the book which detailed the *personnel* of the order of the Oblates, he had seen his name in its black-edged necrology, among those over whom was inscribed a *requiescant*. How calm and serene was the dead man's face as it looked at him! — how steadfast were the eyes!

Sometimes the mirror would show him the companions of his boyhood. There, that is the face of Simon, — happy, contented Simon. They had often boated together on the Richelieu in the summer evenings; often had they skated together upon it in the early winter. He has a stout wife now, and laughing children, and his father's farm. Yes, it is a pleasant face.

And so is this of Blaise, another old comrade, who has now the store at the corner of the street, near the church, in St. Athanase.

Ah, that is the white face of Baptiste, — the face of the dead man he had drawn out from the river.

Alas! the beautiful river and the old village, — how near they sometimes were, and then again how far off! How long had he been here? Counted by months it was but a short time, but this was no adequate measurement.

There is hardly a moment that the mirror does not show him in some form or other his lost Marie. All the other faces led up to her face; they faded out to show him hers, — sometimes with the fresh, girlish charm which had enraptured him when he first loved her. Now she would flash upon him her great violet eyes; the ripe lips would redly pout, or part with a sunny smile. Again, the shapely head, with the dark hair massed

about it, would bend towards him, as if to call him near. What a splendid curve was the oval of her face! Sometimes she looks at him with the careless, *riante* gladness he had noticed when he met her immediately after her marriage. But her face as it had appeared upon the occasion when he had seen her last, with her child — *his*, Manning's, child — beside her, is what he oftenest thinks he sees.

For poor Pierre there was no shutting out the past. His experiment was resulting in direst failure. It was not long — how could it be? — before the memories of his life, which the mirror caused to live again with a cruel realism, became hideous, ghastly mockeries. The man was slowly going mad. He had allowed his imagination to lead him on until it had betrayed him. In this profound solitude, with nothing outside him but the overwhelming desolation, with nothing within him but a mind ever growing more and more dejected and despairing with morbid retrospection, brooding constantly upon the past, this living mirror became a mocking fiend instead of the friend he had first imagined it.

The faces that at last appeared in it — faces he had never seen, but which had some bewildering trace of faces that he had seen — reproached him, sneered at him, flouted him, laughed at him. Visitants from the other world, spectral appearances of all kinds, good and bad, he had heard about from his childhood, — such were the faces the mirror showed him now: hateful faces, evil faces, deadly faces, devilish faces! He ceased to struggle against the mirror. He lost any power but that of submission to it. All idea of destroying it had left him: it was too much alive with a monstrous life for that.

His madness worked upon him in other ways. His morbid mind changed every sound or the absence of sound into something infernal. The wind, when it

stormed among the trees or drove the snow before it across the lake, seemed the shouting of fiends. The wolf's howl was the cry of a lost soul.

Thus the terrible days, with this unending nightmare, passed on till Easter, — the Oblate performing meanwhile the personal duties his vows imposed upon him with a piteous precision, — till some families of the Chip'wyans came in to the mission to keep the feast, and at the same time to dispose of their furs at the trading-post. Their presence roused Pierre for a time: there were baptisms and other services to perform. But there was no life in the man; it had been absorbed by the accursed mirror. The Indians wondered at the pallid, sunken face, at the emaciated frame, at the eyes that burned so strangely. They brought him of their best, and he gave them their gifts back again gently and kindly, telling them that he had no lack of food.

It was in the midst of the Easter services that the winter-packet, which had been slowly traveling northwards through the snow, from the Red River Settlement, came in to Fond du Lac with letters for Pierre; among them, a long letter from his father. He did not at once open it, and some instinct kept him from looking at it till the Indians had gone again to hunt in the wilderness; but by the returning dog-train he sent back a message to St. Athanase to say to his father that he was well.

II.

It is wearing on in the afternoon, and the cold evening shadows are descending upon the mission of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows. The Oblate is again alone. In the gathering darkness Pierre sits in the unlighted room; his figure is huddled together; the sheets of his father's letter are lying in a little white heap at his feet, where they have fallen from his hands. He had read them over slowly once, and then

swiftly, feverishly, again. Then they had dropped from his hands.

This is what he read : —

“My son, is it well with thee? Art thou better? Art thou finding that peace which our little village denied thee? Thou couldst not stay in St. Athanase. What were thy thoughts? What was thy secret? I have missed thee sorely, but I comforted myself when I said, My son is happy. He has followed his vocation; it is well with him. But it hath carried thee away from all thy friends and from thy father. Yet it is well if thou art at rest and thy mind is quiet. Thy father is glad if thou art glad. But my heart misgives me when I think of the desolation of the wilderness, of the long, cold winter. Who is there that tends thee now? When thou wast here, I did not think of thee as I ought. Perhaps it was that I was busy; perhaps I said to myself, It is best that young folk should have their way, without too much interference from their elders; perhaps it was that I said, My son will do something greater than I have done. Did not I do better than my father? And now, Pierre, tell me if there is anything that I can send thee. Surely thou wilt tell thy father, who loveth thee, if there is.

“It is nearly a year since I bade thee farewell at Montreal, and then I told thee all the news of the village. Thy friends are well, — Etienne, and Blaise, and Simon, and big Hilaire, and Joseph with the red face, and the others. They say that Jean-Louis, with whom thou hadst a fight when you were boys together, — dost thou remember? — is to marry Julie Deltour, the baker's fat daughter. The baker is rich, and perhaps will give her a fat dowry to match.

“But I have other news for thee.

“Thou rememberest the small stone house by the elms, not far from the bridge which crosses our river? It was

in my charge, and I had sought in vain a tenant for it for a long time. Just after thou hadst gone on thy journey — how gladly did I hear of thy safe arrival at Fort Chip'wyan! — I received a letter from a solicitor in Montreal, desiring the house for a client, Madame Manning, who would occupy it immediately. I had the house put in order, and on the lady's arrival I waited upon her to offer my services. Canst thou guess who it was? It was Marie de Calles. For one moment before she came I thought that the lady named by the solicitor might be the Madame Manning we had known in St. Athanase, but on reflection I had dismissed the idea. Why should she come here without her husband? Then did not her father and mother live in the village? If it were she, she would go to them. 'Tis a stranger, I said, and the name is but a coincidence.

“But it was our Madame Manning. Dost thou remember Marie de Calles? Perhaps not; thou wast absent in Montreal when she was married to M. Manning. But of course thou hadst seen her in St. Athanase long ago. Such a splendid marriage as it was! Such gifts, such flowers! What a beautiful bride, what a handsome bridegroom! These exclamations were in everybody's mouth. 'Twas a pity thou wast not here to see so brave a sight.

“It is four or five years ago since the marriage, and madame has two lovely children, who look at you timidly with the eyes of their mother. I saw them pass in a carriage, the other day, with their grandam.

“But the marriage has turned out most unhappily. Madame did not give me her confidence; any one, however, could see she was in deep trouble. She was pale, and had a look of suffering on her face. I feared she was in a decline, as she had the *spirituelle* appearance of the consumptive. But she said nothing to me, nor do I think she told her story to any one in the village. However, it

is well known enough now, though everything may not be just as it is reported.

"For two or three years the marriage was happy enough. M. Manning, whom thou mayest also remember,—he bought Quillette's farm from us,—was kind to her. He was proud of her beauty, and nothing was too fine so that it set it off. He gave her magnificent presents,—diamonds, and furs, and what not. She was everywhere acknowledged to be the most beautiful woman of the day. And as she was devoted to her husband he was the envy of all.

"Wouldst thou believe it, Pierre? M. Manning grew weary of her devotion, and became tired even of her beauty. It is said another lady came to Montreal,—not nearly so beautiful as his wife, but with a strange fascination before which men fell down powerless. It happened that she came just when Manning was wearying of his wife. I have not seen her, but they say she was brilliant, yet cold,—cold to everybody but him. Over him she cast a spell. His admiration of her was soon observed. Wherever she was, there also was M. Manning. For a time madame did not, or perhaps would not, notice it. But thou knowest that there are always kind friends near at hand to whisper of such doings in the ears of those who would rather not hear them. Of course madame was jealous. How could it be otherwise? She found herself completely neglected for this stranger. She spoke to her husband, and 't is said there were violent scenes. I cannot believe it of such a distinguished gentleman as M. Manning, but it is even reported that he struck her. For myself, I doubt it. Such a man has more deadly weapons than his hands.

"Madame then pursued a different course. She resolved to have done with expostulation, and to play the same game that he was playing. She openly preferred the society of a gentleman well known in the capital. True, he was a

great friend of her husband's, but her preference was remarked. Of course her husband remarked it also, and even taunted her with this *liaison*. But madame's heart was not in it, and she gave up the struggle against her rival. At this time she had a serious illness, brought on by her trouble, and she has never recovered from it altogether.

"Perhaps thou canst anticipate the end? One day M. Manning told his wife that he had to go off on business for some weeks. A few days later it was learned that he had sailed for Europe, and not alone.

"This is madame's story as it is told in the village. Is it not sad?

"Madame tried for a time to bear up against her misfortunes, but they have been too much for her. She left Montreal and came hither. She would know nobody here, save her relatives. For myself, I fear she is dying, and that the end cannot be far off. She is very thin, very pale, very weak. She never goes out of the house save to church. All her old beauty has gone from her, they say, save that her eyes are more beautiful than ever. They look like the eyes of a hunted deer. Thou knowest what I mean.

"I do not know why I should tell thee this, my Pierre, but that it is almost the only subject of conversation in St. Athanas outside the ordinary round of our life.

"Adieu, my son.

"Send me word that thou art well.

"Thy loving father,

"MTTU. LACORDIÈRE."

A postscript was added: "I open this letter to say that there is a report that madame is dead. I went out into the village to learn if it were true, and I was told that Father Barret had been hurriedly sent for. . . . It is true; thus my fears are realized. Ah, how sad it all is! I am glad that her little children are provided for; their grandam will take care of them."

So the old man had written in his garrulous fashion, unwitting that every word had a stab for his son.

"Is it well with thee, my son?" The awful irony of it all!

The April day comes to a close. Unconscious of the flight of time, Pierre remains in the same attitude for hours.

His first feeling is one of intolerable shock. Marie dead, dead, dead! Again and again does he go over his whole story, her whole story. With what hopes, what promise, what brave and gallant thoughts, had his begun for him! He had never thought that the end might be this. He had meant to isolate what was their common past, and to keep it from any change; something he might muse over sadly, but into which nothing fresh should come. He had imagined that he could close his account with the past when he entered the Oblates, and that with what should happen later he should have nothing to do. Yet this was the end! Marie dead, broken-hearted! More than that, she had been dead for months; and he had pictured her glad and happy, with everything about her that her heart could wish. His own brave and loyal spirit had been buoyed up by it. Then the lying mirror had told him so, and he had believed it; it had mocked at all his inward batblings, but it had never suggested such misery as this.

The chill dawn lightens up the room of the Oblate, but it brings no brightness to him. As his thoughts keep going the same fevered round, he becomes conscious of a strange sense of tightening about his head: it is as if some invisible hand is compressing his brain with its iron fingers. It continues till it is unendurable. He moves restlessly from his position. His eyes, which have been shut, open and wander; from the force of habit they look into the mirror.

There he beholds Marie,—beholds her without wonder or fear, but no longer

does she appear to him in all the gracious charm of her beauty. He can hardly see anything now but her eyes: they are large and sad in the gray light of the morning; they are full of a tearless pity for him and for herself. He cannot bear to look long into them. The tears rise to his own; he weeps; the pressure for a time lifts from his brain.

Marie, beautiful Marie, dead! Living, he had loved her; dead, he loved her not less. Ay, could he not the more love her now? Did not death, kind death, make her his at last? Her husband was nothing to her now. Her husband—

A storm of rage sweeps over him when he thinks of Manning; it shuts out everything else. How he had been deceived! He had imagined Manning the most devoted husband; a man worthy of the girl whose love was not for him,—of whom he had said in his humility he was not himself worthy. In the midst of his own heart-bitterness, when he had struggled with his jealousy and despair, he had found some comfort in the thought that Marie was happy with the man of her love. Moreover, there had been a dreary satisfaction in seeing so peerless a gem so fitly set, so becomingly worn. Had it all been the hollowest make-believe? Well, it had ended thus. Manning had deserted her, flung her from him for another who had taken his wandering fancy. There was neither loyalty, nor truth, nor faith, nor courage, in the man he had thought worthy; only a common and vulgar story,—the sort of story which made a cynical world smile with its ever enjoyable comment, "I told you so."

What vengeance could reach this man? Was Manning not far beyond all reach of vengeance from him?

Pierre, as he thinks of Manning, paces quickly up and down the little room. His madness is on him again.

Outside it is intensely cold. Absorbed

by his own thoughts, Pierre has not replenished the fire, and it is burnt out; and the stove is cold as ice. The temperature within the hut is almost as low as that of the outside air. Though it is April, it is still as cold in these latitudes as in midwinter; and the ice on the lake does not break up till far on in June. Pierre heeds not the cold. There is a fever in his veins; the man's whole being is afire.

As the dawn slowly broadens to day the air is calm and still, save for the hungry howling of wolves. They are strangely near the cottage; they seem to be closing in upon it. It is as if a ghastly circle of them ringed it round, as if the circle is growing less and less. Does some instinct tell them of the doom there is upon the cottage? Pierre hears their cries, and to his disordered mind they seem like the shouts of the demons of the accursed mirror.

Again Pierre feels that tightening upon his brain, and he can bear it but little longer.

"Ah, Manning, if thou wert here!" exclaims Pierre in fury.

Manning is there. The living mirror shows Pierre his face distinctly, — the handsome face. God! What a sneer of triumph there is upon it! How the eyes swell with devilish glee!

"You have killed Marie, my Marie!" he shouts in a terrible voice. "You shall die!"

Manning mocks him.

"What have you to do with Marie? A priest, forsooth!" And the imaged lips laugh at him.

Quickly Pierre raises his hand to strike, but before the blow falls the face of Manning disappears, and the great sad eyes of Marie look at him instead.

With one shuddering shriek the Oblate falls down heavily, a dark huddled mass, unconscious, upon the floor.

Hurry, hurry, Mère Goitten, before the wolves!

The room is cold, icy cold, when Mère Goitten comes to the mission-house from the trading-post, to attend to the father's wants, as she has done every day since he came. She enters, but there is no friendly salutation for her this morning. With terror she sees Pierre stretched upon the floor. She touches his hands, — they are ice; his hair, — it is stiff with frost. She tries to raise him, but her efforts are fruitless, and so she desists, and runs back to the post to bring her husband.

Tenderly, reverently, do they move the body. They moisten the white lips with brandy, they chafe the white cheeks with snow, they rub his white hands and his white feet; and Pierre revives for a few moments. But it is too late. The vital forces are too much weakened by the long, terrible mental struggle to bear any further strain.

His lips move.

"Marie, Marie," is the faint whisper; and Mère Goitten crosses herself.

"He is calling on the Holy Mother," she says.

"Marie," Pierre says again, in a firmer voice.

He tries to sit up, and Goitten supports him. He raises his eyes: they travel round the room, past the pictured Virgin and the crucifix, and fix themselves on the mirror. He looks at it fixedly, and tries to motion Mère Goitten to bring it to him. She takes it down from the wall. He looks at it intently. It is but a bit of glass.

"It was my mother's," he says, and with his eyes fixed on it falls back dead.

Then there is silence upon the snows; silence in the hut above the still, white face; silence forevermore in the dead man's heart.

R. Machray.

LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

PETER's choice of a Finnish marsh for the site of his European capital has been greatly marveled at by historians. Some, forgetting that monarch's frequent brushes with the Swedes along the Neva, have pronounced the selection a mere caprice. Others, losing sight of the reformer's adventurous spirit and characteristically racial love of novelty, have seen in the founding of the modern Russian metropolis little more than the act of a madman, or the infatuation of a fool. Yet a position more sheltered by land and sea, a port better connected with Europe and less a part of Europe, a chief city in a higher degree suited to a state with a standing policy of expansion, a centre of government further removed from the shock of a popular revolution or less open to the attacks of a foreign foe, a capital more isolated and inaccessible than St. Petersburg, — these no extremes of political foresight or of happy accident could have so well provided for modern Russia as they have been supplied by the great metropolis of Slav empire in the north. Merely to reach by land this furtive city on the Neva, in its hiding-place almost at the foot of the granite heights of Finland, would involve a march far more fatiguing than that which Napoleon and the Grand Army undertook to Moscow. To strike Russia in a vulnerable point would mean to strike her in a dozen points at once, since the capital of Slav power in the east of Europe is no national heart, but only an administrative centre, which may be changed with even greater facility than that shown in recent government oscillations between Paris, Versailles, and Lyons. By sea, moreover, the passage to St. Petersburg is a strange zigzag, crowded with obstacles that seem to increase in number and formidableness the nearer one draws to

the goal. In a season favorable to spectacles of which the contrasting elements are contributed by land and water, the course is one exceedingly picturesque. High summer, at any rate, touches it as with an enchanter's wand, greening the low Scandinavian shores, turning the "black Baltic" into a transparent deep of aqueous blue, and in the gulf giving to midnight the luminousness of only half-quenched day. But if the way is bright, it is also devious. From the English coast the course runs northward; in the Kattegat the steamer heads for the south, but only to mount again towards the polar regions; while the later part of the journey lies in the direction of the dawn: added to which there are sudden turns and windings to be accomplished, islands to be skirted, hidden rocks to be avoided, mirage cities and their gleaming pillars and spires to be taken not seriously, but for the phantoms they are. In winter a white boom, wide as the Gulf of Finland, and as long, bars the navigator from the upper Russian waters. Here for miles the flying sail of the ice-boat warns away the steadier canvas of merchant fleets and ocean steamers during six months out of every twelve. Even when thaw sets in, at the end of April, the Baltic is not more, but less, navigable than in the season of frost; for the sea is then alive with glittering privateers, not more picturesque above water than they are deadly beneath it, or with mastless derelicts that have broken loose from their moorings in the Gulf of Bothnia, and are melting southwards in the teeth of the early skippers and the warm west wind. Before Cronstadt itself "the Tsar's granite squares," as they are grimly called, command the wave with many tiers of ponderous artillery: so numerous are the forts and

batteries at this point that they narrow the Gulf of Finland to less than half a dozen navigable passages, none of them more than a few yards in width. While beyond Cronstadt, from the forts to St. Petersburg, a distance of about twenty miles, stretch the shallows, forming the last and least surmountable obstacle of the whole course.¹

The traveler to the Russian capital by water thus meets at Cronstadt with a reception similar in kind, if not like in degree, to that which harbor-masters, custom-house officials, and, in extreme cases, artillery officers are prepared to offer to the heaviest squadrons afloat. His steamer, whatever may be the fame of its "trips to St. Petersburg," never passes Cronstadt, and is there "docked" until the moment comes for its return to the English, French, or German coast. Such of its passengers as wish to complete their journey must do so under new conditions. Six hours or more after the transfer they may be seen on the way to the capital in one of those puffing, Pancks-like river steamers that ply between Cronstadt and the Neva mouths three or four times in the course of the summer day. One compensation, at least, there is on board one of these shallow-bottomed craft, for the grimy filth of one's material surroundings, for the spy-like attention of the brass-buttoned customs official, whose prisoner one virtually is until St. Petersburg is reached: it is the consciousness that the goal is nearing, is at hand. The Finnish and Russian shores close slowly in; tiny flags begin to mark the channel of the Neva, whose waters grow more and more distinct from those of the gulf. Finally some keen eye glimpses, through a break in the lazily shifting vapor of the horizon, a bright lance, shimmering for a moment with reflected sunlight; or far ahead a gilt

cuirass high in air, or something that, in the sultry thickness of the atmosphere, reminds one of the copper moon of a lunar eclipse in its penumbral phase. Ten minutes later the veil rolls upward, and St. Petersburg lies on the retina, an image long, narrow, and many-spined, panoramic in its vividness, recalling one of those ideals of the far-off Eastern city that live in the fancies of the poet and the painter. There are dark outlines in the picture, it is true; a closer view reveals many quite Western details of prosaic brick and unpolished stone; but these heighten, by contrast, the striking features of an image that, suddenly received by the eye, seems for a moment everywhere aglow with gilt spears, golden cupolas, star-dotted towers and temples, here capped by crescent and cross, there bulbed over with graceful curves of green and blue.

My own first impressions of the Russian capital were gathered during the late hours of a long summer night; at a time when partial withdrawal of the human element seemed to lend an aspect of added vastness to wide streets, spacious squares, noble lines of quays, and high buildings. St. Petersburg has an appearance really unique amongst cities. Untouched by the stony frost of mock age which makes London venerable, with little of the freshness of masonry and architecture that charms visitors to the capital of France, differing from Berlin as much as a Russian bureaucrat differs from a Prussian martinet, though with an inner resemblance suggesting that of the "rescript" to the ukaz, St. Petersburg may fall conspicuously short, in mere magnificence, of many other great centres of population and government in Europe; but in the single quality of impressiveness I venture to say that it excels them all. Its nearly perfect levels, its

¹ A canal recently constructed permits the passage of large vessels between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, but, being easily destructible, cannot

be regarded as impairing the natural defenses of the Russian capital.

straight lines, its right angles and hollow squares, have always captivated the military fancy; as the city is permanently in a state of siege and well-nigh half full of soldiers, the phrase which dubs it a military camp is the most appropriate of all metaphors. But to the merely lay imagination Petropolis has an awful solidity, like that of the hills from which its builders drew their granite blocks; its ponderousness is an unfailing source of bewilderment. How its hotels came to be massive in appearance as jails, its lodging-houses to wear the aspect of barracks, its public offices to seem hewn bodily from the rock; how, in fact, stone, so lacking to the country as a whole, should be the great, ever-present feature of material environment in the capital, and should there thrust itself beneath one's feet and above one's head in a profusion that points eloquently to days in which the Russian contractor was not, — these are questions that do not perplex the less because the true answer to them is to be sought in Peter himself, not in the industry or the architecture of the period in which he lived. In the European capital of the reformer the traveler sees the exaggerated antithesis not only of the Moscow capital of wood, but of the whole "wood" period of house-building in Russia. Peter planned a contrast and aimed at a resemblance, but as a city builder he knew too much of Russia to properly limit the one, too little of Europe not to overdo the other. Happily, the reformer's predilection for stone has given a massive, monotonous character to no more than the framework of the city. There is an irresistible appeal to the eye in the noble Neva, with its numerous branches and canals, spanned by bridges as graceful as those of the Seine or the Thames; in the quays, with their marble palaces and outlook upon the wooded islands and holiday resorts of the capital; in frequent parks, public gardens, and open

spaces or "fields;" in churches and praying chapels, full of costly shrines, beautiful images, and impressive services. It is true enough, of course, that you cannot indulge in boating on the stream, the calmness and purity of whose waters you admire so much, without paying to attend upon you a passenger who is a police spy as well as a boatman; that the palaces, at whose grand outlines you never cease to marvel, are some of them protected by subterranean canals against the subtle approach of the conspirator's parallel, or are surrounded by trenches at points where, a few feet beneath the roadway, the popular imagination hears the tread of armed patrols; that some of the "fields" are utilized to the recovery of the popular health, and others employed as hideous state golgothas, wherein those who loved their country not wisely, but too well, have first been strangled and then buried; and that probably the most zealous opponents of the popular cause in Russia are the secret inquisitors into political morals who wear the garb of the church in the service of the state. St. Petersburg is none the less a splendid capital, a wondrous mingling of East and West, the mighty centre of an iron system, the seat of a trinity of granite, winter, and Tsarism, that with the tenacity of a spiritual faith and the tyranny of a material superstition holds sway alike over the senses and the soul.

To many, no doubt, the structural interest of the Russian capital will stand towards its human interest in a relation of decided inferiority. To know St. Petersburg as a city one must neglect no tour or visit likely to promote acquaintance with its contrasted quarters and varying aspects. A knowledge of the capital as a centre of population can be gained by a mere study of its representative streets. Watching conscientiously a thoroughfare like the Nevsky Prospect, for example, the traveler will learn more in an hour about Rus-

sia and Russian life than he can possibly gather during whole months spent in consulting guide-books, or taking part in gregarious visits to monuments, picture-galleries, and churches. It may startle him to find that in Russia the class distinctions of Western Europe have little or no expression in out-door life. Having heard of the rank assigned to the Nevsky as the most fashionable thoroughfare in St. Petersburg, he may not be prepared to witness the intimate mingling of democratic and aristocratic elements everywhere noticeable in this treeless boulevard. In the older countries parts of a community may become so far isolated from each other by differences of wealth and position as to give a special aspect to the streets or districts in which they settle. In Russia distinctions of class are fewer and less strongly marked than in Western Europe; no rivalry intensifies them, nor are they prompted by any strong feeling of separated interest. A formal separation of classes exists, it is true, but behind this lies a sense of communal solidarity which, however its growth may have been aided or its extinction hindered by political causes, had its origin in the democratic character of the national foundations. This is why the Nevsky Prospect is a Regent Street and a Ratcliffe Highway combined, or, better, a Champs Elysées and a Boulevard St. Antoine rolled into one. Its remarkable variety is a product of the widest differences of rank and dwelling-place. It is the home of the highest and the lowest in the land. The wretched peasants who sell watermelon seeds in its gutters are as sure of finding their resting-place for the night in the Nevsky as the land-owning grandees whose carriage wheels are every moment threatening amputation to the venders' bare feet. In luxurious apartments level with the street are the ministers who receive, the imperial councilors who consult, the princes in daily contact with

royalty; but nearer to the sky than all these is the woman who sings the "song of the shirt," the droshky driver who piles up his copeks of copper against the evil day of famine, or the student-dreamer learning to hibernate till the police come and find him cold and stark, at rest in his northern Nirvana. Yet the strangest of all contrasts which the thoroughfare of a great capital can offer is this: that it shall present to you royalty dining in scarlet and poverty partaking of its daily meal in rags, the two so near each other that, were it inclined, royalty might witness the fare and garb of poverty with its own eyes, might even swell the humbler meal from its own table. This, the most remarkable of all juxtapositions, is actually offered by the Nevsky Prospect. From the Annichkin Palace it is no more than a few yards across the roadway to the nearest corner on the opposite side. At that angle is a small *pogreb*, literally "cellar," in which the same spectacle may be witnessed from the street, at a given hour, each night, year in, year out. Thither comes habitually a band of twelve, led by a graybeard. The men wear red shirts and loosely fitting trousers, that sometimes precede, sometimes lag behind, the limbs which protrude from them. All descend, and for a moment disappear. But gazing through the window of their retreat, you may see the twelve seated at a table, — a circle of shaggy, matted heads, twinkling, expectant eyes, and silent lips. In a few moments a steaming bowl appears in their midst, crowning each with an aureole of vapor. What is it? Broth? Cabbage soup? The famous, scarcely pronounceable *shchi*? Impossible to say! But where are the plates? There are none. It is the spoons that are of importance. Each figure has seized one and sits ready. Then, with a slow and solemn movement, the graybeard dips his into the steaming mixture, and thence conveys

the half-liquid nutriment to his mouth. His right-hand neighbor, with the same deliberate gravity, plunges a second spoon into the bowl; after a reverential pause, a third ventures to take his share: and thus the movement, once begun, passes contagiously round the table until the bowl is quite empty and the aureoles have all vanished. Solemnly the twelve rise; silently the graybeard leads them to the stairway top; and there you lose them in the flow and whirl of the street. That the emperor has seen them from his window opposite is unlikely, for what is there to interest a Tsar in a dozen laborers coming once a day into the Nevsky for their dinner?

The great charm of the Nevsky Prospect for the military and official eye is its fullness of uniforms. At times every third man you meet is a soldier. The Circassian or Khirgiz foreigner rarely visits the capital save in military dress. It would need an expert ethnologist to name on the spot all the representatives of Russia's subject races who promenade the Nevsky every day in the year; yet a layman may make many happy guesses by merely discriminating between peculiarities of attire. Pupils of the St. Petersburg military schools invariably wear uniform. With few exceptions, all students are uniformed, the dress being occasionally of the strictest military pattern. Young girls studying at the various educational establishments are no more spared from this law of outward resemblances on account of sex than fellow professors and teachers are excused from it on the ground of position. There are military uniforms, official uniforms, religious uniforms, educational uniforms; uniforms of royalty, uniforms of nobility, uniforms of rank, uniforms of service; distinctive attires for all degrees of achievement and degradation; dresses optional and dresses enforced. The spectacular effect of this contrasting of attires, this mixing and blending of ribbons, buckles,

stars, epaulettes, wristbands, armbands, badges, stripes, cockades, may be easily imagined. Yet it is not a little heightened by the cross-fire of signals which is continually going on between the elements of the checkered army. It is the duty of the soldier to salute his superior, of the pupil to salute his teacher, and of both to salute the city and government authorities. It thus becomes the lot of the uniformed class to be ever and at a moment's notice separating itself into categories of superiority and subordination, that each may discharge its prearranged duties of respect, recognition, and acknowledgment. In England a system of this kind would weary; Americans would quickly bring it to an end by a social revolt. The pedestrians of the Nevsky Prospect acquiesce in it mechanically. To them the act of saluting is no more an intellectual operation than is the act of making the sign of the cross. In the Russian mind, to apply the phraseology of Mr. Herbert Spencer, the two movements are alike automatic, being simply psychical states that have attained to complete organization.

The really mysterious element of life in St. Petersburg is one that transcends Western experiences. Below the outward forms of things you enter an atmosphere in which thought seems limited by new laws. Out of novel habits, strange customs, hereditary legacies of the intellect in which you have had no share, the fancy makes a stair for its ascent into another planet. The differences you encounter everywhere are unlikenesses not between Aryan and Aryan, but between Europe and Asia on the one hand, between a new and an old civilization on the other. Readily would the native help you in your bewilderments, were it within his power, but the abnormal to you is the normal to him. You call upon him to look, and he sees nothing. Your spectres are his thin air, the novelties you italicize his

daily commonplace. So that in time your surprise becomes less demonstrative, if not less acute. In time your diary is content to hold the mirror up to nature. "The municipal council," for example, "has just fixed the price of bread for the next twelve months." "The *Golos* punished for 'improper tendencies' by an order depriving it for six months of the right to publish advertisements." "The authorities about to raise money by imposing a tax on all foreigners resident in St. Petersburg." "Newspapers contain appeals on behalf of poor families in the capital." "A well-known police official purchases the wife of a subordinate for ten thousand roubles." "Newspaper proprietor exiled to a northern province for having published a cartoon representing, in a series of nine views, the torments of a dog attacked by a wasp, and finally forced to retire into kennel: the whole without head-line, but believed in official circles to be an allusion to the Tsar's enforced retirement to Gatchina." "Householders warned that the morrow is the 'name-day' of the empress, and that they must celebrate on the occasion, — that is to say, hang out banners and burn lamps, — or pay a heavy penalty." And thus it runs on, this record of events, a mere story of familiar experience to the native Russian, but to the foreigner a tale of doings in a world all other than his own.

It may be well here to remind the reader that the habit of living in lodgings is general in St. Petersburg. So far as Russian life is a bivouac, the term "lodgings"¹ is aptly used; etymologically, it corresponds with the English "house," or "home," and is therefore without the sense usually associated with it in the West. In the capital a man who lives in his own house occupies little more than a corner of it, or sleeps in a palace. Some of

¹ The Russian word is literally "quarters," suggesting an analogous expression in French.

the richest families are content with lodgings, and but few of them need all the apartments which constitute a St. Petersburg flat. This is in itself suggestive of the scale upon which houses are built in the great Russian cities. But it is all too inadequate as preparation for the statement that a St. Petersburg lodging-house frequently contains as many as a thousand rooms, with a population of from two to three thousand persons. The finest apartments are on the ground floor; the poorest are reached by ascent of from ten to twelve stories. A suite of six rooms suffices for the wealthiest lodgers who have no palace of their own. Two or three supply all the needs of the well-to-do tradesman and his family; the majority of professional men who are bachelors, nearly all teachers and students, and a large class of officials find themselves amply accommodated by a single apartment. The cost of lodgings depends, of course, upon such elements as situation, number and furnishing of rooms, height of flat, and service. As a rule, it may be said that, taking into consideration the general purchasing power of the money expended, — a precaution consistently neglected in international comparisons of this kind, — house rent is somewhat higher in St. Petersburg than it is in Paris or London. I offer these details simply in order that the reader may be the better prepared for a singular custom to which I here invite his attention. Rent charges in Russia are invariably exacted "in advance," even when a lodger surrounds himself with luggage valuable enough to yield the amount of a whole year's arrears. Upon personal property of this kind there can be legally no lien. The same Russian law which hampers foreigner and native alike with the police surveillance of passport regulations, seizing every opportunity to throw obstacles in the way of free movement, gives to a lodger the fullest right to carry off his

luggage in the teeth of an irate landlord clamoring for the settlement of his unpaid bill. Any forcible detention of property in such cases is treated by the courts as a quasi-criminal offense. How easy it is, under these circumstances, to attach to a whole class an undeserved stigma of sordid caution, or of suspicious distrust of their fellow-beings, will be at once seen. The law itself is an interesting survival: its origin, as a defense of personal rights in the country where the modern ukaz so frequently ignores them, must lie as deeply in historical causes as the democratic period itself.¹

We have thus noted, in a general way, how persistent is the tendency of Russian life, even in the most advanced aspects of its urban civilization, to revert to strictly communal forms. It will now be seen that the absence of strict lines of class separation and the close physical intimacies of wealth and poverty are continued in Russia as sociological phenomena by habits of house-building and domestic economy. The old patriarchal life of the Slav, in which a number of families cohabited practically, sometimes actually, under the same roof, has its merely material aspects vividly suggested by the many-roomed lodging-houses of St. Petersburg. Where a number of students form an association for mutual and collective benefit, with a common fund made up of the contributions of each, the communal idea attains to a much more than formal realization. Generally speaking, there is little real isolation from each other of the occupants of a Russian flat. When all are engaged in educational work, as teachers or students, a brotherly sociableness makes light of partitions. The lodging-house is structurally a continuous quadrangular wall, full of apartments, the windows of which look out upon the inclosed

space within. Comrades know each other's windows, while the corridors lead easily from room to room. Reunions are numerous under these circumstances, and no more charming or delicate part is taken in them than by the young girls, whom eagerness for knowledge has led to the capital, hundreds of versts, it may be, from their own homes, and who, once in St. Petersburg, labor with singular perseverance and a really remarkable success to qualify themselves for the positions to which they aspire.

But these phalansteries have another aspect, and it is related to that just described as night is to day. To understand it fully one must have that power of sympathy with another race which it seems to be the business of most national processes of culture to suppress. To interpret it fully demands a special faculty which I do not possess. It is a mental state, the product of many influences. It gives color to thought, but cannot be reduced to language, and bears the same vague relation to uttered speech as music. In evasiveness it resembles one of those ideas that can be expressed only in a far-off way by thoughts lying in adjacent planes. When the centre is inaccessible, you measure the periphery. Yet multiply illustrations and metaphors as you may, the result will be little more than so many asymptotic lines. Exact definition of this dark presence hovering over Russian life is impossible. Were any human being able to compass adequately the description of it, some would dub him rhetorician, others would attack him for his metaphysics, many more would call him mad. It has, nevertheless, so strange a vitality in Russia as a moulder of literary expression that, despite the strictest censorship in the world, it gives its character to every book of note issued from the press. Above all, it

¹ In a suit for a large sum of money claimed on account of medical attendance, the counsel for the defendant cited an un repealed law from the

time of Peter the Great, making it impossible to recover more than a copek for the services of a medical man. A verdict was given for a copek !

wrought that inimitable language of moods which enabled writers like Pushkin, Gogol, Lermontov, and Dostoevsky to play an important part in awakening the national consciousness against the forces of oppression and wrong.

Let us, then, try to realize for a moment what life in St. Petersburg is, not to the easy-minded traveler, whose home is far away and who may leave Russia at any moment, but to the native resident, whose family ties and general interests — to say nothing of patriotism — bind him to the country even more firmly than he may chance to be attached to it by the arbitrariness of the police.¹ The lodging-house, under circumstances like these, wears an aspect strikingly suggestive of the jail. Exigencies of state turn the communal dwelling-place and its picturesque survivals into an aggregation of cells, watched over by a house-porter in the pay of the police. This functionary is a very Heimdal in sharpness of senses: he hears the faintest sounds, and sees without any light whatever; while his omnipresence when not wanted is far more complete than any magic carpet of Arabian tale could make it. This personage it is who mounts guard at the *porte-cochère* to watch entries and exits; it is he who sees that all new lodgers are promptly numbered and pigeon-holed at police headquarters; he who keeps a record of the personal habits, companions, and resorts of every man, woman, and child under his charge; he, too, who reports regularly to the authorities any "suspicious circumstances" which may come under his notice. If a christening, a wedding, or a funeral is to bring together a few friends, it is the house-porter

who facilitates the intrusion of police spies, ready to snatch at any scrap of colloquial "sedition" capable of conversion into roubles or advancement. If a students' "literary evening" or social gathering is to be swelled into an assembly of conspirators seeking to undermine the foundations of law and order, it is again the house-porter who, figuratively speaking, supplies the gendarmes with their magnifying-glasses. And if some unfortunate youth is to pay the penalty of his liberalism by being dragged from his bed at midnight to the fortress of Peter and Paul, nobody is more eager to lead the way to the sleeping suspect than this treacherous janitor of many households, nightly consummating in the garb of the watch-dog his unholy compact with the wolves.

To go in constant fear of the paid denunciator; never to "talk politics" save with relatives, or intimates incapable of treachery; to have your local newspaper turned by the censor into a mere record of foreign events, and your foreign journal sub-edited for you by a policeman, who carefully clips from it or erases everything of "dangerous" tendency; not to know the moment when an enemy may thrust some seditious publication into your letter-box, and so time his disclosure to the police as to have you surprised with the forbidden matter in your possession;² to be kept by a silenced press in a state of complete ignorance as to serious events occurring around you; and to feel in regard to your own personal safety, and that of your family and friends, an uncertainty truly Oriental³ — all this is no more than a mere suggestion of what life is to thousands of per-

thus sacrificed. A vigorous effort, representing all that wealth and social influence could do in his behalf, at last secured his release from prison. He passed from the jail, but only to enter the lunatic asylum, for he had gone raving mad.

³ A schoolmaster, for having raised his hat to a lady who had been arrested on a charge of "political infidelity," was banished to a distant province. I was acquainted with this exile, and heard his story from his own lips.

¹ It is not only impossible to enter Russia without a passport; no one, whether native or foreigner, may leave the country without special permission from the authorities. Even when abroad, a Russian may be recalled at any time: should he neglect to return, the government confiscates his property. Many valuable estates have changed hands in this way.

² A rising and brilliant young advocate, an ornament of his profession in St. Petersburg, was

sons born to Russian citizenship in St. Petersburg. And when to the elements of the general discontent, to the bitter emptiness of existence, to the longing for a life of nobler activities, you add the pangs of poverty and the sense of personal wrong, it cannot seem strange that in many of these lodging-houses sensitive humanity should find its last and only safeguard against voluntary extinction in the hopes, the idealism, and the self-sacrifice of a political religion.

Native writers have suggested a connection between peculiarities of climate and the mental fermentation noticeable in St. Petersburg. For a month summer rages with an almost tropical heat, driving the wealthy to their cool country residences, but leaving the poor afoot on the blistering granite pavements of the dust-swept, sun-tormented city. At midday, when the streets seem to run with liquid fire, when scarcely any pedestrian is abroad, and even the policeman has retired to enjoy the luxury of shade, you may see the droshky driver clinging to his post of duty, the carter urging on his dirt-besmeared equipage, the vender offering his wares with the cry which is a shriek, and the beggars, sexless by plenitude of rags, awaiting their copek at the blazing doors of church and cathedral. What adds to the intolerableness of the summer day in St. Petersburg is the abnormal amplitude of the arc through which the solar rays descend upon the capital. Thoroughfares long and broad give the sky an aspect of unusual vastness, while the high buildings, with their long tracks of sun and shade, prolong for the imagination the duration of light and heat. Thus even to the classes possessed of wealth and leisure the St. Petersburg day in summer — nearly twenty hours intervening between sunrise and sunset — is a white, glaring, sustained weariness. To feel what it must be to those who toil in street and field, stimulated for tasks that begin and end with

the light by scant allowances of black bread and watermelon, one must go in fancy to some Afric slave king's metropolis, wherein the torments of nature are added to the cruelties of man.

It is naturally an inexpressible relief that to the unbearable summer day of the sixtieth parallel succeeds a night of brief yet strange beauty. A cool moment comes at last, in which the atmosphere has a just tepid ebb and flow, healing and grateful to the senses. There is then, strictly speaking, neither light nor dark. If it is night at all, it is night unachieved, incomplete, night full of the chaste mystery of early morning. The sky is so luminous that one may read small print in the open air without effort. It is a light with a hue of its own, seen, it is said, in no other part of the world, — a delicate green of marvelous tenderness, deepening near the horizon into blue, and in the north expanding towards the sun in vivid alternations of rose and amber. To the ordinary eye the heavens, though clear, are almost starless; only brilliants like Vega and Arcturus have power to make an impression upon the retina. Summer midnight in the Russian capital is thus a simple twilight, uniting day to day, separated from actual morning only by a few brief moments. Its social effect is remarkable. Native residents of St. Petersburg are rarely in bed earlier than twelve o'clock. To issue forth an hour before midnight, with the park or public garden for one's destination, is a fashionable habit sanctioned by the highest precedents. To return from theatre or promenade at one A. M. is by no means unusual. The immediate result is much loss of sleep; the ultimate effect of these late hours appears in a peculiar form of nervous irritability.

Happily, this period of extreme heat is over in July, though warm noons may persist up to the opening days of September. The cold begins its attack as early as August. Day is then vulnera-

ble in the narrow neck of twilight which the sun fails to guard, and through this the winds blow from the ice-fields. Frost quickly enters the breach, and under cover of growing darkness a territory once heat-ridden in its entire length is gradually won for winter. September evenings, for example, not only bring back many of last year's overcoats; they empty the country residences, and open a social season that is sure to last until February or even March. In October St. Petersburg is fairly besieged. The householder, entrenched behind double windows, replies to the atmospheric attack with crackling logs of pine and birch, until the great Russian stove threatens to bring back a mimic summer of its own. But without the enemy is inexpugnable. On the coldest days not men, but furs, are abroad. At 40° Réaumur the human face becomes invisible; that is to say, disappears in the twelve-inch collar of a bear-skin turned upwards. Without precautions of this kind all accidents are sometimes possible. A beard is a treacherous thing to lie in the way of vapor exhaled from the lungs. Many a man goes out for a harmless walk to return with his mouth securely closed by a clasp of solid ice.

The sun does not rise now until almost ten o'clock. Even at midday it is difficult to believe that the large red ball you see swimming in tremulous vapor a few degrees above the horizon is the same orb as that which hung high over the city in summer. Diners at three meet each other by gaslight. A long night succeeds, full of lethargic influences heightened by the intensity of the cold. To the poor and badly clothed it is a night of hardship and suffering, to the wealthy a time of amusement and dissipation. In no capital in the world are the pleasures of winter, in-door and out-door, pursued with a greater zest than in St. Petersburg. Yet charity makes disbursements in the Russian

capital that yearly put to shame cities in which it is better organized and has larger resources; while the Russian fondness for receiving and entertaining guests gives a charming unselfishness to social intercourse. Whether the cause is to be sought in the vast distances which the Russian empire places between man and man, investing human meetings with a pleasure which they could not have amongst the crowded populations of Western Europe, or whether the Russians, being racially young, are not yet tired of living with each other, it is not for me to decide. But that social life in Russia has a freshness, an altruism, an interest in human nature not calculating or easily discouraged, that do not belong to it in many of the older countries, I had many opportunities of observing. And as virtues of this kind find their widest scope in a centre of population like St. Petersburg, so winter is the time of the year for being most favorably impressed with them.

The commoner out-door amusements of the cold season fill the thoroughfares of the capital with sound and movement during the period of frost. The first fall of snow consigns the low-wheeled droshkys to their winter quarters, and then appear a host of sledges not equalled for beauty and compactness anywhere in the world. No industrial art in Russia has reached the perfection with which the carriage-maker produces these delicate, fairy-like vehicles, — structures which it is a pleasure to feast the eye upon, a rare luxury to be driven in. The tiniest and daintiest of them, you think, was surely not made for use by grown-up people. It must be a toy sledge. But on the driver thrusting his legs into a narrow slit in its front you are led to take courage and mount. There is just room for a single passenger, — not an inch too little, not a finger too much, — and, once seated, away you are drawn, with a speed and safety at first bewildering, but in the end strange-

ly enjoyable. Not less compactly constructed are the larger sledges, some of which are capable of accommodating twenty or thirty pleasure-seekers ; while below the "turn-out" for a single person the sledge descends in a gradual diminuendo, until it is minute enough to please the smallest girl and carry the most insignificant doll. It is unnecessary to add that when a fine thoroughfare like the Nevsky Prospect is filled with these winter carriages — here marching in regular lines, there broken up and going all abreast ; now keeping time with the jink-jink of the brass bells, anon yielding place to the swift troika with its silver tinklings and its trio of steeds — the spectacle offered is highly animating and picturesque.

Perhaps it is at Christmas that the foreign resident usually finds himself most at home in St. Petersburg. With the deepening of his first winter spent in the Russian capital, a pleasant surprise has been maturing for him apart even from the wildest suggestions of his dreams ; for what West-European would ever dream of going to the Slav world for the Christkindbaum, and of finding it as firmly rooted in Russian soil as in any of the Teutonic countries ? Did the warlike Varegs bring the Christmas tree with them, or were its seeds planted in some mysterious fashion by founders of the faith, like the saintly Olga or Vladimir, the bright sun of Kiev ? The fact is indisputable, whatever explanation of it may be offered. Christmas time turns Russian markets into veritable forests, while Christmas Eve fills the streets of St. Petersburg with crowds that, in the purchases they are making for the morrow, bear a striking resemblance to the pedestrians and shoppers one may meet in any German city at the same time of the year.

In this and many other ways a St. Petersburg winter increases the closeness of social and family intimacies. Yet between ruler and ruled it seems to

erect new barriers of separation. In Russia there is a double incapacity, of the people to appreciate the power of an organized government, of the government to appreciate the forces of popular resistance. Winter diminishes the visible displays of authority, while it gathers popular elements together under circumstances favorable to a sense of unity and common aim. The long nights make assemblies and communications possible that probably could not take place in the brighter half of the year. The increased activity of the spy ; the frequent interference with newspapers, read in the cold season more than at any other time ; the closer surveillance exercised by the police over assemblies both public and private ; the gloom of the day itself, harmonizing with and therefore intensifying the obscurity of a cheerless political climate, — all these contribute to the mental tension of the time. That under such influences as these the relations of the reigning family with the governed class can be of a pleasant kind in a great city of miscellaneous population like St. Petersburg is not at all likely to suggest itself to the reader. What those relations are in the cold season I shall try to suggest by sketching a scene the details of which are vividly present to me as I recall them.

First, let us realize a dark day in the Nevsky. Snow has been falling drearily for hours, and when the brief winter twilight comes the white crystals are still descending. All at once the gates of the Annichkin Palace are thrown open. Three officers emerge, and after a brief consultation disperse in different directions. Half an hour later the Prospect is prepared. That is to say, the great human currents to right and left of the thoroughfare are not all flowing upwards and downwards so uniformly and unbrokenly as at first sight a spectator might suppose. At every twenty paces you come upon a pedestrian who,

though continually in motion, makes no real progress whatever, but is simply pacing backwards and forwards in a prescribed area. Simultaneously with this discovery you find the foot-walk on the palace side of the Prospect "reserved" for a distance of nearly two hundred yards; which means that if you stand thereon a moment some policeman in "plain clothes" will warn you to "be off," and that in default of compliance with the order you may be thrust into the gutter or handed over to the soldier at the palace gate. Finally, a plain covered carriage turns quickly into the Nevsky from the Grand Morskaya.¹ Preceded by a single mounted Cossack, it threads its swift way, piloted through the maze of moving sledges, and halts not until it is safe within the courtyard of the Annichkin Palace. Such is the modest entry of the Emperor of all the Russias! A few hours ago he was miles away from the capital. No newspaper paragraph announced his coming. No enthusiastic crowd gathered at the railway station to welcome him on his return. Nor is a single cheer raised as, under the cover of darkness and official secrecy, he steals to his residence in the Nevsky Prospect.

How times are changed, indeed, in Russia! The day once was when the Slav ruler could be seen of his people; nay, mingled with them as an equal in mart and thoroughfare. Even Nicholas walked the Nevsky, affable and fearless, almost daily, pausing from time to time to exchange words with a pedestrian whom he recognized, or to chide with good-humored banter some foreigner yet to be taught that smoking in the street was a violation of ukaz. Alexander II. himself for years strolled through the parks unattended. But to-day, like the gods of popular mythology, the wielders of absolute power on earth no longer appear among men. The reign of their celestial mimicry is nearly over; one by one they have melted away in the light of a new morning; the last of them will soon disappear. Hereafter men may glimpse them, but it will only be as unnatural figures on the firmament of history, as repulsive shapes of the imagination, giving their names to the fairest constellations, but powerless to retard the swing of planet or the march of star. And in that time the wonder, I believe, will be not why the world produced such forms, but why it tolerated them so long.

Edmund Noble.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

POSTSCRIPT: AFTER-GLIMPSES.

MISS LURIDA VINCENT TO MRS. EUTHYMIA KIRKWOOD.

ARROWHEAD VILLAGE, *May 18.*

MY DEAREST EUTHYMIA, — Who would have thought, when you broke your oar as the Atalanta flashed by the Algonquin last June, that before the roses came again you would find your-

¹ A fashionable thoroughfare leading into the Nevsky Prospect.

self the wife of a fine scholar and grand gentleman, and the head of a household such as that of which you are the mistress? You must not forget your old Arrowhead Village friends. What am I saying? — *you* forget them! No, dearest, I know your heart too well for that! You are not one of those who lay aside their old friendships as they do last year's bonnet when they

get a new one. You have told me all about yourself and your happiness, and now you want me to tell you about myself and what is going on in our little place.

And first about myself. I have given up the idea of becoming a doctor. I have studied mathematics so much that I have grown fond of certainties, of demonstrations, and medicine deals chiefly in probabilities. The practice of the art is so mixed up with the deepest human interests that it is hard to pursue it with that even poise of the intellect which is demanded by science. I want knowledge pure and simple, — I do not fancy having it mixed. Neither do I like the thought of passing my life in going from one scene of suffering to another; I am not saintly enough for such a daily martyrdom, nor callous enough to make it an easy occupation. I fainted at the first operation I saw, and I have never wanted to see another. I don't say that I would n't marry a physician, if the right one asked me, but the young doctor is not forthcoming at present. Yes, I think I might make a pretty good doctor's wife. I could teach him a good deal about headaches and backaches and all sorts of nervous *revolutions*, as the doctor says the French women call their tantrums. I don't know but I should be willing to let him try his new medicines on me. If he were a homœopath, I know I should; for if a billionth of a grain of sugar won't begin to sweeten my tea or coffee, I don't feel afraid that a billionth of a grain of anything would poison me, — no, not if it were snake-venom; and if it were not disgusting, I would swallow a handful of his *lachesis* globules, to please my husband. But if I ever become a doctor's wife, my husband will not be one of that kind of practitioners, you may be sure of that, nor an "eclectic," nor a "faith-cure man." On the whole, I don't think I want to be married at all. I don't like the male

animal very well (except such noble specimens as your husband). They are all tyrants, — almost all, — so far as our sex is concerned, and I often think we could get on better without them.

However, the creatures are useful in the Society. They send us papers, some of them well worth reading. You have told me so often that you would like to know how the Society is getting on, and to read some of the papers sent to it if they happened to be interesting, that I have laid aside one or two manuscripts expressly for your perusal. You will get them by and by.

I am delighted to know that you keep Paolo with you. Arrowhead Village misses him dreadfully, I can tell you. What is the reason people become so attached to these servants with Southern sunlight in their natures? I suppose life is not long enough to cool their blood down to our Northern standard. Then they are so child-like, whereas the native of these latitudes is never young after he is ten or twelve years old. Mother says, — you know mother's old-fashioned notions, and how shrewd and sensible she is in spite of them, — mother says that when she was a girl families used to import young men and young women from the country towns, who called themselves "helps," not servants, — no, that was Scriptural; "but they did n't know everything down in Judee," and it is not good American language. She says that these people would live in the same household until they were married, and the women often remain in the same service until they died or were old and worn out, and then, what with the money they had saved and the care and assistance they got from their former employers, would pass a decent and comfortable old age, and be buried in the family lot. Mother has made up her mind to the change, but grandmother is bitter about it. She says there never was a country yet where the population

was made up of "ladies" and "gentlemen," and she does n't believe there can be; nor that putting a spread eagle on a copper makes a gold dollar of it. She is a pessimist after her own fashion. She thinks all sentiment is dying out of our people. No loyalty for the sovereign, the kingpost of the political edifice, she says; no deep attachment between employer and employed; no reverence of the humbler members of a household for its heads; and to make sure of continued corruption and misery, what she calls "*universal* suffrage" emptying all the sewers into the great aqueduct we all must drink from. "*Universal* suffrage!" I suppose we women don't belong to the universe! Wait until we get a chance at the ballot-box, I tell grandma, and see if we don't wash out the sewers before they reach the aqueduct! But my pen has run away with me. I was thinking of Paolo, and what a pleasant thing it is to have one of those child-like, warm-hearted, attachable, cheerful, contented, humble, faithful, companionable, but never presuming grown-up children of the South to wait on one, as if everything he could do for one was a pleasure, and carry a look of content in his face which makes every one who meets him happier for a glimpse of his features.

It does seem a shame that the charming relation of master and servant, intelligent authority and cheerful obedience, mutual interest in each other's welfare, thankful recognition of all the advantages which belong to domestic service in the better class of families, should be almost wholly confined to aliens and their immediate descendants. Why should Hannah think herself so much better than Bridget? When they meet at the polls together, as they will before long, they will begin to feel more of an equality than is recognized at present. The native female turns her nose up at the idea of "living out;" does she think herself so much superior

to the women of other nationalities? Our women will have to come to it, — so grandmother says, — in another generation or two, and in a hundred years, according to her prophecy, there will be a new set of old "Miss Pollys" and "Miss Betseys" who have lived half a century in the same families, respectful and respected, cherished, cared for in time of need (citizens as well as servants, holding a ballot as well as a broom, I tell her), and bringing back to us the lowly, underfoot virtues of contentment and humility, which we do so need to carpet the barren and hungry thoroughfare of our unstratified existence.

There, I have got a-going, and am forgetting all the news I have to tell you. There is an engagement you will want to know all about. It came to pass through our famous boat-race, which you and I remember, and shall never forget as long as we live. It seems that the young fellow who pulled the bow oar of that men's college boat which we had the pleasure of beating got some glimpses of Georgina, our handsome stroke oar. I believe he took it into his head that it was she who threw the bouquet that won the race for us. He was, as you know, greatly mistaken, and ought to have made love to me, only he did n't. Well, it seems he came posting down to the Institute just before the vacation was over, and there got a sight of Georgina. I wonder whether she told him she didn't fling the bouquet! Anyhow, the acquaintance began in that way, and now it seems that this young fellow, good-looking and a bright scholar, but with a good many months more to pass in college, is her captive. It was too bad. Just think of my bouquet's going to another girl's credit! No matter, — the old Atalanta story was paid off, at any rate.

You want to know all about dear Dr. Butts. They say he has just been

offered a Professorship in one of the great medical colleges. I asked him about it, and he did not say that he had or had not. "But," said he, "suppose that I had been offered such a place, do you think I ought to accept it and leave Arrowhead Village? Let us talk it over," said he, "just as if I had had such an offer." I told him he ought to stay. There are plenty of men that can get into a Professor's chair, I said, and talk like Solomons to a class of wondering pupils: but once get a really good doctor in a place, a man who knows all about everybody, whether they have this or that tendency, whether when they are sick they have a way of dying or a way of getting well, what medicines agree with them and what drugs they cannot take, whether they are of the sort that think nothing is the matter with them until they are dead as smoked herring, or of the sort that send for the minister if they get a stomach-ache from eating too many cucumbers, — who knows all about all the people within half a dozen miles (all the sensible ones, that is, who employ a regular practitioner), — such a man as that, I say, is not to be replaced like a missing piece out of a Springfield musket or a Waltham watch. Don't go! said I. Stay here and save our precious lives, if you can, or at least put us through in the proper way, so that we needn't be ashamed of ourselves for dying, if we must die. Well, Dr. Butts is *not* going to leave us. I hope you will have no unwelcome occasion for his services, — you are never ill, you know, — but anyhow he is going to be here, and no matter what happens he will be on hand.

The village news is not of a very exciting character. Item 1. A new house is put up over the ashes of the one in which your husband lived while he was here. It was planned by one of the autochthonous inhabitants with the most ingenious combination of inconveniences that the natural man could educe from

his original perversity of intellect. To get at any one room you must pass through every other. It is blind, or nearly so, on the only side which has a good prospect, and commands a fine view of the barn and pigsty through numerous windows. Item 2. We have a small fire-engine near the new house, which can be worked by a man or two, and would be equal to the emergency of putting out a bunch of fire-crackers. Item 3. We have a new ladder, in a box, close to the new fire-engine; so if the new house catches fire, like its predecessor, and there should happen to be a sick man on an upper floor, he can be got out without running the risk of going up and down a burning staircase. What a blessed thing it was that there was no fire-engine near by and no ladder at hand on the day of the great rescue! If there had been, what a change in your programme of life! You remember that "cup of tea spilt on Mrs. Masham's apron," which we used to read of in one of Everett's Orations, and all its wide-reaching consequences in the affairs of Europe. I hunted up that cup of tea as diligently as ever a Boston matron sought for the last leaves in her old caddy after the tea-chests had been flung overboard at Griffin's wharf, — but no matter about that, now. That is the way things come about in this world. I must write a lecture on lucky mishaps, or, more elegantly, fortunate calamities. It will be just the converse of that odd essay of Swift's we read together, — the awkward and stupid things done with the best intentions. Perhaps I shall deliver the lecture in your city: you will come and hear it, and bring *him*, won't you, dearest?

Always your loving

LURIDA.

MISS LURIDA VINCENT TO MRS. EUTHYMIA KIRKWOOD.

It seems forever since you left us, dearest Euthymia? And are you, and

is your husband, and Paolo, — good Paolo, — are you all as well and happy as you have been and as you ought to be? I suppose our small village seems a very quiet sort of place to pass the winter in, now that you have become accustomed to the noise and gayety of a great city. For all that, it is a pretty busy place this winter, I can tell you. We have sleighing parties, — I never go to them, myself, because I can't keep warm, and my mind freezes up when my blood cools down below 95° or 96° Fahrenheit. I had a great deal rather sit by a good fire and read about Arctic discoveries. But I like very well to hear the bells jingling and to see the young people trying to have a good time as hard as they do at a picnic. It may be that they do, but to me a picnic is purgatory and a sleigh-ride that other place, where, as my favorite Milton says, "frost performs the effect of fire." I believe I have quoted him correctly; I ought to, for I could repeat half his poems from memory once, if I cannot now.

You must have plenty of excitement in your city life. I suppose you recognized yourself in one of the society columns of the "Household Inquisitor:" "Mrs. E. K., very beautiful, in an elegant," etc., etc., "with pearls," etc., etc., — as if you were not the ornament of all that you wear, no matter what it is!

I am so glad that you have married a scholar! Why should not Maurice — you both tell me to call him so — take the diplomatic office which has been offered him? It seems to me that he would find himself in exactly the right place. He can talk in two or three languages, has good manners, and a wife who — well, what shall I say of Mrs. Kirkwood but that "she would be good company for a queen," as our old friend the quondam landlady of the Anchor Tavern used to say? I should so like to see you presented at Court! It seems

to me that I should be willing to hold your train for the sake of seeing you in your court feathers and things.

As for myself, I have been thinking of late that I would become either a professional lecturer or head mistress of a great school or college for girls. I have tried the first business a little. Last month I delivered a lecture on Quaternions. I got three for my audience; two came over from the Institute, and one from that men's college which they try to make out to be a university, and where no female is admitted unless she belongs among the quadrupeds. I enjoyed lecturing, but the subject is a difficult one, and I don't *think* any one of them had any very clear notion of what I was talking about, except Rhodora, — and I *know* she did n't. To tell the truth, I was lecturing to instruct myself. I mean to try something easier next time. I have thought of the Basque language and literature. What do you say to that?

The Society goes on famously. We have had a paper presented and read lately which has greatly amused some of us and provoked a few of the weaker sort. The writer is that crabbed old Professor of Belles-Lettres at that men's college over there. He is dreadfully hard on the poor "poets," as they call themselves. It seems that a great many young persons, and more especially a great many young girls, of whom the Institute has furnished a considerable proportion, have taken to sending him their rhymed productions to be criticised, — expecting to be praised, no doubt, every one of them. I must give you one of the spiciest extracts from his paper in his own words: —

"It takes half my time to read the 'poems' sent me by young people of both sexes. They would be more shy of doing it if they knew that I recognize a tendency to rhyming as a common form of mental weakness, and the publication of a thin volume of verse as

prima facie evidence of ambitious mediocrity, if not inferiority. Of course there are exceptions to this rule of judgment, but I maintain that the presumption is always against the rhymester as compared with the less pretentious persons about him or her, busy with some useful calling, — too busy to be tagging rhymed commonplaces together. Just now there seems to be an epidemic of rhyming as bad as the dancing mania, or the sweating sickness. After reading a certain amount of manuscript verse one is disposed to anathematize the inventor of homophonous syllabification. [This phrase made a great laugh when it was read.] This, that is rhyming, must have been found out very early, —

‘Where are you, Adam?’

‘Here am I, Madam;’

but it can never have been habitually practiced until after the Fall. The intrusion of tintinnabulating terminations into the conversational intercourse of men and angels would have spoiled Paradise itself. Milton would not have them even in *Paradise Lost*, you remember. For my own part, I wish certain rhymes could be declared contraband of written or printed language. Nothing should be allowed to be hurled at the world or whirled with it, or furled upon it or curled over it; all eyes should be kept away from the skies, in spite of *os homini sublime dedit*; youth should be coupled with all the virtues except truth; earth should never be reminded of her birth; death should never be allowed to stop a mortal’s breath, nor the bell to sound his knell, nor flowers from blossoming bowers to wave over his grave or show their bloom upon his tomb. We have rhyming dictionaries, — let us have one from which all rhymes are rigorously excluded. The sight of a poor creature grubbing for rhymes to fill up his sonnet, or to cram one of those voracious, rhyme-swallowing rigmaroles which some of our drudging poetical operatives have been exhausting them-

selves of late to satiate with jingles, makes my head ache and my stomach rebel. Work, work of some kind, is the business of men and women, not the making of jingles! No, — no, — no! I want to see the young people in our schools and academies and colleges, and the graduates of these institutions, lifted up out of the little Dismal Swamp of self-contemplating and self-indulging and self-commiserating emotionalism which is surfeiting the land with those literary sandwiches, — thin slices of tinkling sentimentality between two covers looking like hard-baked gilt gingerbread. But what faces these young folks make up at my good advice! They get tipsy on their rhymes. Nothing intoxicates one like his — or her — own verses, and they hold on to their metre-ballad-mongering as the fellows that inhale nitrous oxide hold on to the gas-bag.”

We laughed over this essay of the old Professor, though it hit us pretty hard. The best part of the joke is that the old man himself published a thin volume of poems when he was young, which there is good reason to think he is not very proud of, as they say he buys up all the copies he can find in the shops. No matter what they say, I can’t help agreeing with him about this great flood of “poetry,” as it calls itself, and looking at the rhyming mania much as he does.

How I do love real poetry! That is the reason I hate rhymes which have not a particle of it in them. The foolish scribblers that deal in them are like bad workmen in a carpenter’s shop. They not only turn out bad jobs of work, but they spoil the tools for better workmen. There is hardly a pair of rhymes in the English language that is not so dulled and backed and gapped by these ‘prentice hands that a master of the craft hates to touch them, and yet he cannot very well do without them. I have not been besieged as the old Professor has been with such multitudes

of would-be-poetical aspirants that he could not even read their manuscripts, but I have had a good many letters containing verses, and I have warned the writers of the delusion under which they were laboring.

You may like to know that I have just been translating some extracts from the Greek Anthology. I send you a few specimens of my work, with a Dedication to the Shade of Sappho. I hope you will find something of the Greek rhythm in my versions, and that I have caught a spark of inspiration from the impassioned Lesbian. I have found great delight in this work, at any rate, and am never so happy as when I read from my manuscript or repeat from memory the lines into which I have transferred the thought of the men and women of two thousand years ago, or given rhythmical expression to my own rapturous feelings with regard to them. I *must* read you my Dedication to the Shade of Sappho. I cannot help thinking that you will like it better than either of my two last, *The Song of the Roses*, or *The Wail of the Weeds*.

How I do miss you, dearest! I want you: I want you to listen to what I have written; I want you to hear all about my plans for the future; *I want to look at you*, and think how grand it must be to feel one's self to be such a noble and beautiful creature; I want to wander in the woods with you, to float on the lake, to share your life and talk over every day's doings with you. Alas! I feel that we have parted as two friends part at a port of embarkation: they embrace, they kiss each other's cheeks, they cover their faces and weep, they try to speak good-by to each other, they watch from the pier and from the deck; the two forms grow less and less, fainter and fainter in the distance, two white handkerchiefs flutter once and again, and yet once more, and the last visible link of the chain which binds them has parted. Dear, dear, dearest

Euthymia, my eyes are running over with tears when I think that we may never, never meet again.

Don't you want some more items of village news? We are threatened with an influx of stylish people: "Buttons" to answer the door-bell, in place of the chamber-maid; "butler," in place of the "hired man;" footman in top-boots and breeches, cockade on hat, arms folded *à la Napoléon*; tandems, "drags," dog-carts, and go-carts of all sorts. It is rather amusing to look at their ambitious displays, but it takes away the good old country flavor of the place.

I don't believe you mean to try to astonish us when you come back to spend your summers here. I suppose you must have a large house, and I am sure you will have a beautiful one. I suppose you will have some fine horses, and who wouldn't be glad to? But I do not believe you will try to make your old Arrowhead Village friends stare their eyes out of their heads with a display meant to outshine everybody else that comes here. You can have a yacht on the lake, if you like, but I hope you will pull a pair of oars in our old boat once in a while, with me to steer you. I know you will be just the same dear Euthymia you always were and always must be. How happy you must make such a man as Maurice Kirkwood! And how happy you ought to be with him!—a man who knows what is in books, and who has seen for himself what is in men. If he has not seen so much of women, where could he study all that is best in womanhood as he can in his own wife? Only one thing that dear Euthymia lacks. She is not quite pronounced enough in her views as to the rights and the wrongs of the sex. When I visit you, as you say I shall, I mean to indoctrinate Maurice with sound views on that subject. I have written an essay for the Society, which I hope will go a good way towards answering all the objections to female suffrage. I

mean to read it to your husband, if you will let me, as I know you will, and perhaps you would like to hear it, — only you know my thoughts on the subject pretty well already.

With all sorts of kind messages to your dear husband, and love to your precious self, I am ever your

LURIDA.

DR. BUTTS TO MRS. EUTHYMIA KIRKWOOD.

MY DEAR EUTHYMIA, — My pen refuses to call you by any other name. *Sweet-souled* you are, and your Latinized Greek name is the one which truly designates you. I cannot tell you how we have followed you, with what interest and delight, through your travels, as you have told their story in your letters to your mother. She has let us have the privilege of reading them, and we have been with you in steamer, yacht, felucca, gondola, Nile-boat; in all sorts of places, from crowded capitals to "deserts where no men abide," — everywhere keeping company with you in your natural and pleasant descriptions of your experiences. And now that you have returned to your home in the great city I must write you a few lines of welcome, if nothing more.

You will find Arrowhead Village a good deal changed since you left it. We have been discovered by some of those over-rich people who make the little place upon which they swarm a kind of rural city. When this happens the consequences are striking. — some of them desirable, and some far otherwise. The effect of well-built, well-furnished, well-kept houses and of handsome grounds always maintained in good order about them shows itself in a large circuit around the fashionable centre. Houses get on a new coat of paint, fences are kept in better order, little plots of flowers show themselves where only ragged weeds had rioted, the inhabitants present themselves in more come-

ly attire and drive in handsomer vehicles with more carefully groomed horses. On the other hand, there is a natural jealousy on the part of the natives of the region suddenly become fashionable. They have seen the land they sold at farm prices by the acre coming to be valued by the foot, like the corner lots in a city. Their simple and humble modes of life look almost poverty-stricken in the glare of wealth and luxury which so outshines their plain way of living. It is true that many of them have found themselves richer than in former days, when the neighborhood lived on its own resources. They know how to avail themselves of their altered position, and soon learn to charge city prices for country products; but nothing can make people feel rich who see themselves surrounded by men whose yearly income is many times their own whole capital. I think it would be better if our rich men scattered themselves more than they do, — buying large country estates, building houses and stables which will make it easy to entertain their friends, and depending for society on chosen guests rather than on the mob of millionaires who come together for social rivalry. But I do not fret myself about it. Society will stratify itself according to the laws of social gravitation. It will take a generation or two more, perhaps, to arrange the strata by precipitation and settlement, but we can always depend on one principle to govern the arrangement of the layers. People interested in the same things will naturally come together. The youthful heirs of fortunes who keep splendid yachts have little to talk about with the oarsman who pulls about on the lake or the river. What does young Dives, who drives his four-in-hand and keeps a stable full of horses, care about Lazarus, who feels rich in the possession of a horse-railroad ticket? You know how we live at our house, plainly, but with a certain degree of cultivated pro-

priety. We make no pretensions to what is called "style." We are still in that social stratum where the article called "a napkin-ring" is recognized as admissible at the dinner-table. That fact sufficiently defines our modest pretensions. The napkin-ring is the boundary mark between certain classes. But one evening Mrs. Butts and I went out to a party given by the lady of a worthy family, where the napkin itself was a newly introduced luxury. The conversation of the hostess and her guests turned upon details of the kitchen and the laundry; upon the best mode of raising bread, whether with "emptins" (emptyings, yeast) or baking powder; about "blueing" and starching and crimping, and similar matters. Poor Mrs. Butts! She knew nothing more about such things than her hostess did about Shakespeare and the musical glasses. What was the use of trying to enforce social intercourse under such conditions? Incompatibility of temper has been considered ground for a divorce; incompatibility of interests is a sufficient warrant for social separation. The multimillionaires have so much that is common among themselves, and so little that they share with us of moderate means, that they will naturally form a class by themselves, and in virtue of their palaces, their picture-galleries, their equipages, their yachts, their large hospitality, constitute a kind of exclusive aristocracy. Religion, which ought to be the great leveller, cannot reduce these elements to the same grade. You may read in the parable, "Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?" The modern version would be, "How came you at Mrs. Billion's ball not having a dress on your back which came from Paris?"

The little church has got a new stained window, a saint who reminds me of Hamlet's uncle, — a thing "of shreds and patches," but rather pretty

to look at, with an inscription under it which is supposed to be the name of the person in whose honor the window was placed in the church. Smith was a worthy man and a faithful churchwarden, and I hope posterity will be able to spell out his name on his monumental window; but that old English lettering would puzzle Mephistopheles himself, if he found himself before this memorial tribute, on the inside, — you know he goes to church sometimes, if you remember your Faust.

The rector has come out, in a quiet way, as an evolutionist. He has always been rather "broad" in his views, but cautious in their expression. You can tell the three branches of the mother-island church by the way they carry their heads. The low-church clergy look down, as if they felt themselves to be worms of the dust; the high-church priest drops his head on one side, after the pattern of the mediæval saints; the broad-church preacher looks forward and round about him, as if he felt himself the heir of creation. Our rector carries his head in the broad-church aspect, which I suppose is the least open to the charge of affectation, — in fact, is the natural and manly way of carrying it.

The Society has justified its name of Pansophian of late as never before. Lurida has stirred up our little community and its neighbors, so that we get essays on all sorts of subjects, poems and stories in large numbers. I know all about it, for she often consults me as to the merits of a particular contribution.

What is to be the fate of Lurida? I often think, with no little interest and some degree of anxiety, about her future. Her body is so frail and her mind so excessively and constantly active that I am afraid one or the other will give way. I do not suppose she thinks seriously of ever being married. She grows more and more zealous in behalf of her

own sex, and sterner in her judgment of the other. She declares that she never would marry any man who was not an advocate of female suffrage, and as these gentlemen are not very common hereabouts the chance is against her capturing any one of the hostile sex.

What do you think? I happened, just as I was writing the last sentence, to look out of my window, and whom should I see but Lurida, with a young man in tow, listening very eagerly to her conversation, according to all appearance! I think he must be a friend of the rector, as I have seen a young man like this one in his company. Who knows?

Affectionately yours, etc.

DR. BUTTS TO MRS. BUTTS.

MY BELOVED WIFE, — This letter will tell you more news than you would have thought could have been got together in this little village during the short time you have been staying away from it.

Lurida Vincent is engaged! He is a clergyman with a mathematical turn. The story is that he put a difficult problem into one of the mathematical journals, and that Lurida presented such a neat solution that the young man fell in love with her on the strength of it. I don't think the story is literally true, nor do I believe that other report that he offered himself to her in the form of an equation chalked on the blackboard; but that it was an intellectual rather than a sentimental courtship I do not doubt. Lurida has given up the idea of becoming a professional lecturer, — so she tells me, — thinking that her future husband's parish will find her work enough to do. A certain amount of daily domestic drudgery and unexciting intercourse with simple-minded people will be the best thing in the world for that brain of hers, always simmering

with some new project in its least fervid condition.

All our summer visitors have arrived. Euthymia — Mrs. Maurice Kirkwood — and her husband and little Maurice are here in their beautiful house looking out on the lake. They gave a grand party the other evening. You ought to have been there, but I suppose you could not very well have left your sister in the middle of your visit. All the grand folks were there, of course. Lurida and her young man — Gabriel is what she calls him — were naturally the objects of special attention. Paolo acted as major-domo, and looked as if he ought to be a major-general. Nothing could be pleasanter than the way in which Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood received their plain country neighbors; that is, just as they did the others of more pretensions, as if they were really glad to see them, as I am sure they were. The old landlord and his wife had two arm-chairs to themselves, and I saw Miranda with the servants of the household looking in at the dancers and out at the little groups in the garden, and evidently enjoying it as much as her old employers. It was a most charming and successful party. We had two sensations in the course of the evening. One was pleasant and somewhat exciting; the other was thrilling and of strange and startling interest.

You remember how emaciated poor Maurice Kirkwood was left after his fever, in that first season when he was among us. He was out in a boat one day, when a ring slipped off his thin finger and sunk in a place where the water was rather shallow. "Jake" — you know Jake, — everybody knows Jake — was rowing him. He promised to come to the spot and fish up the ring if he could possibly find it. He was seen poking about with fish-hooks at the end of a pole, but nothing was ever heard from him about the ring. It was an antique intaglio stone in an Etruscan set-

ting, — a wild-geese flying over the Campagna. Mr. Kirkwood valued it highly, and regretted its loss very much.

While we were in the garden, who should appear at the gate but Jake, with a great basket, inquiring for Mr. Kirkwood. "Come," said Maurice to me, "let us see what our old friend the fisherman has brought us. What have you got there, Jake?"

"What I've got? Wall, I'll tell y' what I've got: I've got the biggest pickerel that's been ketched in this pond for these ten year. An' I've got somethin' else besides the pickerel. When I come to cut him open, what do you think I faound in his insides but this here ring o' yours!" — and he showed the one Maurice had lost so long before. There it was, as good as new, after having tried Jonah's style of housekeeping for all that time. There are those who discredit Jake's story about finding the ring in the fish; anyhow, there was the ring and there was the pickerel. I need not say that Jake went off well paid for his pickerel and the precious contents of its stomach. Now comes the chief event of the evening. I went early by special invitation. Maurice took me into his library, and we sat down together.

"I have something of great importance," he said, "to say to you. I learned within a few days that my cousin Laura is staying with a friend in the next town to this. You know, doctor, that we have never met since the last, almost fatal, experience of my early years. I have determined to defy the strength of that deadly chain of associations connected with her presence, and I have begged her to come this evening with the friends with whom she is staying. Several letters passed between us, for it was hard to persuade her that there was no longer any risk in my meeting her. Her imagination was almost as deeply impressed as mine had been at those alarming interviews, and

I had to explain to her fully that I had become quite indifferent to the disturbing impressions of former years. So, as the result of our correspondence, Laura is coming this evening, and I wish you to be present at our meeting. There is another reason why I wish you to be here. My little boy is not far from the age at which I received my terrifying, almost disorganizing shock. I mean to have little Maurice brought into the presence of Laura, who is said to be still a very handsome woman, and see if he betrays any hint of that peculiar sensitiveness which showed itself in my threatening seizure. It seemed to me not impossible that he might inherit some tendency of that nature, and I wanted you to be at hand if any sign of danger should declare itself. For myself I have no fear. Some radical change has taken place in my nervous system. I have been born again, as it were, in my susceptibilities, and am in certain respects a new man. But I must know how it is with my little Maurice."

Imagine with what interest I looked forward to this experiment; for experiment it was, and not without its sources of anxiety, as it seemed to me. The evening wore along; friends and neighbors came in, but no Laura as yet. At last I heard the sound of wheels, and a carriage stopped at the door. Two ladies and a gentleman got out, and soon entered the drawing-room.

"My cousin Laura!" whispered Maurice to me, and went forward to meet her. A very handsome woman, who might well have been in the thirties, — one of those women so thoroughly constituted that they cannot help being handsome at every period of life. I watched them both as they approached each other. Both looked pale at first, but Maurice soon recovered his usual color, and Laura's natural rich bloom came back by degrees. Their emotion at meeting was not to be wondered at, but there was no trace in it of the para-

lyzing influence on the great centres of life which had once acted upon him like the fabled head which turned the looker-on into a stone.

"Is the boy still awake?" said Maurice to Paolo, who, as they used to say of Pushee at the old Anchor Tavern, was everywhere at once on that gay and busy evening.

"What! Marser Maurice asleep an' all this racket going on? I hear him crowing like young cockerel when he fus' smell daylight."

"Tell the nurse to bring him down quietly to the little room that leads out of the library."

The child was brought down in his night-clothes, wide awake, wondering apparently at the noise he heard, which he seemed to think was for his special amusement.

"See if he will go to that lady," said his father. We both held our breath as Laura stretched her arms towards little Maurice.

The child looked for an instant searchingly, but fearlessly, at her glowing cheeks, her bright eyes, her welcoming smile, and met her embrace as she clasped him to her bosom as if he had known her all his days.

The mortal antipathy had died out of the soul and the blood of Maurice Kirkwood at that supreme moment when he found himself snatched from the grasp of death and cradled in the arms of Euthymia.

In closing the New Portfolio I remember that it began with a prefix which the reader may by this time have

forgotten, namely, the *First Opening*. It was perhaps presumptuous to thus imply the probability of a second opening.

I am reminded from time to time by the correspondents who ask a certain small favor of me that, as I can only expect to be with my surviving contemporaries a very little while longer, they would be much obliged if I would hurry up my answer before it is too late. They are right, these delicious unknown friends of mine, in reminding me of a fact which I cannot gainsay and might suffer to pass from my recollection. I thank them for recalling my attention to a truth which I shall be wiser, if not more hilarious, for remembering.

No, I had no right to say the *First Opening*. How do I know that I shall have a chance to open it again? How do I know that anybody will want it to be opened a second time? How do I know that I shall feel like opening it? It is safest neither to promise to open the New Portfolio once more, nor yet to pledge myself to keep it closed hereafter. There are many papers potentially contained in it, some of which might interest a reader here and there. The Records of the Pansophian Society contain a considerable number of essays, poems, stories, and hints capable of being expanded into presentable dimensions. In the mean time I will say with Prospero, addressing my old readers, and my new ones, if such I have, —

"If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind."

When it has got quiet I may take up the New Portfolio again, and consider whether it is worth while to open it.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

IN one of the first letters which Agassiz sent back to his scientific associates in Europe after he came to this country are the words, "Naturalist as I am, I cannot but put the people first,—the people who have opened this part of the American continent to European civilization." The editor of the two handsome volumes¹ which record the naturalist's life might have chosen this sentence to express the spirit in which she has performed her task. She has apparently had before her not an audience of scientific students, exclusively, but of all those persons of generous mind who could appreciate the career of a man who was of too large a make ever to be characterized as a professional scientist. This is, in truth, little more than saying that Mrs. Agassiz has permitted her husband's life to appear as it was, merely using her judgment in the discrimination of material; but how much is then said! The skill of the biographer is in just this power of apprehending the essential lines of the subject, and then in using the most telling facts and words.

We leave to others to draw from these volumes the estimate of Agassiz's contributions to science; they will have no difficulty in following closely the record of his accomplishments, for his letters, supplemented by the editor's notes and connecting narrative, exhibit clearly the nature of his work and the tendency of his thought. His figure in this respect will always have a peculiar interest for students, since it was the most conspicuous of those that withstood the march of Darwinism; and whatever one's own scientific creed may be, he lays down the book with a profound re-

gret that Agassiz could not have lived to complete the task which he had entered upon, at the close of his life, and which would have been in effect a scientific *apologia pro vita sua*.

In connection with this, one notes with pleasure that the editor has used a dignified and wise reserve in all references to the controversies which sprang up between Agassiz and his contemporaries. These controversies, while in a measure impersonal, involved finally more or less of personal feeling; yet there is not a word in these volumes to which Forbes, Desor, Vogt, Clark, or any of their champions could for a moment take exception. The silence of the biography in this respect serves to heighten the effect of serenity in the central figure. The narrative could have been made more picturesque had the editor chosen to record all the passages at arms, but we doubt whether anything would have been gained in the portraiture of Agassiz, since the questions involved were either matters of opinion or somewhat ignoble contentions over precedence in discovery and proportion of credit. An account of the *émeute*, for instance, in the early days of the Cambridge Museum, which is passed over in silence, would simply have given an opportunity for comparing European and American modes of collaboration,—an interesting subject, to be sure, but throwing no special light on the character and aims of Agassiz.

We prefer to dwell upon that view of the naturalist which associates him with the humanities rather than separates him with his profession, and the two volumes before us give abundant opportunity for making his acquaintance. By a very natural division, in which a just proportion is preserved, the first volume is devoted to the European, the

¹ *Louis Agassiz, his Life and Correspondence*. Edited by ELIZABETH CARY AGASSIZ. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

second to the American, portion of Agassiz's life. There is a charm in this symmetry of parts. That a Swiss boy should have had the close-fitting training which nature, fine-grained yet frugal parents, the compact drill of a college, and the generous inspiration of university life could give; should have risen rapidly to a peerage of fame in the company of the first naturalists of Europe; and then should have brought all these gifts and a ripe enthusiasm to America, there to make the largest single endowment of science yet enjoyed by the republic, — all this constitutes an ideally rounded subject.

The pictures of his boyish life are charmingly touched. His childish love of nature, his companionship with his brother, his dexterity of manipulation, his spirit of adventure, are described with a light hand, and serve as a graceful vignette, not too laboriously elaborated, to his maturer life. One follows the young student in his eager advance, and almost outruns the rapid movements of the biographer in a desire to see what new leap of life the boy will take; and when the boy has developed with extraordinary yet perfectly intelligible ease into an investigator and author, the reader is hardly less interested in the details of his work than in the admirable delineation of intellectual growth.

The fascination which Agassiz's personality exercised over those who came near him, when he was in the height of his power here, was native to him, and so merged in his consciousness of aim as never to be separated in his thought. There are repeated instances throughout these volumes of the charm which he inspired, but Agassiz himself seems to have been the most unconscious of men, wholly lost in the pursuit of his ends.

"His magic was not far to seek, —
He was so human!"

says Lowell in his noble elegy, and the letters which the European naturalist

sent home on his first arrival in this country are charged with a glowing interest in all that he saw of the New World: whether the rocks which repeated in new form the stories he had read in Switzerland, or the people who impressed him by their positive difference from those amongst whom he had been reared.

"The manners of the country," he writes to his mother, "differ so greatly from ours that it seems to me impossible to form a just estimate regarding them, or, indeed, to pronounce judgment at all upon a population so active and mobile as that of the Northern States of the Union, without having lived among them for a long time. I do not therefore attempt any such estimate. I can only say that the educated Americans are very accessible and very pleasant. . . . A characteristic feature of American life is to be found in the frequent public meetings where addresses are delivered. Shortly after my arrival in Boston I was present at a meeting of some three thousand workmen, foremen of workshops, clerks, and the like. No meeting could have been more respectable and well conducted. All were neatly dressed; even the simplest laborer had a clean shirt. It was a strange sight to see such an assemblage, brought together for the purpose of forming a library, and listening attentively in perfect quiet for two hours to an address on the advantages of education, of reading, and the means of employing usefully the leisure moments of a workman's life. The most eminent men vie with each other in instructing and forming the education of the population at large. I have not yet seen a man out of employment or a beggar, except in New York, which is a sink for the emptings of Europe. Yet do not think that I forget the advantages of our old civilization. Far from it. I feel more than ever the value of a past which belongs to you and in which you have

grown up. Generations must pass before America will have the collections of art and science which adorn our cities, or the establishments for public instruction, — sanctuaries, as it were, consecrated by the devotion of those who give themselves wholly to study. Here all the world works to gain a livelihood or to make a fortune. Few establishments (of learning) are old enough, or have taken sufficiently deep root in the habits of the people, to be safe from innovation; very few institutions offer a combination of studies such as, in its *ensemble*, meets the demands of modern civilization. All is done by the single efforts of individuals or of corporations, too often guided by the needs of the moment. Thus American science lacks the scope which is characteristic of higher instruction in our old Europe. Objects of art are curiosities but little appreciated, and usually still less understood."

As this passage indicates, there is an incidental value in the work from the light which it throws on society in America at the time of Agassiz's arrival, forty years ago. That was the time when in Boston the Lowell Institute was of vastly more consequence than the opera, and when the States were beginning those surveys which gave such an impetus to scientific research. The letters illustrate also something of Southern life, since Agassiz was for a time living in South Carolina, and there is an exceedingly valuable series of letters to Dr. Howe, in which Agassiz gives his views on the negro race in America.

Indeed, the biography abounds in references to men and events both in this country and in Europe; for Agassiz, as we have said, was far too human and catholic in his interests and tastes to be shut up to a strictly scientific view. But, after all, the one commanding figure of the book is Agassiz himself, and the reader never once loses his keen delight in that fervor of intellectual aim,

that broad comprehensiveness of purpose, which make this personality so clear and so captivating. The growth of the Museum from its almost grotesque beginnings to its noble proportions is not half so inspiring as the activity of that impelling mind which conceived it and hurried forward its development. There are delightful passages here and there, like that, for example, which describes the opening of the Penikese school, which cast a mellow light upon Agassiz and his methods. We wish there were more of them, and that Mrs. Agassiz had allowed herself to use, if not direct testimony from his students and from others who came under his influence, yet something more of her own personal recollection of her husband as he was at work in the school-room and lecture-room. Such a fuller treatment was not necessary to give life and distinctness to the figure, and perhaps might have marred the admirable proportions of the work; still no one can read this life without wishing to know more intimately the man. To those who were associated with him, either in work or in society, the book will be eminently satisfactory, for it will give them in orderly form the course of his life, and fill out certain portions, especially in the earlier years, of which they can have known little. They will themselves supply from a little dimmed recollection those touches which animate the picture into more glowing life. Better too little than too much, and the fine reserve which the editor of these volumes has shown is a quality in biographic writing not so common but that it will give the reader a grateful sense of being treated with respect as well as with confidence. We will only add that the interesting illustrations, the abundant index, and the evident care shown in all the details of literary execution and mechanical workmanship combine to increase the pleasure with which one handles and reads the volumes.

SHAKESPEARE'S FELLOWS.

WHEN one stands upon the highest summit of some many-folded range of hills, the mere loftiness of his station often makes the lower crowns, distinct and bold beneath him, seem little inferior; but when, descending, he makes one of them his perch, how the lonely monarch rises aloft! Thus it is when from Shakespeare's height men survey his fellows, the swelling names of that Elizabethan cluster. "Marlowe," they say with mouthings rhetoric, "on whose dawn-flushed brow the morning clouds too soon crept with envious vapors that the most golden of Apollo's shafts should never pierce more; Beaumont and Fletcher, twins of the summer noontide, and Chapman bearing his weight of forests with the ease and might of old Titans; Ford and Webster, who made their home with the tempest, and seemed to leash the thunder;" and so with all the others of the tremendous upheaval of the age. But when one leaves Shakespeare's ground and descends to any of these, how wind-blown is all such tumid description, while undiminished the king of the peaks still soars in the sky! It is not by the critic's will that Shakespeare's altitude is made the measure of other men who were so unfortunate as to be born his rivals; one can help it no more than the eye can help seeing. It has been said of Dante that the thirteenth century existed to become his commentary. So grand a *mot* cannot be made for the great dramatist, though it is true that his genius reduced all his contemporaries to perpetual subjection to itself; no superlatives can be offered in their praise except by his leave, and, when their own worth is made known, the last service they do us in showing how invaluable is Shakespeare's treasure is perhaps the most useful.

Even Marlowe, in whose youth, if

anywhere in history, was the promise of a mate for Shakespeare, needs the *placet* of the latter's withdrawal before he can tread the stage. There are some, no doubt, who would say that possibly Shakespeare might not have obtained entrance there with Lear and Othello if Marlowe had not first fitted the tragic buskin to the high step of Tamburlaine; and in a sense the retort would be a just one. The highest genius avails itself of those who go before to prepare the way, the road-makers building the paths of speech and opening the provinces of thought; but to be forced to stipulate at the outset that a great name in literature, such as Marlowe's, shall be considered only with reference to his turn in historical development is to make a confession of weakness in the cause; it is to forego his claim to be judged as a writer of universal literature. It is not a question now of settling that or any other particular of Marlowe's rank, nor of analyzing his genius, nor of discussing the tradition of his life. The exact reach and swing and force of his "mighty line" we leave our readers to experience when they expose their brains to it. But in suffering the repudiation of these dramas¹ ourselves, being tempted thereto by delightful printing and unobtrusive editing, certain observations occurred to us regarding that enormous difference of altitude between Shakespeare and his fellows to which we have just adverted.

What this difference is in Marlowe's case is tersely indicated by the fact that competent students discern his genius in Titus Andronicus, which in Shakespeare's crown is rather a foil than a gem. This play, with Marlowe's touch

¹ *The Works of Christopher Marlowe*. Edited by A. H. BULLEN, B. A. In three volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

still on it, would illustrate, if compared with Shakespeare's undoubted work, how cumbrous and stiffening were the shackles of the stage tradition from which he freed his art. But in Marlowe's accredited dramas, say in *Doctor Faustus* (to lay aside the rant of *Tamburlaine* as merely initiatory, tentative, and facile), the necessities of contemporaneous taste and usage are so tyrannical as almost to ruin the work for any other age. *Doctor Faustus* is not in any sense a drama. It is a series of slightly connected scenes from the life of a conjuror, in which thaumaturgy and the hatred of the Papacy are made to furnish comic horseplay of the most clownish kind; or else fear of the devil — a real live devil — is used to still the blood of the spectators with the horns, hooves, and fire of coarse horror. Of the dramatic capabilities of the Faust legend as a whole Marlowe indicates no perception. He caught the force, at most, of two situations in it, — the invocation of Helen's shadow and the soliloquy; but though in treating these he exhibited genius as bold, direct, and original as Shakespeare's self, they are merely fragmentary. Except in these scenes, in which Marlowe's voice really quells his time and sounds alone in the theatre, the uproar of the pit frightens away the muse, and leaves comedy and tragedy alike to the disfigurement of the ruthless pre-Elizabethan stage. Similarly in *The Jew of Malta*, even if the first two acts are in fact fashioned by dramatic genius as no other but Shakespeare could have moulded them, the last three taper off into the tail of the old monster that had flopped and shuffled on the mediæval boards on every saint's day, time out of mind. In *Edward II.* alone is there any approach to a drama, properly speaking: it is complete, connected, sustained, and it has tenderness, passion, and pathos; but though Mr. Swinburne gives it the palm in certain particulars over Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, which

was modeled after it, it will not bear comparison with that play in dramatic grasp. To notice but one difference: in Marlowe's work the king's favoritism is so much an infatuation and a weakness that he loses our sympathy, and his dethronement, independently of its brutal miseries, is felt to be just; while in Shakespeare *Richard's* favoritism is retired far in the background, and his faith in his divine right to the crown (never insisted on by Edward) is so eloquent and so pervades and qualifies the whole play that, when the king is murdered, one is driven to believe that the bishop's denunciation of God's vengeance on the usurping Lancaster must prove true prophecy. In the matter of dramatic handling there can be no doubt of Shakespeare's more expert sense; and for our part, comparing the two scene by scene, Shakespeare is always more perfect, though his ideality may make the characterization appear, as it does to Mr. Swinburne, less sharp; we miss in *Richard* only the charm of the presence of Marlowe's young Prince, in whose person, perhaps it is worth remarking, the "child" first entered into the dramatic literature of England.

In writing above to the effect that Marlowe's plays in general are deeply infected by the rawness of the time, — imperfectly dissociated from the miracle plays in conception, incident, and realistic passion (however far removed from them in style and metrical structure), and dependent on vulgar buffoonery in many scenes, — we have not been unmindful that many scholars, and among them the studious editor of this edition, have denied Marlowe's responsibility for large portions of the works that go under his name as sole author. Questions of this sort are difficult to settle; but the method of ascribing to a writer only such passages as are worthy of the editor's idea of him has the fault of being too easy. Marlowe's reform of the drama was, like other reforms, a matter of time,

of prejudice, of fierce opposition, of timid managers, of vociferous and rebellious audiences; and however perfectly he may have theorized, he had to practice with such clay as he had. Possibly the burlesque and rout and horror, Tamburlaine's chariot drawn by captive kings, and the nose of Barabas, which passed into a proverb for its enormity, and all the strut and feathers and saltpetre devils,—possibly all this was the work of some theatrical ancestor of that “wicked partner,” who has figured in modern politics and trade. Perhaps, when Marlowe rewrote an old play, he seized the opportunity to put in as much good and strike out as much evil as luck and the managers would consent to, and when he wrote an original drama he may have let others fill up the interstices of its loose construction with stuff which he disdained to father; and on the other hand, it may be as well to take a less drastic view. It is not more likely that he was always at his best than that he was always sober. However that may be, in this paper his name is used to signify what it must to the world at large, to wit, the dramas and poems which have come down to us under it and are admirably edited and presented in this edition. And this Marlowe—the Marlowe of history, not of critical dissection—is by no means a Prospero of art.

It is necessary to add another word. If anything could lead us to adopt in all its fullness that pleasing theory of “the wicked partner,” with all its saving consequences, it would be Marlowe's rhymed verse, in which his genius had a solitary and unimpeded course. His dramatic faculty, distinct and powerful as it was, exhibited its perfect might only in a few volcanic flashes. But in his verses he surpassed his rival wherever the two approached near enough to invite just comparison. Venus and Adonis is left out of sight by the first two sestiams of Hero and Leander.

The latter stands alone in its many perfections: its music (which Keats but lamely limped after) has never been heard since in England; its imagery almost convicts us of the heresy of believing that its author was endowed with a richer fancy, were that possible, than the master's own. It bears the test, which is called the supreme trial of the highest genius,—that of being wholly modern, if by such a current phrase of egotism we may express its freedom from those decaying elements of time and place in which the potency of oblivion lies. And we would fain believe that the poet who sang this love-story and the passionate shepherd's lay always worked as perfectly; but remembering how often the highest genius has been touched by the frailties of its time, even the memory of the “dead shepherd” cannot persuade us that the dramas are more than a mighty and chaotic experiment in creation which must in great part lapse back into the gulf.

On leaving Marlowe and turning to Middleton,¹ the second name in Mr. Bullen's series, one is perhaps more delightfully impressed by the powerful compulsion with which Shakespeare “worked out the beast and evolved the man” in English drama. If any one thinks that the putting out of Gloucester's eyes with hot irons upon the stage is too horrible, let him turn to the old tragedy; and if he thinks Shakespeare is unclean, we commend him to the early plays of Middleton. Vice is the butt of comedy, and burlesque must live with low characters; and perhaps, as men are constituted, it is at least equally effective to make evil ridiculous as to make it terrible. Against certain tendencies the former is the only method open to literature. But not to put too puritanical a point to it, the comedies in these first four volumes, now issued,

¹ *The Works of Thomas Middleton.* Edited by A. H. BULLEN, B. A. In eight volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

bring us into very unsavory company. They present a picture of London life, no doubt, as it was lived in certain quarters, and are copious illustrations of the society of the time; but into such quarters and society what need to go? Wit and cleverness there is of a local and temporary kind; or at least it is so closely attached to the town of the time that one cannot get its effect without a sort of expatriation from his own place and putting into abeyance his sense of decency. Moreover, a considerable amount of special information is required to understand the plays; in fact, the contemporary drench is so deep that oblivion can be wrung out of them. It is easy to say that this is of necessity the case with comedy; that the subject is manners, and manners are transitory; and that the aim is to make fun, and fun is for the pit. The point which is aimed at here — and it is one to thank Heaven for — is that Shakespeare rose out of all this, and gave us laughter without fastening upon us the swarm of “wag-tails” and other classes of ill-sounding names, in endless succession, which his fellows transported so plentifully from the London streets; and that he should have done this seems, when we read the comedy of his time, the most marvelous thing about him. In this, too, he was preëminently a free soul.

From what has been written it will be justly inferred that this series is one for scholarly libraries, as is also shown by the fact that only eighty of the whole three hundred and fifty copies, to which

the edition is limited, are offered for sale in this country. Scholars will not need to be told what is the value of such a reissue of works which have been published hitherto only in inconvenient editions, now difficult to obtain, and which have never had so careful, well informed, and judicious an editor, whose work is to be highly commended, though occasionally a student may differ from his interpretations, as has sometimes occurred with ourselves. Nor in attempting to illustrate plainly the eternal difference between Shakespeare and his fellows (from which it follows, in our view, that, broadly speaking, the public does not neglect the latter without justice and wisdom) have we meant to obscure a spark of Marlowe's fiery genius, or to slur a syllable of Middleton's mastery of speech, which, when he puts forth his power, is of the noblest; just as with the remaining members of the series, which is to include Shirley and Beaumont and Fletcher, if not others, we would not even seem to depreciate their charm and force and rightful claim to honorable remembrance, though here and there some sere foliage mingles with and almost hides the leaves that are bright with the living green. To know them well is to know Shakespeare better. The editor has done a service of worth to the great historic body of our literature, and the student who enriches his library with these volumes will have no unimportant fraction of the indispensable wealth which in its fullness makes up a perfect English culture.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

At this moment, when a new translation of some of the more important of Balzac's novels is projected by a leading American publisher, the readers of

Le Père Goriot may be interested in the following slight sketch of the author at the period when, dropping his various literary disguises, he was about

to assume his own name in the world of letters. The great Frenchman, who in delineating human passions approaches nearest to the English Shakespeare, was at that time thirty years of age.

Balzac's father, whom his daughter, Madame Surville, calls "an original who might have made one of the characters in Hoffmann's Tales," discovered in 1796, during the days of the Directory, that his old friend, M. le Baron de Pommereul, recently returned from exile, was in great straits for money. The next morning he called on Madame de Pommereul, and, placing two bags of five-franc pieces on the table, said gruffly, "*Voilà, madame*, people round here are under the impression that you are short of funds. These ten thousand crowns will do you more good than they will me. I have no use for them. You can return them whenever you get back that which has been stolen from you." So saying, he turned round quickly, and, leaving the bags upon the table, slipped out of the door with the celerity of a thief.

In 1828 young Honoré de Balzac was utterly ruined by the failure of the manufacturing enterprise in which he had embarked as partner in the firm of Laurent, Balzac and Barbier. The consequences of this failure acted both as a spur and as a clog upon his genius for many weary years. Up to that time he had been little known as a man of letters. He had written many books, but published none under his own name. The Baron de Pommereul, son of the gentleman so generously assisted a generation back, was living at Fougères, in Brittany, and received a letter from Balzac asking an asylum for three weeks. "My muse, her ink-horn, her roll of paper, and myself will put you to little inconvenience," said the writer. The answer came at once: "Pray come to us. Your room is ready." This was fifty-seven years ago, and the Baronne de Pommereul, who is still living, fur-

nished last month to a literary magazine in Paris her reminiscences of her illustrious visitor.

"He was," she says, "a short man, with an immense waist, made more conspicuous by his ill-cut clothes. His hands were most beautiful. He wore a shabby hat, but the moment he took it off one forgot everything about him but his face and head. . . . I could not convey any idea of his brow or of his eyes to those who have never seen them. His forehead was grand; it shone as if illuminated by lamp-light. His eyes were brown with streaks of gold, and expressed the thoughts within him as distinctly as his words. He had a large flat nose, and an immense mouth, always ready to open for a laugh without regard to his bad teeth. He wore a thick mustache, and very long hair thrown back from his forehead. At this time of his life, especially on his first arrival at Fougères, he was very lean, and it seemed to us that he must have been half starved. He fell upon his food and devoured it, poor fellow. But there was something in all his movements, in his manner of speaking, and in his whole bearing that gave one such a feeling of his kindliness, his trustfulness, his sincerity, and his *naïveté* that nobody could have known him without loving him. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about him was his never-failing good humor; his gayety was so exuberant that it was catching. In spite of the great troubles he had just gone through, he had not been a quarter of an hour in our house — we had not even shown him his own room — before he had the general and myself laughing till we cried."

He had come to Fougères with the purpose of collecting materials for *Les Chouans*, the book he was then writing. "When he had harvested his facts," continues the old Baronne, "and made a sufficient provision of notes, he would sit down at a little table placed before his window, and would not stir except

at meal times. The evenings, however, he gave up to us. We used to pass them in my sitting-room, though occasionally we visited a few neighbors to whom we had introduced Balzac. He was merry as a child. He could talk all kinds of nonsense, and he delighted in puns and plays on words."

On first arriving he proposed to pay his board, but his money running short he insisted he must still pay by story-telling. Therefore every evening, when all the family were assembled, he began some recital. "All these people, this whole world," he would say, "live, love, act, suffer, inside my head; but if God prolongs my life, they shall all be classified, arranged, and ticketed in books, . . . in famous books, as you will see, madame!" And when *Scènes de la Vie Privée* were published, the friends to whom he had told stories at Fougères recognized in many of the episodes tales that Balzac had told them during his stay.

"He had a way," says the Baronne, "of describing everything so that you seemed to see it just as it happened. He would, for example, begin a story thus: 'General, you must have known at Lille the So-and-So family. . . . Not the branch that lived at Roubaix, — no, — but those that intermarried afterwards with the Bethunes. . . . Well, at one time there happened a drama in that family.' . . . And then he would go on, holding us spellbound for an hour by the charm of his narration. When he had finished we used to shake ourselves to make sure of our own reality. 'Is it all really true, Balzac?' we would ask him. Balzac would look at us a moment with a gleam of cunning in his eyes, and then, with a roar of laughter, — for his laughter was always an explosion, — he would cry out, 'Not one word of truth in it, from beginning to end! It was pure Balzac! Say, general, is it not rather pleasant to be able to make all that up out of your own head?'"

But the bright days in Brittany were soon over. One morning, about the end of October, 1828, Balzac took leave of his friends, with deep regrets on both sides. He went back to face his troubles in Paris with a brave heart and a new hope for the future. During his retirement at Fougères he had discovered his vocation. He felt assured that God had created him to be a writer. Strong in that conviction, he gave up his various *noms de plume*. He felt assured of his own power, and was proud with a just pride. He put his own name on the title-page of *Les Chouans*, that first stone of a gigantic edifice; the first chapter, so to speak, of the great work of his life, *La Comédie Humaine*.

— It is commonly reported that Time lags in seasons of grief and trouble, and hastens only when he has our pleasures in tow. My experience does not conform to this general idea, but rather testifies that the good and glad days of existence are the longest, the evil days shortest, and the ratio is as between summer and winter solstice. The occasional "bad quarter of an hour," which comes to all, I am compelled to recognize, but it is easily merged and forgotten in the three quarters, which are good. In my system of chronology the legend of the antique dial has peculiar force: "I count the bright hours only;" the hours which are not bright will not let me count them, for they hurry by, vague and confused, in a sort of veiling obscurity. To me, misery is but the fag-ends of Time's weaving, while happiness is whole cloth-of-gold in his loom; and I wonder that it is not insisted upon that happy life is long life, though it were early cut off, and that miserable life is short life, though prolonged to threescore and ten.

An unoccupied interval of waiting, an anxious night of watching, so generally lengthened to the imagination, convey to my mind the opposite impression of accelerated time: I know not how the

interval of waiting, the night-watch, can have passed so quickly. Some explanation of this impression there must be. Do not we mark the passing of time by the number and variety of objects and incidents that meanwhile engage our attention? When the soul is under stress of some great calamity, or is suffering extreme perplexity, it makes little account of external things. It has no surroundings but thick mists or darkness; it is unaccompanied save by the sense of misery. "Here I and Sorrow sit." The dies that stamp time and give it its various fractional values are lost. It is only when we are in the enjoyment of life that the mint issues this small coinage, and we distinguish the pieces thereof. In other words, it is only a free, joyous, and serene condition that takes note of little passing things, — and it is the little passing things that fill up and round the measure of time. When we spread and sun the wings of fancy; when any object in nature, from a hill, or the cloud floating above it, to a grass-blade at our feet, contributes distinct pleasure to our thoughts; when but to draw breath and to exercise the faculty of motion afford keen relish, we then approach nearest to that blessed estate of childhood when so-called trifles gave pleasure, and things since relegated to the regions of commonplace touched the springs of wonder, — and the days were long.

Lately, in reading the book of Job, I came upon certain passages which seemed to humor my theory of time in relation to human misery and happiness. The passages are these: "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are *spent without hope*." "Now my days are swifter than a post; they flee away, they *see no good*." "Because thou shalt *forget thy misery*, and remember it as waters that pass away." The italics, I acknowledge, are mine, and not Job's. Possibly, the sublime old Arabian did not mean to imply that his days were

swifter than a weaver's shuttle, swifter than a post, *because* they were spent without hope and saw no good; yet I cling to this interpretation. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and spent without hope. It is hope, then, that gives to time its full value? And it comes to pass that the years ever quicken their pace, from youth to age, because little by little Hope is always withdrawing her heavenly company. I also ponder whether misery is remembered as waters that pass away, for the reason that its duration is so imperfectly noted in the mind, and so dwindles by comparison with that measure of time which obtains in the ascendancy of happier hours.

— A certain not uncommon, but for obvious reasons seldom gathered, flower of the field and wayside possesses for me a singular attraction. It commands my admiration even in its tender infancy, then a little rosette-like emerald patch on the old turf, — a kind of Legion of Honor decoration worn by the veteran field. At this stage of its existence I touch its leaves with something of the feeling I should have if playing with the leopard's kitten. By and by, it is "Hands off!" or, "Touch me at your peril!" free and blunt translation of the legend which the Scottish king stamped upon his coinage (*Nemo me impune lacesset*). But I love the thistle none the less for its truculent defiance. I am tempted to gather the flower and wear it, as one might snatch a sweetheart across feudal barriers, or run away with the lovely daughter of a savage sachem. The blossom itself — its purple heart of hearts — is all delicacy and suavity; a honey-sweet aura breathes therefrom. I ask, How long since the bumble bee was here? for I can never decide whether it is the thistle blossom that smells of the bumble bee, or the bumble bee of the thistle blossom, each suggesting the peculiar redolence of the other.

In some respects the thistle prepares

a Barmecide's feast for my eyes. The large bowl-like calyx looks as though it might be ripening a luscious fruit, to correspond with the ambrosial purple of the flower (figs from thistles!); also, the involucre being set with spines, I am reminded of the chestnut burr, and am half persuaded to look within for an edible kernel.

The thistle is an idealist among plants. Its dreams would be worth recording. Anon you shall see that it was never content with tenure of the earth alone, but it had also its designs upon the kingdom of the air. When its season of bloom is past, its leaf-lances rusted and broken; when, seemingly, its fortunes are at lowest ebb, then look out for the shining fleets of its seeds. Through all the fine weather of autumn, these cruise about, above the fields, over the village streets, even entering the houses through open doors and windows. (Once, indeed, a thistle ball allowed its filmy asterisk for a moment to rest opposite the last sentence of the page I was writing, — a flattery which I was not slow to seize upon and enjoy.) "Have you seen the thistle-down, this morning?" I am on the point of asking the neighbors, since, in my observation, nothing is "going on about town" to match the solemn, deliberate enterprise of these argent sailing spheres. Each, perhaps, has its guiding spirit, its Uriel, and is steered hither or thither at pleasure. I almost forget that the delicate traveler had its origin from the earth.

The days of the thistle-down fleet are those of the white butterfly also. Wherever you may look, one or the other is always crossing the path of vision. A white butterfly met a thistle-ball on the airy highway. Expressions of mutual surprise were exchanged. "Halloo! I thought you were one of us," said the butterfly. "And I," returned the thistle-ball, "took you for a white pea-blossom."

On goes the winged hope of the thistle; flashing-white in the sunshine, but dark at night, when its little globe is seen gliding across the disk of the moon, Peradventure, some of these voyaging seeds never return to earth. What shall I say, but that I suspect the thistle flourishes in heaven! There, divested of its irritability, etherealized, having in truth become a Blessed Thistle, it grows innocently by all the celestial waysides, is hummed about by the bumble bee and lisped over by the goldfinch, — for these, too, have been translated.

— To be a countless number of printer's types, ranging from diamond to English, suddenly dashed into mid-air, — ineffably hopeless pi! Moreover, not mere inert, ink-black bits of metal, each faced with some letter of the alphabet, but withal, in the twinkling of an eye, furnished with slender limbs of exceeding length and suppleness, capable of executing the most extraordinary feats, — jigs danced upon the pillows, giddy whirlings along the dangerous edge of the foot-board, — sight to make even Doctor Faustus forget and cross himself! All this gives one (if one be but one, and not a thousand-and-one!) very strange sensations. . . . But now I am become a smooth expanse of some dark-colored liquid, mantling and shimmering, with faint lights and uncertain reflections upon my surface; being contained in some curious bowl or chalice of an ancient mould and pattern; unknown, whether draught from Lethe or from Eunoe, cup of Comus, "mixed with many murmurs," or goblet of Helen's cordial, that for a whole day prevents one from shedding tears, though his dearest friend be dead! Were it not for the antique style of the cup, I might suspect that I am, after all, only some sort of small beer. Why does n't some one come and taste, and clear up the mystery? . . . A fallen column, lying here in the hot sands; belonging to somebody's temple, — nobody knows

whose; built by whom, or when, nobody can say precisely. Caryatid,—ah, yes! and incurable curvature of the spine. But what a beautiful entablature I supported! Many a headache it gave me, but pride helped to endure. . . . Softly, softly, breezes blow! Dragon-fly, kiss once, and be off! Pleasant it is to lie at rest on the shining water, my long stem fast-anchored at the bottom of the stream. This one bud, which I conceal under broad green leaves,—I do dote upon it. The third morn- ing from this it blooms; then, welcome the honey-bee. . . . Trouble! trouble! A small bird, so far out at sea, and the

wind so strong against me! I feel my wings slacken. I shall fall and be drowned. Oh, a thousand thanks, Mr. Crane, for your kind offer to carry me the rest of the way upon your back! If the wren and the ruby-throat and the titmouse and the kinglet will have the politeness to make room—

My name spoken gently, twice or thrice, and the words, "It's time for your aconite," finally rouse me. But the fresh remembrance of my late exercises in metempsychosis leads me to doubt whether the eater of opium or of hasheesh can outdo in extravagance the airy fictions of him who is eaten by fever.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Holiday Books and Books on Art. City Bal- lads, by Will Carleton (Harpers), has an uncer- tain air; one is not quite sure whether it is a volume of verses supplied with pictures, or a gift book,—one of that class which one gives away without reading and without expecting the re- ceiver to read. In this case we should certainly add that it also need not be looked at. The pic- tures, whether humorous or severe, are equally tame.—*Oil Paintings, a Handbook for the Use of Students and Schools*, by Frank Fowler (Cas- sell.) It is difficult to see how a person, who appears to know as much as the author of this handbook, can really expect other people to learn the art of painting by means of this manual.—*Drawing in Charcoal and Crayon, for the Use of Students and Schools*, by Frank Fowler. (Cas- sell): another volume of the same sort, only less unpractical, since it deals with simpler material.—*Wild Flowers of Colorado*, from original water-color sketches drawn from nature, by Emma Homan Thayer (Cassell), is a folio of brightly colored prints of flowers, accompanied by a pleas- antly written text, describing the experiences of an English lady in Colorado. She used her time well in gathering this bouquet. The illustrations are effective; they enable one to identify the flow- ers intended, but they do not disclose the poetic secret hid in the gentians, wind-flowers, and others.

Literature and Literary History. The Harpers bring out George Eliot's Poems, together with Brother Jacob and The Lifted Veil, two short stories, in a form to correspond, we suppose, with the author's novels in their library edition. If they had it in mind to discourage George Eliot's pre- tensions to poetic place they could not have carried

out their scheme more judiciously.—Mr. Oscar Fay Adams brings out new editions of his very serviceable little handbooks: the one A Brief Hand- book of English Authors, the other A Brief Hand- book of American Authors. (Houghton.) Both books have been thoroughly revised and enlarged, and those who are curious regarding the younger writers on both sides of the water will find many interesting details of age and accomplishments not easily found elsewhere.—C. N. Caspar, of Mil- waukee, has produced a Directory of the Anti- quarian Booksellers and Dealers in Second-Hand Books of the United States, which will be of great service to collectors.—A Monograph on Privately Illustrated Books, by Daniel M. Tredwell (Fred. Tredwell), is a volume that will commend itself in various ways to the book-lover. The author brings expert knowledge and great enthusiasm to his subject, and the publisher has backed him by printing his essay in the handsomest manner. Though dealing with only one phase of biblio- mania, the work will interest every collector.—Mr. E. C. Stedman's Poets of America (Hough- ton, Mifflin & Co.) is the most important critical work of the season, as it is perhaps the most painstaking study in literature yet produced in America. We shall have more to say about it later.—From Shakespeare to Pope, an Inquiry into the Causes and Phenomena of the Rise of Classical Poetry in England, by Edmund Gosse (Dodd, Mead & Co.), contains the lectures given last winter in Boston. One is tempted to inquire also into the causes and phenomena of the amus- ing dedicatory poem.

Fiction. A New England Conscience, by Belle C. Greene (Putnam's), although in story form, is

evidently written less for the sake of telling a story than of relieving the mind of the author. The heroine is a young girl who has seen her mother frightened into insanity by the "terrors of the law," and at last herself reaches a more rational theological position. The prime defect of the story, as a reflection of New England life, is in its omission of all the connecting links. It is the homely life of the farm and mill which renders such theology, even when at its extreme, consonant with sanity and even with cheerfulness. — "As We Went Marching On," a story of the war, by G. W. Hosmer (Harpers), while it has a plot, seems after all more of a vehicle for carrying reminiscences of soldier life. — *The Haunted Adjutant and Other Stories*, by Edmund Quincy (Ticknor): a collection of Mr. Quincy's agreeable, leisurely stories, in which one looks for other things than the story; he looks for Quincy, and he looks for a certain Boston which is now fast becoming a tradition. — *Timothy, his Neighbors and his Friends*, by Mrs. Mary E. Ireland (Lippincott), is a story in which the author, having provided herself with characters in different stations of life, and being herself endowed with good principles, sets everybody right and reverses human judgments. The book is not without a touch of humor and a certain animation which lifts it above the level of the ordinary Sunday-school book. — *A Mission Flower*, by George H. Picard (White, Stokes, and Allen), has good work in it, — enough almost to excuse a lame and impotent plot. — *Andromeda*, by George Fleming (Roberts), a writer who commands respect for her work. — *A Model Wife*, by G. I. Cervus. (Lippincott.) There is plenty of "go" in this book, but the author seems to mistake a great deal of activity for real movement forward. He has managed also to tell a repulsive and not very natural story. — *Love, or a Name*, is the title of Mr. Hawthorne's latest story (Ticknor), in which he tries his hand at the portrait of a young aspirant for political honors. It is not Maud Muller over again, for the Judge comes back, after a freckled career, and marries Maud after all. — *Color Studies*, by Thomas A. Janvier (Scribners), is a collection of four short stories — the table of contents is on the cover — which have done good service in the Century. Barring a tendency to affectation of quaintness in his nomenclature, the author shows a capital instinct for what is telling in a short story. — *Criss-Cross*, by Grace Denio Litchfield (Putnams), is a story told in the form of letters crossing the Atlantic back and forth. — *For a Woman*, by Nora Perry (Ticknor), has the liveliness and the sentiment characteristic of this writer; the situations are made up, but the people, except in emergencies, are quite natural. There are, after all, few things more easily done than reports of conversations between women upon ordinary topics, and the liveliness of the book is largely derived from these. — *An Original Belle*, by E. P. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.), a story of the war, in which the Northern lover and the Southern love become united at last. The lover is as grave and noble as Miss Warner's lovers used to be. But perhaps it is rather the mantle of Dr. Holland than the

mantilla of Miss Warner that has fallen upon this writer. — *The Household Myth*, by H. G. Creamer (C. H. Whiting, Boston): a story with a mildly sensational plot, wrought rather unskillfully. Does not the writer mistake myth for mystery? — *The Last Meeting*, a story, by Brander Matthews (Scribner's Sons), involves a novel mystification which loses a little in the unraveling. We shall return to the book later. — Recent numbers of Harper's Handy Series are *The Luck of the Darrells*, by James Payn; *Self-Doomed*, by B. L. Farjeon; and *Houp-la*, by John Strange Winter.

Public Affairs and Society. *The Coming Struggle for India*, by Arminius Vambéry (Cassell), is one of those books which at once command attention, for the subject is a fascinating one, and Vambéry is one of the few men who are sure to be heard on the question of the encroachments of Russia in Central Asia, because he brings the personal knowledge of a traveler and a very bright man. That he is an alarmist is simply an element to be taken into account. — *Features of Society in Old and New England*, by Henry Mann (S. S. Rider, Providence), is a little volume of short articles, some of them reprints from newspapers, by an Englishman who has become thoroughly naturalized here, and thus is able to write from a somewhat fresh point of view. He is a good and thoughtful observer, and if his reflections are not all of equal value, there are many suggestions of interest to the social student. — A new edition of *A Century of Dishonor*, by H. H., somewhat enlarged, has been published. The death of the author, her recent Ramona, and the present healthy interest in the Indian, all conspire to make the reissue timely. It has been well said, however, that the book might properly have been called *A Century of Blunders*. (Roberts.) — Henry Holt & Co. have issued a translation of De Bacourt's *Souvenirs d'un Diplomate*, reviewed in these pages in February, 1883. De Bacourt treats of an interesting period of American society and politics; but his misconceptions render his book valueless, though they do not prevent it from being amusing. If De Bacourt had been accurate he would have been tedious. It is treating him with cruelty to reproduce the silly preface of his editress, the Comtesse de Mirabeau. It is quite a case for Mr. Bergh. — *Social Silhouettes*, edited by Edgar Fawcett (Ticknor & Co.), is a collection of more or less satirical studies of New York society.

Education and Text Books. *A History of the United States, for Schools*, by Alexander Johnston (Holt): a school history which bears especially on the history of the past hundred years, and is intended to educate the citizen sense. We think a less strict adherence to the annalistic form would serve to give young people a better notion of the continuity of history. It is the continuity of cause and effect rather than of time, that needs to be impressed upon them. — *The Eureka Collection of Recitations and Readings*, edited by Mrs. A. R. Diehl (Ogilvie): to be avoided for its inclusion of such an offensive piece as Rev. Olenus Bacon, D. D. It belongs to the class of humorous poems from which may the good Lord deliver children.